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{ FIFTH SERIES
VOL. XXXI, No. 1

METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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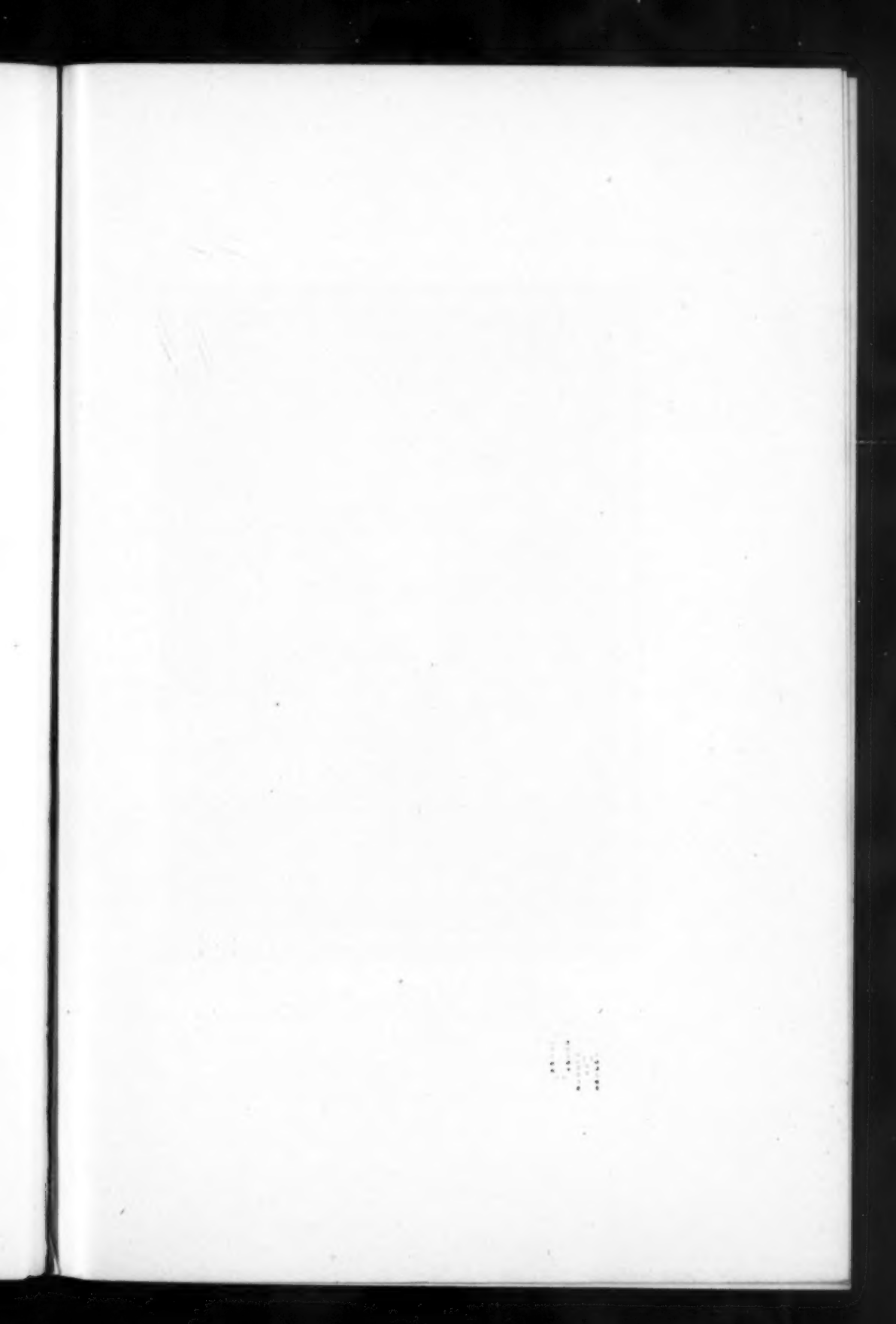
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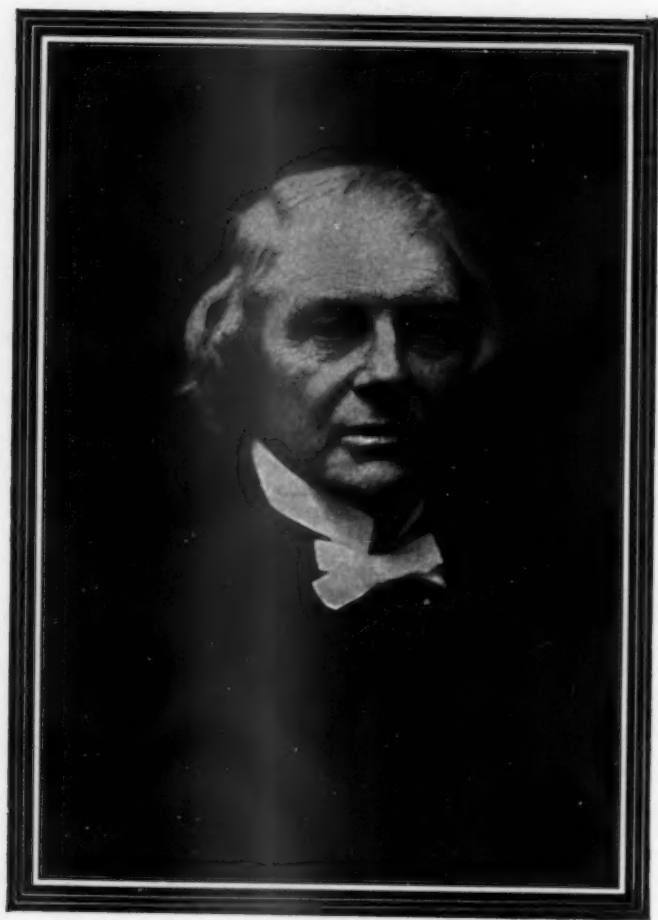
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John M. Walden

MS

METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1915

JOHN MORGAN WALDEN

THE whole of Bishop Walden's life was spent in the open. From his earliest manhood his very nature brought him into publicity. He was the servant of all. He did his own thinking and reached his own conclusions independently. He had a reason for all his beliefs, and he held tenaciously to his opinions. He possessed an enormous fund of exact knowledge concerning the details of the work in his hands and all the collateral issues and interests related to it. He was willing to pay the price exacted for the possession of all this knowledge by being a patient, untiring, and constant student. For many years he was known as the statistician of the church, including all the various boards to which he belonged. He was ready, at the proper time, to express his opinion and conclusion, which was generally correct, and which was always listened to with respect. Not given to imagination, not given to much prophecy, he had possession of the present facts and upon them based his arguments. From the beginning he seems to have given himself wholly to his work. He had no side lines, and he never tried to turn his opportunities for service into merchandise of any sort. He was occupied with administration in the large things of the church during the most of his public career. He was a good example of a man, dead in earnest, who began in poverty and did his utmost with the task in hand until he was called to a larger responsibility, and giving that the same devotion. His early life became a series of promotions; each time a little larger place because he proved himself able to do larger work. The church has had no better example of the life of a

man, not so remarkably equipped as some men in some things, but remarkable in its basis of solid character; the capacity for study; the wide and accurate knowledge of the times in which he lived; a most persistent will to carry out his plans; and, over and directing all, a determined consecration of his life in absolute sincerity in service to the times in which he lived.

John Morgan Walden was born at Lebanon, O., February 11, 1831; the son of Jesse and Matilda Walden. His mother died in his early childhood and the little boy grew up with an exalted impression of the mother's saintly life. At the age of fourteen he was thrown upon his own resources, and, like many another country boy, without the distraction of ready money but with willing hands he gained his livelihood in various ways through the following years. At one time he was working on a farm; at another he was driving the business of a country peddler; later he was learning the trade of a carpenter, and then he was found clerking in a village store. His schooling consisted of a series of winter terms at the country schoolhouse. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred in his school life beyond the fact that he was the quickest and brightest of his class; always keeping his place on a level with the older pupils. At last there came into the country neighborhood as the teacher of the school a man of conscience and ability who, within the year or two that he remained as teacher to young Walden, gained an influence over him for great good, and inspired him with the thought, and finally with the determination, to secure a college education. Then he entered Farmer's College, located at College Hill, O., now a part of Cincinnati. Such was his industry and capacity for study that he finished the course in three years and graduated in 1852, and so high was his standing in the college that he was, immediately upon graduation, elected to the principalship of the preparatory department, which he conducted for two years.

In his earlier years young Walden felt constantly the restraining influence of the life and teachings in religious matters of the mother whom he had lost. As he grew older he found a home for a time with a family who seem to have been kind to him, considerate of the orphan's needs, and who because of that kind-

ness made a very strong appeal to his affection and gratitude, but the man and his wife were skeptics. They possessed considerable skeptical literature, in one form or another. Believing themselves to be emancipated from superstition, they made it a matter of much conversation and affected very strongly the unfolding mind of the boy in their home; so much so that in his teens he became openly an unbeliever and filled his mind with the stock arguments of infidelity. It was fortunate for him that the teacher mentioned above, who inspired him to do his best and gave him an outlook for the future, was also a man of Christian faith, and quietly did what he could to assist the young man's religious nature. And the young man thought very much on religious matters. One day while walking along a country road he was passed by a man on horseback who stopped, entered into conversation with him, introduced himself as the Methodist preacher who had been sent to that circuit, and invited him to come to the meeting he was to hold in the neighborhood that evening. His invitation was so gracious that it made an impression upon young Walden, and in the evening he was present at the service. This man was the Rev. Michael Kaufman, a member of the Cincinnati Conference, and a man of great skill as a soul-winner. Under the influence of the gospel message young Walden yielded to the conviction that had been growing within his soul and became a thorough and happy convert to the Christian faith. In his later life he wrote of this date as the time when all his views of life and outlook upon life were changed, and the change came to him at a time before he had made up his mind as to his lifework. Like many another country boy to whom a word in season has been spoken, and to whom a spiritual hand of help has been reached, he saw the whole horizon of his life widen and heighten through that revelation, and his own heart came into the knowledge of what his lifework was to be. During his college days he had become an occasional contributor to the press, developing a great interest in current political matters, and while thus seeking his way young Walden first concluded that his work was to be that of a journalist. He completed his engagement as a teacher at Farmer's College and accepted an opening to begin the work of editor and publisher upon a paper

known as *The Independent Press* at Fairfield, Ill. This was in 1854.

He had become a most earnest partisan on the question of temperance, and also equally interested and earnest in his opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which was then the great question of public policy touching the extension of slavery into the newer territories of our country. His paper became the champion of these two ideas. Neither idea was popular in southern Illinois at that time; both were opposed by a large majority of the citizens. No questions of mere policy affected the editor in his conduct of the paper. He believed that the temperance cause should be pushed hard, and that the Kansas-Nebraska bill should be opposed hard, and so after a few months, while he tried to believe that the great drought of the year, almost ruining the crops, was the cause for it, he was presently forced to admit that the real reason why most of the subscribers did not renew their subscriptions for a second year was because of the high stand he had taken on these great moral and political questions. So he gave it up, as the only thing he could do. He went back to his home in Cincinnati and became a reporter and correspondent on *The Daily Commercial*, and so continued for two years. This time included the great political campaign of 1856, during which he traveled widely over Ohio and Indiana reporting speeches at political meetings, and himself occasionally taking the stump. It was the first great Anti-Slavery campaign and he was interested, heart and soul. The Anti-Slavery struggle in Kansas was attracting increasing attention, and in 1857 we find Mr. Walden at Quindaro, Kan., ready to cast in his lot with the pioneers of the new territory and do his share toward maintaining Kansas as a free State. Here he established a newspaper called *The Chindowan*, which in the Wyandotte language means *Leader*. His paper immediately began the advocacy of radical free State measures and exerted a very considerable influence, giving its editor a prominent place at once among Free-State leaders. This was his first conspicuous work. As a newspaper man and politician he made himself powerfully felt in those early days in the settlement of Kansas. The great aim was to save Kansas from slavery. Mr. Walden was busy and useful, both

with his paper and with many public addresses, in molding into organic life a new free State. He attended every Free-State convention while he was resident in Kansas. He was a member of its first Legislature. He was a member, also, of the convention to prepare a constitution for the new State; this convention is known in history as the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention. In this convention he was chairman of the Committee on Education, and also as chairman of the Committee on Address, he was himself the author of "The Address of the Convention to the American People." This address was accepted as the groundwork of the constructive plan of the new commonwealth of Kansas. That document was everywhere received over the country as both patriotic and statesmanlike. The original draft, in his own handwriting, of this address is before us as we write. He became, in fact, the spokesman of the people engaged in the great conflict in Kansas in staying the westward tide of slavery. We are to remember that this was the work of a youth of only twenty-seven.

Under the Leavenworth Constitution he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and as a result of this election he closed his connection with The Chindowan and canvassed the territory in opposition to the Pro-Slavery Constitution known as the Lecompton Constitution. The result of the agitation of the year was a victory for the free-soilers and the guarantee of a free State. The young man from Ohio, who had thrown himself into the conflict with all the intensity of his strong nature, stood in high favor throughout Kansas. He had already been elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction. There was no doubt that the path of political advancement was open before him. Had he remained in Kansas, with the hold he had gained upon the people, he would, without doubt, have gained the highest places within their gift. Here the story of his life comes to its first great turning point. He had been exercising, in greater or less degree, his gifts as a local preacher during his residence in Kansas, and the conviction grew upon him that he ought to find his place in the Christian ministry. Bishop Janes went that year into Kansas to hold the Kansas-Nebraska Conference and there met young Walden. The result of two or three interviews, in which the older man im-

pressed upon the younger man his conviction that Walden's true place was in the ministry, resulted in the closing up of his work in Kansas and in his return to Ohio. Bishop Jaues wished him to remain in the Western country, where he was already so well established and where he would have taken a place of influence at once, but feeling that his work should begin in his native country he returned to Ohio, and in September, 1858, he was received into the Cincinnati Conference. He was appointed junior preacher on the North Bend Circuit. Two years later he was sent to York Street Church in Cincinnati. In 1862 he became the superintendent of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of Cincinnati, an organization doing important work in that day; continuing in this work for two years and a part of this time also serving as the Corresponding Secretary of the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, holding this position until 1866. His part in the Civil War consisted in this unique work for the freedmen at its beginning, and also in his participation with the citizens of Cincinnati in all patriotic movements during the Civil War. A regiment of Home Guards was raised, largely in that part of Cincinnati where his church was situated, and he was made its commander. This Home Guard regiment continued its organization during the Kirby Smith raid, and also during the John Morgan raid. In this way Mr. Walden gained the title of colonel. He did not see service at the front, but did service of an efficient and valuable kind in the maintaining of proper patriotic sentiment in the city of Cincinnati.

Among the other services rendered to his home city was a membership of three years in the Board of Education of Cincinnati and chairman of its Library Committee. He also served as the editor of *The Daily Christian Advocate*, the official journal of the General Conference, at its session in 1864. It is now accorded to him by those who know the history that he led as the chief mover in the organization of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is known to those who have studied the history of the Freedmen's Aid Society that it was a part of Bishop Walden's plan for the work among the freedmen that a central university with university powers, for colored peo-

ple, should be established by this society in each of the former Confederate States, and that the universities were to be fed by secondary schools wherever it was possible to maintain them within the given States; the plan being to make a practical, technical, and industrial as well as classical education possible to as many of these wards of the nation as would avail themselves of the opportunity. It was a great conception, and what was thus desired and planned is not now to be discounted by the fact that the ideal has been but partially fulfilled. Most of the schools were organized and started according to the original design, and most of them have been continued to this day. Such buildings and equipments as it has been possible to secure have been in use. But the best that has been done is only a partial service instead of carrying out the original purpose. What could not be seen forty years ago we can see plainly now, namely, that universities have not been greatly needed for college and university work among our colored people. College students through the years have been few in number. What was needed then, and is needed now, is the opportunity for many thousands to be taught in these schools who are only able to get the first principles of an education; to begin at the beginning of things in matters of study, and for the most part in the grades below the high school. But these schools which have done so much primary and intermediate work have been the best of their kind in the South, and as a whole the results have been wonderful. The work which these schools are now doing is of increasing value to the race and to the country.

Bishop Walden saw many of his ideals fail for lack of funds with which to develop the work. The manner in which when he could not reach the absolute best he did the possible best in planning for these schools is wholly admirable. The Freedmen's Aid Society has always felt the grinding, heart-wearing, corroding need for more money. The open doors and promised success of the work, the daily enlarging opportunities for this service have been the society's greatest embarrassment, and the man who more than any other helped to meet its emergencies with patient smile and persistent will through the long years of its history was John M. Walden. For none knew so well as he the long story of our work

for the freedmen, and no one else carried so much exact information concerning all the details of its history stored away for instant use in a well-nigh infallible memory. Beginning in 1866 as the first Corresponding Secretary, he continued such until his election as Publishing Agent in 1868; from that time forward he was a member of the Board of Managers until 1885, then he was made president of the society, serving until 1904, after which he was president emeritus and first vice-president until his death.

In 1867 he was appointed presiding elder of the East Cincinnati District. He was a member of the General Conference in 1868 and was also a member of all the succeeding General Conferences up to and including 1884, five in all. At the General Conference of 1868, held in Chicago, he was elected one of the Publishing Agents of The Western Methodist Book Concern, and continued in that office for four successive terms, until his election to the episcopacy in 1884. During the years of his administration as Publishing Agent of The Western Methodist Book Concern that house passed through what was perhaps the most critical period of its entire history. The Civil War had just been brought to a close and the period of reconstruction was in full swing. In its earlier years the Western house had enjoyed the growing Methodist patronage of practically the entire South. Consequent upon the division of the church in 1844, and the long litigation resulting in a division of the property of The Book Concern, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, receiving a share under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, a heavy task was laid upon Hitchcock & Walden, the Publishing Agents of the Western house, the burden of which was to continue the business and pay over their share of the money belonging to the South. But the business coming to the house from the South was very largely destroyed; the small amount still being done being more of a missionary proposition than a source of profit. The West and the Northwest were still young and poor. A very large part of what is now Methodism's most prosperous area was missionary ground. The means of communication were then only partially developed; neither books nor periodicals could be had at so cheap a price as now. The average prices were more than double what they are to-

day. The development of our Sunday school literature, now the largest output in the world, was then but just begun. What is now the greatest source of profit in publications was then almost of no profit at all. Another event which made the position of The Book Concern critical at this time was the Chicago fire of 1871, in which the building and the stock of The Book Concern in that city were swept out of existence. There have been calamities by fire in The Book Concern on two or three occasions in the later years, and while the losses have been considerable, such has been the volume of later business that the effect has not been noticed. It was not so with the Chicago fire. There was a bonded indebtedness, besides many current debts at the parent house in Cincinnati. The depositories at Chicago and Saint Louis had never been profitable. There were seasons when the future of the entire Western house was uncertain; indeed, it may be remembered that at the General Conference of 1878 a resolution was introduced looking to the investigation of the affairs of The Western Book Concern, and its lack of prosperity, with a view to determining whether it would be wise any longer to continue its existence as a separate house. This proposition had many advocates, but was defeated largely through the influence of Dr. Walden, who did not believe that the future was to be judged by what the past or the present might show. Before the next General Conference better times had come, and the question has not been raised in later years concerning the discontinuance of the Western house.

The quality of patient persistence and the ability to work long and hard which was developed by these Agents, Hitchcock & Walden, during these years of crisis when nothing but patience and persistence would have won the day, is a matter to be remembered and to be thankful for. During these years, also, the deficits in the expenses of General Conferences were largely paid by The Book Concern, amounting in some years to thousands of dollars. In the earlier years the salaries of the Bishops were also paid by The Book Concern, and later on, during the administration of Dr. Walden, the deficiencies in the Episcopal Fund were annually supplemented from the earnings of The Book Concern. The marvel is that, considering the total amount of the assets of the house and

the total amount of the business done, there was found so much money which could be diverted to these other uses. It was done by the strictest economy; economies in many ways which could not be exercised now. We have at The Book Concern many old letter books containing the copies of official correspondence of those years, and many thousands of these letters were written by Dr. Walden's own hand; a species of drudgery which could not be undergone now with the increasing volume of business. It was the day of small presses; of old-fashioned machinery in the bindery. Such a thing as an adding machine had never been heard of; hours were long and wages were low, the volume of sales relatively small, and of profits relatively large because of the extreme carefulness of administration. When at the end of his sixteen years of service in The Book Concern Dr. Walden was transferred to another field of labor, he had the satisfaction of knowing that, while the total assets of the business were not as yet great, they were constantly growing. There was no longer any question about the continuance and the future of The Western Book Concern. Its great debts were paid; the depository at Chicago, rehabilitated from the fire, was more prosperous than ever before. The depository at Saint Louis had fully justified its existence.

For the first twelve years of his Book Concern work he had the helpful partnership of Dr. Luke Hitchcock; for the last four years that of Dr. W. P. Stowe. It may be safely said that he was the policy-maker and the executive head of the long administration.

Just before leaving for the South on his final journey last winter Bishop Walden dropped in at the office of the writer, as was his frequent custom, for a little chat; this time in weakness, but with hopeful anticipation of a winter in the South under most pleasant conditions. He spoke of the tasks he still had in hand—gathering the material for a history of the Freedmen's Aid Society and putting in order some facts for his own autobiography, which he had been urged to write. Speaking with great freedom of current matters, he asked a few questions about The Book Concern and its present work, and then said, with a smile: "It gives me very great satisfaction to know that, while I was here in the day

of small things, yet I helped to lay the foundation for this present great work and that some of my plans still appear in the structure of the business." And he had a right to such satisfaction, because if it had not been for the unyielding determination to make *The Book Concern* a success, from 1868 to 1884, piloting it through stormy seas and bringing it finally safely to a place of prosperity, certain I am that its present prosperity would not be possible.

At the General Conference in Philadelphia in 1884 Dr. Walden was elected as one of the Bishops of the Church. Wiser minds than mine may determine whether it was really a promotion; whether there could be a greater work given to any man in the Christian church than that of publishing and sending forth the best type of Christian literature in the successful, conscientious way which marked his term of service.

At the funeral services of Bishop Walden, among other appropriate tributes paid him was one given by Bishop Cranston, his successor in *The Book Concern* and later his colleague in the episcopacy, our present senior Bishop. From this tribute I may be permitted to quote a characterization of Bishop Walden in his work as a Bishop:

Bishop Walden's record as a general superintendent was in every way honorable to himself and to the church. He was no less industrious, no less systematic and painstaking in the new office than in the old. He neglected no detail. He made maps of his Conferences. He calculated distances to be traversed by moving preachers. He knew every parsonage value and every stipend for pastoral support. He mastered the Discipline and became an authority in church law. He kept close track of new legislation. He studied precedents and decisions until he was expert in parliamentary practice. He had the history of his church at his tongue's end. He gloried in her doctrines, and exulted in her manifold activities, as to every one of which he was thoroughly informed. He cheerfully took the long, hard missionary visitations to distant continents. He gathered and collated significant data in every department of church work. He was a living encyclopædia of information as to conditions at home and abroad. He knew every school, college, hospital, deaconess institution, with its equipment, endowment, etc. He gathered by the way-side such facts, financial, political, social, or educational, as might enter into a statesman's view of the duty or opportunity of the church. The map of the world was none too big for his plans for Methodism as God's great evangelizing instrumentality. Ask any of the older Bishops who was the best informed man in the church, up to date, up to the last hour,

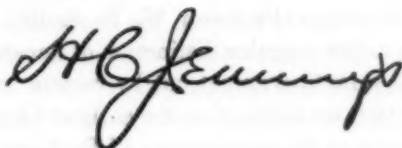
and he will answer, Bishop Walden. Ask any experienced worker who was the trusted mentor in all the General Committees, who it was who saw to it that nothing was slurred over or forgotten in the confusion of the closing hours, and he will name Bishop Walden. As secretary for the Bishops he was ready on the moment with any information desired as to their records or business. He checked up to the last item at every session the disciplinary requirements involving action by the Board. Nor did his retirement seem to discharge him from any of these responsibilities. He did not interpret release from Conference presidency as a revocation of his general superintendency. To the very last opportunity he literally reveled in service. That other Bishops were more conspicuous at times in public recognition he observed, but did not resent. He knew his task and its value, and he knew that God knew—and that was enough. I cannot help recalling that the fullness and readiness of his information, together with his eagerness to serve the cause in hand, sometimes invited the sallies of men who set wit before knowledge. I wonder how many of those who indulged their own particular aptitude caught the full meaning of that quiet and sometimes smiling repartee, "I thought you should know the facts in the case." And then he would go right on being an encyclopædia brought down to the minute. It is my witness to his work and worth that no Bishop has ever served the church more conscientiously, more self-sacrificingly, and, taking all the varied functions of the office into the final average, I would say, more effectively than Bishop Walden.

In the Bishops' council his utterances since his retirement have been admirable in both spirit and substance. There had come to him in these later years a patriarchal serenity and tenderness that made his counsels to us seem like the words of a seer or a father. He will be affectionately remembered by every Bishop, and greatly missed for years to come. It was a wonderful deliverance he gave to the General Committee on Home Missions as late as November, 1913.

As a Bishop he traveled over the greater part of the world. He visited our work in all the great continents and made three official visitations to Europe, where he had his residence for about three years. It was agreed by all who knew him and who knew the church well that he possessed a more definite knowledge of the concrete life of the church throughout all her wide boundaries than did any other man of his time.

In nothing was Bishop Walden more interested than in the cause of Federation with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. From the time of the Cape May Conference down to the last hour his mind and heart were full of plans for the consummation of a final unity, his faith in which was never shaken. The Joint Com-

mission on Federation of the two churches was in session when he died. He had greatly desired to be at this meeting. He had engaged in much correspondence concerning it. He had great hope of its outcome and very tender were the tributes of our brethren in the South to his spirit and work through the long years in behalf of the true unity of the churches. For a long time he had wished for the organization of a court for the peaceful settlement of all cases of conflicting interests between the two churches, and this end was reached the day after his death. This is not the place to make a record of the long service he rendered in this matter in its detail; it is enough to say that the one unceasing purpose of his life through all its later years was to do what one man could to bring about, in all honor to all parties, the settlement of what to him was the next great question in the establishment of true Christian unity among all churches.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "H. C. Jennings". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered below the main text block.

SOME CURRENT DISCUSSIONS OF THE PERSON OF CHRIST

THE historic and literary study of the Scriptures, which has been such a marked feature of the theological life of our time, has gone far enough for us to discern rather clearly some main trends of opinion toward the problem of the person of Christ. It was of course to be expected that the newer critical method would be carried in the hands of some devotees to absurd extremities. The fashioning of the tools of present-day biblical study has really been one of the intellectual marvels of our time. But a tool which is fashioned by the accumulated wisdom of generations of scholars can fall into the hands of the bad-tempered or the unbalanced or the foolish. We need not to be surprised, then, to discover that some modern critics avow that Jesus Christ never existed. In this country Professor W. B. Smith, of Tulane University, has the rather singular distinction of announcing the theory that Jesus was a myth wrought out by certain religious tendencies at work in what we think of as the earliest Christian generations. A good answer to the speculations of Professor Smith, and of others, like Drews and Robertson, who hold substantially to Smith's views, has been made by Professor F. C. Conybeare, of Cambridge University. Professor Conybeare is himself a critic of extreme naturalistic temper. His own conclusions are not those which would likely be acceptable to any scholars of orthodox schools. But Professor Conybeare is skilled in the use of historical methods and shows completely the folly of trying to account for Jesus as the product of myth-making tendencies. He makes it clear that those who think of Jesus in terms of solar myth are really amateurs in the use of the historical method, and that men who came to such conclusions are hardly entitled to a place among critical scholars. But while Professor Conybeare himself and others of the extreme critical school flout openly the findings of the solar-myth theorists, they do not leave much place for Jesus as we have been accustomed to think of him. President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in an

article in the *Atlantic Monthly* some months ago, took the ground that present-day science has rendered a great service in the rediscovery of the actual historical Jesus. Men like Dr. Pritchett, and also like President Eliot, of Harvard, would maintain that it is our duty to stick closely to these actual historical rediscoveries of Christ; that we must see Christ just as he was, that we must strip off every vestige of dogma, every assumption out of harmony with the modern scientific view of the universe, and take the teachings of Christ reduced thus to their net historical minimum. We would not for a moment underestimate the value of modern historical research as applied to the life of Jesus; but if the technical critic really casts out of the Scripture everything which is dominated by the view that Jesus is essentially what the orthodox church has from the beginning held him to be, there will be very little left. All our present-day documents in the New Testament are documents of faith. All were written on the assumption that Jesus is in some unique sense the divine Son of God. If we try to get back behind the documents to any other view, we are at a good deal of a loss. A critic might hold that all the assumption of the church concerning Jesus for the last nineteen hundred years has been mistaken, but if all our historical statements concerning Christ have come to us out of that assumption, it is quite a question as to how much of historical value we have left after the assumption is cast aside. The assumption may be a magnifying and even a distorting medium, but it has been the only medium which has kept the picture of the Christ before us. It is somewhat as if an astronomer, after having made an investigation of the rings of Saturn through a telescope, should tell us to cease looking at Saturn through a telescope and contemplate the rings with the naked eye. The embarrassment would be that we could not see anything, at least anything of consequence, with the naked eye. Another school of students frankly avow that they are not concerned with the actual historic data as to Christ, but with what men have thought about him from the beginning. The Christ idea is here, no matter how it got here, and the idea has to be judged as to its worth now that we have it. Such students investigate church history to discover what part the conceptions concern-

ing Christ have played in the religious life of successive ages. Without regard to what actually happened in Judea and Galilee nineteen centuries ago, the fact is that the Christ idea of God has got afloat and is the bearer of the hopes of the race. The doctrine that God is a Father of holy love is all-essential. We need not concern ourselves as to the part which any historical Jesus played in connection with that idea. The western hemisphere is called America, and America is the synonym for certain national and spiritual conceptions. It is a matter of slight consequence to us how the western hemisphere came to be called America. Quite likely the dimly seen character whose name is thus perpetuated has been honored far beyond his worth. But America stands now for a vast range of ideas, and not for a person who lived some four hundred and fifty years ago and who did or did not make certain voyages of discovery. Similarly with Christianity. The question is what Christianity means now that we have it. The various theories concerning Christ and his life and death which have occupied the attention of successive church teachers have value on their own account, without regard to how they actually got started. The philosophy of our day is pragmatism. In harmony with that philosophy we try out in real life the Christian conceptions and see what becomes of them. In any case their only important value is their value for religious experience.

We have no desire to quarrel with pragmatism. The spiritual worth of truth is, indeed, tested by its serviceableness. But the Christian revelation depends not only upon the appeal which an idea makes as an idea, but upon the question as to whether the idea holds true for God. Professor B. W. Bacon, of Yale University, is known everywhere as making very free with the New Testament documents. Very radical New Testament critics find themselves unable to go with Professor Bacon, especially in his discussions of what is and what is not historically authentic, for example, in the Gospel of Mark. But Professor Bacon has certainly done good service in his little book on Christianity Old and New, in showing how much Christianity depends for its validity upon the question of its historic foundation. What we supremely desire in Christianity is not only a revelation about man, but also,

and much more, a revelation about God. Christianity stands or falls with its doctrine as to the character of God. Christian thought has always delighted to picture God as the chief of burden-bearers and the leader of all in self-sacrifice. If historic Christianity means nothing except that such and such ideas about God got started under such and such circumstances, we miss henceforth an element of power in the Christian system. Without always attempting to define closely the meaning of incarnation, Christianity's distinctive message has always been that, in some way, at real cost to himself, God has entered uniquely into the burdens and limitations of human experience through Jesus Christ. Perhaps we can best sum up the position of devout Christian thought to-day by stating that masses of believers get along without a formal theory concerning Christ. On the one hand they hold fast to the historic Jesus. On the other hand they see in each succeeding formula concerning Christ the attempt of an age to express Christ in the largest way. The constant aim is to make Christ mean more to men. The successive theories of atonement are the attempts to say that in Christ God is doing all he can do for us. The thoughtful believer looks upon Jesus as the abounding life of God. Jesus can no more be caught within the formal statements of a creed than any abundance of life can be so caught. Any attempt to reduce the life of Jesus to a decreasing historic minimum only increases the marvel of the quality and of the volume of life that could accomplish so much through so little. At the same time that the historic critic makes the facts of the Christ life few the Christ revelations become many. At the same time that those facts are represented as inconsequential the largest consequences flow from them. In any case the believer marvels at the fullness of life in Christ. Finding God in that life, he is not over-much concerned as to just how to state his belief in theological or philosophic terms. So far as the present writer can make out, this is about the position of the more thoughtful Christians of to-day. Practically and vitally they are making more of Christ than ever before. Theoretically and theologically they are not so much concerned as formerly with the phrasings of doctrine concerning Christ. But this position, devout as it is, is one of unstable

equilibrium. The church will not rest long in a mere practical attitude toward Christ. Each age, as we have said, utters in its own way its largest tribute to the Lord of Christianity. There are already signs of movement toward attempts to state anew for our day a theory as to the person of Christ. Some have tried to find in the discoveries of modern psychology a new basis for a statement of the relation between the divine and the human in Jesus. Foremost among these are the late Father Tyrrell, of the Roman Catholic Church, and Dr. William Sanday, of the Church of England. Father Tyrrell was possessed of a noble spirit of theological adventure, a spirit which brought him into conflict with his church superiors. Probably the best application of the pragmatic method in theological procedure is that made by Dr. Tyrrell, though the writer of this article does not recall that Tyrrell ever professedly allied himself with the pragmatists. In Tyrrell's eyes the supreme value of Christ is his value for worship and for practical piety. But this Roman Catholic leader saw that there must be some theoretical treatment of the Christ problem. So Father Tyrrell threw out a suggestion that the power of one personality over another, as we see that power in the findings of the modern psychologists, may give a clue as to the power of the divine personality over Jesus. The psychological investigator can give us instance after instance where one personality has been so dominated by another as almost to lose its individuality. Does not this give us a hint as to the possibility of the Divine Spirit's seizure of a human life with such power as to make that life in every least detail his own? We must all feel grateful to Dr. Tyrrell for many of his theological suggestions and for the inimitable charm with which he set them forth. But this particular suggestion starts a good many questions. The most striking illustrations that we see of the domination of one personality by another are to be found in the realm of hypnotism. But in hypnotism we do not see any exaltation of the dominated life to a large range of thought or vision. The capture is that of the lower phases of psychological mechanism. The higher faculties seem to be quiescent. In Jesus, on the other hand, it is just this play of loftiest spiritual faculty which is always most in evidence. Father Tyrrell

discerned, as did hardly any other man of his time, the divine influences which played into and out from the life of Jesus, but it is to be doubted if his references to modern psychology help us much. It is to be regretted that Father Tyrrell was cut off in his prime before he had time to gather into systematic shape his scattered suggestions as to formal theology. Some years ago Dr. William Sanday wrote a book on *Christologies Ancient and Modern*. The book is greatly under the influence of Professor William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Dr. Sanday makes much of James's division between the conscious self and the subliminal self. In that mysterious realm below the threshold of active consciousness Dr. Sanday finds the seat of the divine in Christ. But here again, while there is much fertility of suggestion, there is not much of positive contribution. Merely laying stress on the line between the conscious and the subconscious does not help us far toward an understanding of the uniqueness of Jesus, for that distinction holds in every human experience. Moreover, we are coming to see that a large part of what is below the threshold of consciousness has previously been above the threshold. Much has been allowed to drop below the threshold, and perhaps in riper form it has later reappeared. Again, the marvel about the Christ consciousness is what we see above the threshold in the light of full consciousness. These things do not seem to have been done in a corner, even in the corner of a down-cellar subconsciousness.

A second group of persons making suggestion toward a theory of the person of Christ are those working at a restatement of the doctrine which has been technically known as that of the *Kenosis*. As everyone knows, this theory starts from passages like that of Paul, to the effect that Jesus emptied himself of certain attributes of divine glory. The doctrine received formal statements at the hands of three European theologians of the last century—Thomasius, Ebrard, and Gess. Each of the statements was open to serious objection and the doctrine as a whole has never received very wide acceptance. The fundamental difficulty with it is that it presupposes too intimate a knowledge of the inner constitution of Deity. If a divine being is to be emptied of omniscience, omni-

presence, and omnipotence, so as to come within the limits of human experience, there must be very strict subordination of (let us say) one person to another in a God-life made up of very distinct personal consciousnesses. Many profound thinkers have never been able to see that the strictly philosophical objections to this theory are of great weight, though the presuppositions are, indeed, bold. The late Professor Borden P. Bowne, in private conversations and in one or two published addresses, fully committed himself to at least the essentials of the Kenotic theory. In spite of the very daring claim which any such theory makes upon knowledge of the inner life of Deity—a claim which may well appall a cautious thinker—there is a very notable movement toward restatement of the Kenotic theory. Professor H. R. MacIntosh has recently published a book on the doctrine of the person of Christ which really is Kenotic in principle. The book is well worth reading even by those who cannot accept the theory. There is complete mastery of Christological literature and thoroughly reverent spirit together with unusual theological acumen. Principal P. T. Forsyth, in the *Person and Place of Jesus Christ*, takes likewise a Kenotic position. Forsyth's work, however, is of less consequence than MacIntosh's. Forsyth at times bristles with polemic spirit and at such times is prone to settle theological problems by emphasis.

A third line of approach to this central theme of the person of Christ is that marked out by a very able essay in a work recently published by seven Oxford men on *Foundations*. The aim of this work is to state the problems of theology as they appear to men of to-day who are not much over thirty years of age. The essay which has chiefly to do with the theme now before us is on *The Divinity of Christ*, and is written by Dr. William Temple, Headmaster of the Repton School. Though Dr. Temple is only thirty-three years of age, his essay is extraordinary for its command of the theological sources and for its insight into the demands of any adequate discussion of the divinity of our Lord. Dr. Temple sees very clearly that what we need in any statement of the Christ problem is a real revelation of the character and purpose of God. He sees clearly also how thoroughly the problem

of revelation in Christ is bound up with the problem of redemption in Christ. Dr. Temple comes to the conclusion that for revelation and redemption we need a consciousness human in its form and divine in its contents. He would maintain that in Christ we have not an individual man, but rather a person who is at the same time man and God. Jesus is not *a* man or *a* God, but God revealed in the forms of human consciousness. Dr. Temple's essay is avowedly under the influence of that remarkable book published some ten years ago by Dr. Moberly, entitled *Atonement and Personality*. Both Moberly and Temple would hold that God has revealed himself not by seizing upon some particular individual in the course of the world's history whom he has made divine, and not by withdrawing from the universe to reduce himself within the limits of human consciousness, but by speaking and acting and living through a human consciousness uniquely constituted for the purpose of such revelation. Great force is manifest in Temple's argument in the emphasis on the contents of the Christ mind as revealing divinity. Not enough, however, is said about the constitution of the mind itself. When we are thinking of contents we have also to think of the container. Of course Dr. Temple implies that the mind of Jesus was such that it could contain the contents of the divine mind. But the fact is not sufficiently stressed that the mind of Christ must in its very make and structure show its unique relationship to the divine. In the thought of the present writer Dr. Henry C. Sheldon, of Boston University, has said substantially all that Dr. Temple has said, and has said it with juster regard to all the factors of the problem. But Dr. Temple has the advantage—as well as the disadvantage—of less formal theological treatment.

Some readers may wonder why such an article as this of mine is written. Why not be satisfied with the practical attitude of adoring contemplation of Christ? The answer is that the religious intellect will not stop with such practical attitude. The mind will go on to ask its questions and to insist upon a statement of the problem of Christ that fits in harmoniously with the thought of succeeding generations. And the article is written also to indicate that, in the realm of formal theological reasoning, the the-

orizing concerning Christ for the next few years will perhaps lie between those who hold to the Kenotic theory and those who hold to the theory suggested by Dr. Temple. The virtue of the Kenotic theory is its stress on the self-sacrifice of God. The virtue of the other theory is that it keeps closer to the recognized limits of theological speculation. The two elements, of insistence upon the self-sacrifice of God and of recognition of the limits within which thinking about God must move, will have to be combined. This is the problem which immediately confronts him who would formulate a doctrine of Christ. Meantime we can fall back upon the fact that Christ himself becomes a greater factor in each day's living. The growing realization of the importance of Christ will lead to ever fresher statements of theory about Christ, and to revisions and restatements of such theories about as fast as they are published.

Francis J. M. Connell

AN IMAGINARY SERMON

MY text may be found in Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, second chapter, tenth verse. I hesitate to read it, for if I read from the common English version I shall weaken and blur the impression which ought to be produced by the words as written by the apostle. Let me prepare your minds a little for his bold announcement.

The apostle's conception of man's relation to God is so comprehensive and so transcendent that he often struggles in vain to express it in language. He seems conscious of inability to find words for so ineffable a reality, and hence presents only subordinate aspects of this relationship from time to time, and even these aspects oftener in similitudes and metaphors than in plain descriptive terms. Thus, to teach the disparity of man to God, and of human power to divine, he likens God to the potter and man to the clay. Then, in effect, he says we are God's pottery, his earthen vessels of honor or dishonor. We are God's crockery. Again, likening God to a builder, he says to his Corinthian brethren, "Ye are God's building." To indicate what kind of a building he has in mind he immediately afterward tells them that they are God's temple. Elsewhere, likening God to a husbandman, he tells us we are God's husbandry; that is, God's plantation, his farm, his garden, full of growing things. Now the surprising thing about our text is that here the same apostle uses a similitude so bold, so unexpected, so startling, that, notwithstanding the key word is the very same in English as in Greek, I know of no translator who has ventured to carry it over into his translation. What the apostle actually says is this: "We—are—his (that is, God's) poem; we are God's poem." The first time I came upon this expression as I was reading my Greek Testament it made upon my mind a profound impression. But the more I meditated upon it the more I said to myself: Paul is right. And why should I be startled? To liken God to a great poet is far worthier, far more reverent than to liken him to a potter, or to a house-builder, or to a farmer, as the sacred writers so often do. Let it stand. Let

us repeat it with ever better and better understanding. Let us say to ourselves exultingly: Whatever the angels may be, and whatever the devils may fail to be, our redeemed and glorified humanity shall remain what Paul, the inspired apostle, declared it—the poem of the ever-living God.

The thoughts suggested by this text are many and pregnant. Let us consider two only. First, the light which it throws upon our humanity. Second, the light which it throws upon humanity's author.

What is a poem? It is not easy to tell. Innumerable writers have grappled with the question, but I know of none who in his definition has ever satisfied even himself. It is not sufficient to distinguish a poem from a prose production; for all agree that there are such things as prose poems. Moreover, when a man lost in admiration of the Cathedral of Cologne declares it a poem in stone he expresses an idea inexpressible by any other word, and this being true his use of the term is fully justified. Perhaps we may most safely begin by saying that, whatever more it may be, a poem is fundamentally a form of personal self-expression. It invariably expresses something of the thought or feeling or purpose of a personal being, and so reveals something of its author. Now, this certainly holds true of humanity in relation to its Creator. It expresses something of the thought and feeling and purpose of the ever-living God. This, therefore, we may name as the first point of agreement or likeness which warrants the apostle in calling our humanity the poem of God. In the second place, every poem has important presuppositions apart from the fact of personality in its author. For example, every poem presupposes means of expression that antedate and in an important sense pre-condition this particular expression of personal thought, feeling, or purpose. The written poem presupposes a written language; an oral poem, an oral language. Each presupposes a knowledge of the vocabulary—the laws, the cadences, the limitations of the language in question. Even if it be a poem in stone it presupposes stone, and a knowledge of the possibilities and of the limitations of personal expression in forms of stone. Just so is it with God's poem. Humanity presupposes more than the

personality of its author. It presupposes the world on which humanity has its dwelling place. It presupposes all those natural products by which mankind is nourished and all those natural elements and forces by which these products are perpetually made ready for man's use. It presupposes in the Author of mankind a knowledge not merely of himself and of man, but also of all these elements, conditions, laws, and forces without which man would necessarily be other than he is. This, therefore, is the second point in which the nature of a human poem illustrates the nature of the poem divine.

The third point now claims our attention. It is very curious and deeply significant. Have you ever noticed that one of the commonest characteristics of a true poem is that, while its author seems to say one thing, he intends to say, and to the intelligent reader does say, something quite other and deeper? Take the opening lines of that familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee." Suppose some person unfamiliar with Christian images and phraseology—for example, a pagan boy student in the heart of China—were to be given this couplet to translate into his own language, what would be the result? He would inevitably translate it into a prose sentence with utmost literalness, and would suppose that the author at the time he wrote it stood before some ancient rock with a rift or cavity in it, and for some reason, probably for protection from storm or danger, proposed to hide himself therein. That would be absolutely all that the couplet could possibly say to him. Of the real meaning he would not get the faintest idea. Just so we may take that beautiful poem of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The poet is facing eternity. He has faith not only in immortality but also in Him who is piloting him toward that blessed haven. Death is at hand; but faith is triumphant over all fears of death. As his last gift to his fellow mortals he pens this hymn of faith; but the pagan boy in the heart of China, if given this poem, would never suspect that the poet was thinking or speaking of death. He would imagine the author to be a rather sentimental or fastidious sailor or traveler who, on some former occasion, when putting out to sea, had been annoyed by rough weather and by the demon-

strations of over-anxious friends, and who here deprecates a repetition of that experience. Listen, and see how inevitable that understanding of the verses would be:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

You observe that the prosaic, matter-of-fact interpretation is one that fits from beginning to end. Our Chinese translator would imagine he had perfectly caught the meaning. Possibly, if very thoughtful and critical, he would wonder why the poet did not say he hoped to see his Pilot *before* rather than after he had crossed the bar; but that would be his only ground for giving the poem any further thought.

These illustrations sufficiently exemplify what I was just now saying about the apparent and the real meaning of great poems. They also compel us to face the question whether God's great poem has the same characteristic; whether in that God seems to be saying one thing while, in reality, he is saying something altogether different. For a moment such a suggestion staggers us. We are prompted to say, It cannot be. That would make God's utterances equivocal. For him to say one thing and mean another would be inconsistent with his perfect veracity, his earnestness, his essential and therefore ever-present sincerity. But let us not decide too hastily. You remember a certain fa-

miliar story that begins, "Behold a sower went forth to sow." That also is one of God's poems. Moreover, if taken as a plain and simple narrative of fact it is a complete story, consistent and finished in every part. The boy in the heart of China, if asked to translate it, would think that some sage in foreign parts had written it for the sake of impressing upon the mind of cultivators of the soil the importance of confining their seed to good ground instead of carelessly letting it fall on trodden paths or brier patches or stony places. But while the parable says something so simple and so level to the comprehension of a pagan boy, it says to us, and was intended to say to all, something infinitely higher and deeper. Just what this higher and deeper meaning is has in this case been explained to us by unimpeachable authority. And the reason which our Lord expressly gives for speaking to the multitude in parables (Matt. 13. 10ff.) is precisely the reason that would justify him in addressing to the slowly dawning intelligence of his moral universe such a poem as this which is being published, canto after canto, in the unfolding life of God's human family. Indeed, a study of that reason, and of the little we know of the possible methods of developing the slowly dawning intelligence of beings in the earliest stages of creaturehood, inevitably brings us to the conclusion that God not only may, but even must, make use of means and modes of revelation in which the primary and apparent significance is followed by others ever deeper and diviner.

This last mentioned thought naturally leads to a new question, and this is the fourth point to which I desire to call your attention. The question is: What is it that determines the intelligibility of a perfect poem in all its meanings? What is it that measures one's ability to understand and appreciate those meanings to their utmost depths? We need not wait long for the answer. A very brief consideration will convince any man that a reader's ability to understand and appreciate a great poem is directly proportioned to his affinity of mind and heart and will with the author. Would one appreciate and enjoy Browning to the full, one must habitually harbor such thoughts, emotions, and purposes as those amid which Browning lived and moved and had

his being. So of any other great poet. So of the greatest of them all, the Creator of them all. To the undivine even God's poem is destitute of all high significance; to the enemies of God it is even an inharmonious jargon, destitute of all rational right to be.

Summing up now all that has occupied our thought thus far, we may say that the similitude employed in our text enriches our conception of human nature in four distinct ways: First, it reminds us that every endowment, indeed, every known possibility of humanity, has behind and underneath it the personal life of God. Second, by compelling us to discriminate between means and end in all divine self-manifestations, it compels us to lift man out of the level of nature's life and to assign to him a distinctly supernatural value even in the mind of God. Third, by reminding us that beneath the *prima facie* or prose meaning of human life we are to search for a profounder, a parabolic and poetic meaning, it starts a series of individual experiences and social testings which result in demonstrating that human life is not altogether what it seems; that the secondary signification of this divine poem conducts to a third yet profounder, the third to a fourth, and so forward indefinitely. Lastly, by suggesting the one thing on which the intelligibility of humanity depends, it shows us that only in proportion as we ourselves approximate the divine do we become capable of true self-knowledge. Showing this, it enriches our conception of the nature of human self-knowledge and our conception of the true function of all self-known human life and being. Well may we thank the apostle for a thought so rich in suggestion relative to the dignity and to the limitless life-range of our own nature. Let us now pass on to notice that our text at the same time and in like degree enriches our conception of God.

This truth is already manifest from what has been said. We saw that the apostle represented God as a potter. Not an inspiring conception, one is tempted to say. But wait a moment. Perhaps you have not fully taken in the apostle's idea. There is a great difference between a potter such as you and I think of and the Poet-potter of whom the apostle is speaking. The former is a poor drudge who is trying to make a living by mechanically re-

producing upon his wheel the pots and jugs and pitchers invented ages ago and still demanded by everyday human convenience. The Poet-potter is another being. He is constantly putting new thoughts into new forms. Instead of working for a living he lives to work. The joy of self-expression lends imperishable beauty to everything to which he puts his molding hand. Hence when Paul calls God a poet he at once helps us to understand how in the world he was ever able to speak of him as a pot-maker. Just so is it with the other familiar appellations of the high and holy One that inhabits eternity. Only because all these are supplemented, nay, rather transfigured and glorified by the remembrance of God's spontaneous, incessant, overflowing poetic creativeness can the devout mind consent to call God a builder, a gardener, a vineyard-dresser, a shepherd, or even a king. But for the idealizing halo given them by such teachings as that of our text it would be an indignity, nay, almost a blasphemy, to call him by any of these names derived from human callings. Even as it is, the devout soul must ever count it one of the greatest of God's condescensions that he permits us to address him by any of the names which our limited and limiting minds can fashion. But our conception of God is chiefly enriched by a discovery which sooner or later comes to every thoughtful mind: the discovery that this great poem of God is a tragedy, a tragedy of unmatched and impenetrable pathos. To most of us this discovery comes as a staggering surprise. Perhaps it ought not so to come, for without an appreciation of the tragic in the world of reality no poet has ever touched the loftiest ranges of poetic possibility. Reasoning, therefore, from analogy, we might anticipate that the divinest of all poems would prove to be one including the divinest of tragedies. Nevertheless, so prone are we to assume that all divine experiences must of necessity be blissful, and only blissful, that it comes as a surprise, yea, as a shock, when we discover that the most heart-breaking heartbreak in the universe is in the heart of God. The record of humanity's sin is at the same time the record of that heartbreak. And as age-outlasting as that sin has been that heartbreak. Is it not a transcendent tragedy, a mystery as baffling as it is divine?

Fortunately, in this darkness that can be felt, there are beams of ever-growing light. In the tragedies of the old Greek poets the supreme constituent factor was ever the resistless energy of a pitiless and implacable fate. Willing or unwilling, men and women of every ethical quality were led on or dragged on to horrible destinies. Not so in the divine tragedy of sinful humanity. In this the destiny-determining power is both pitiful and placable. The Father of men is subject to no blind ontologic fate. He is love. And the human race, being a creation of this self-objectifying power, can love in turn, and in turn experience all love's transformation. Hence in this supreme tragedy, dark as it is, error is not forever irretrievable. By virtue of the vital affinity of God and man, and their vital union in the one historic God-Man, sin can be, sin has been, divinely expiated. Conscious guilt can lose itself in conscious pardon, moral pollution give place to heavenly purity. These transcendent truths, wherever known, have lighted up the darkness of our sin-cursed earth, banished its gloom and despair, projected apocalyptic visions of the coming City of God upon the curtains that veil the future.

The poem of poems has thus far been legible only in a blotted text, black-lettered and full of errors; its Author is preparing a new edition, in scarlet and gold, faultless in its readings, full of illuminations of living light. And for what is he preparing it? To serve as the missal-hymn of the universe; a hymn in which all orders of created beings shall adoringly unite in bringing love and all love's tributes unto Him that was, and is, and evermore shall be.

To Him, even here and now, let us ascribe, as is most due, all blessing, honor, power, and glory, world without end. Amen and Amen.

William F. Warren.

THE NEW REALISM—ARNOLD BENNETT AND JOHN GALSWORTHY

"There seemed something rather fatuous about the story, for though it had a tremendous plot, and was full of well-constructed people, it had apparently been contrived with great ingenuity to throw no light on anything whatever."—John Galsworthy, *Island Pharisees*.

"THROW no light on anything whatever." It was just this criticism that I once, in a spasm of temerity, ventured to pronounce in the presence of a journalistic friend against our present daily press. "It doesn't pretend to do it," he replied. "Its purpose is fulfilled if it merely states facts. That is all that life is, anyway. What more should you expect from a record of life?"

It's facts, facts—facts with coffee and rolls at breakfast; facts from the noonday edition at lunch; and facts with the post-prandial cigar at night. The newspapers have cultivated this our peculiar vice—our ophiuchan appetite for cosmic gossip. "Throw no light?" Who wants light thrown upon the facts presented in these twelve-point, seven-columned, thirty-odd paged matutinal and vesperal intellectual diversions? There would be no time for it; besides, some thought might be necessary, and both these can hardly be spared from the serious problems of business. For life is a fleeting affair, after all; its facts crowd so turbulently, so dizzily, so monstrously, so horrifically, that to try to grasp even a few, those that pertain to one's own business affairs and the affairs of one's associates, is such a thankless and painful process; is it not far better when one reads its daily record—as all feel they must—is it not better to let the process as nearly as possible resemble the process of life itself? A sharp rock here, an eddy swirling there where some fact comes home with poignant reminder that this is our life after all, and that its affairs touch us now and then—an accident to a friend, a break in the market, a fall in the price of wheat—and we pause reflectively, even painfully; but else the reading proceeds with the same impersonal interest as though the facts were the doings of the Martians and the gossip that of the daughters of the City of the Sun.

What is there to compensate for this search of facts? To put

the question is to suggest the answer. It is the search for the emotional thrill, the titillation of nerves, that life gives. To be sure, the thrill is not so intense nor the titillation so poignant as of life itself, but it is good to take one's emotional perturbations diluted with wood pulp and printer's ink, and it is ever so much less exhausting. The brew of life is too heady to be taken "straight" by any save the strongest, yet this age craves its intoxication, so takes its beverage diluted in the daily press. And, besides, this keeping within arm's reach, literally, life itself in its folded record, is it not to follow the injunction that it is well for one who lives to know life, to follow its protean manifestations, to recognise its various weaknesses and powers, and thus to learn better how to equip ourselves for the pitiless battle to which life summons all? Other writing, novels, poetry, history even, have not this immediacy. They are, one and all, so we seem to feel, at best adulterations, mixed with the personality of historian, poet, or novelist, and to that extent untrustworthy, perhaps even fallacious. The newspaper is the true realism.

Like the newspaper is the "movie," almost as universal, quite as popular, and soon, they say, to supersede its rival as the educator and molder of the public mind. Its realism passes unquestioned, for have not real people posed for it *in suis personis*, and have not the facts themselves painted their own lineaments on the precious ribbon that under the manipulation of a mere boy simulates the resistlessness of life itself? Newspaper and the "movie," these are at least two powerful abettors and directors of much of the present taste for life and facts, and may, perhaps, serve as an introduction to some of our newer realism in literature.

Many still in their prime can easily remember the almost pious horror with which an earlier generation drew back its robes from contamination with the evils of French naturalism or realism. Balzac, Flaubert, and especially Zola, in their novels had exploited the disagreeable, the repulsive, the sinful in real life; and those whose consciences were queasy revolted, not on critical or philosophical grounds, but because the exhibitions were aesthetically ugly and morally unclean. They could no more endure some of the scenes in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* or Zola's *Nana* or *La*

Terre than physical or moral disorders in their own lives. Living more or less decent lives themselves, directed by a more or less noble ideal, they persisted in refusing to allow their approbation to an art that was disorderly and ignoble. Thus the word realism became a term of reproach, connoting a nose for the malodorous, an eye for the monstrous, and an imagination for the prurient. That the term naturalism or realism was misused by both those who claimed it as a defense of their canons of literary art and those who attacked it on æsthetic or moral grounds, has been abundantly made clear by later criticism. For it is obvious that to paint merely the more disagreeable or more brutal traits of man's nature is to fail to recognize, what is also a fact, that man is something more than a selfish being with purely animal instincts. And for this reason fiction which paints only man's more agreeable traits, such as are usually ascribed to his so-called ideal nature, might also be called naturalistic or realistic; the only test being that such or such good traits, like the disagreeable, may be found in real life. Realism, as such, can run the full measure of man's nature; it may be noble or base, sublime or abysmal, tragic or comic: in short, it may be as infinite in its variety as human nature itself. So much for the half insight which those had who attacked the new school of writers on purely æsthetic and moral grounds. But the writers themselves got only a half glimpse of the significance of the nature the real portrait of which they sought to delineate. Perhaps the most thoroughgoing in his naturalistic creed was the experimental Zola. Taking his cue from science, and especially the biology and physiology of his time, he sought to prove, by experiments on the characters in his novels, that human nature and human character and actions are the result of the interplay of scientific laws as simple and as rational as the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Indeed, in his mind there was no schism between man and brute and even stocks and stones; the same laws, only slightly modified, ruled in each; and the writer of fiction was a scientist, like the physicist or biologist, only a little more imaginative, as his apparatus was a little less obvious than test tubes, scales, and microscopes, and his substances slightly more volatile than gases

and more restive under restraint than diatomes and amœbæ. Such was the quite-to-be-expected result when the scientific ideal, under the uncompromising championship of Herbert Spencer, Taine, and Haeckel, finally took by storm all, or nearly all, the intellectual activities of Europe and America. For this reason the realistic novels of Zola, as well as those of Flaubert, and later those of Hardy, are pervaded with at least this much of the rational: they are orderly, they have well-elaborated plots, with emotions, characters, motives clearly marked, tabulated, and indexed. When reading them one has the sense of perfect security that one has with a large but well-digested book, with table of contents, index, and appendix all in place and all working harmoniously to one end—a perfect understanding of the author's purpose. To use a phrase used at the beginning of this paper, they "throw light"—a false one, a dismal one, a lurid one, an abysmal one it may be—but they do throw light on everything in the book. This was the old realism. Its ideal was not far from that of the poet Manilius, "*Nam neque decipitur ratio, nec decipit unquam.*" It was faulty because it saw man only partially. I need not repeat here that much of it was nauseatingly prone to exploit man's baser and animal nature; and that it might, could, and should also have exploited his more noble qualities, for these are surely as much the play of scientific law, if scientific law explains all human actions, as his appetites and indulgences. Take, for example, one of the last of these stories, Gorky's wretched tale of *Forma Gordeyieff*, a story of some four hundred pages, yet only one generous emotion, and that by a poor sister of Rahab plying that ancient calling on the banks of the Volga. Yet this was by no means the most serious moral defect of the old realism. As long as a story keeps moral and immoral, right and wrong, clearly separate, it may tread where it will, like the lady in *Comus*:

Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

But it failed because of too much pride and presumption in its creed. The moral defect with the old realism was that man was

reduced, like the rest of the universe, to a mere machine and made to obey equally mechanistic laws. The paradox that man discovered the laws of human life and character with the help of his reason, and then that he applied them to his own artistic creation, was at first overlooked. But the utter seriousness of the situation lies deeper. A man is either free to make a choice, and suffer the consequences of his choice, or he is a machine bound to inexpugnable laws. Only if the first is true may he be called a moral being; then only may we attach any significance to responsibility and expect retribution for error to be delivered with even hand. But if man may not deliberate and choose, but must act according to natural law—call it heredity, environment, or what you will—then his acts, be they never so vile, are in the same category with the spring of the startled rattlesnake and the plausibility of the ox. Why all this pother about the fate of the hero or heroine if they could have acted in no other way? What significance is there to his temerity in pronouncing the fateful words or her lingering response, if both are due to *euepsia*, or the prevailing direction of the wind, or the depth of the soil? Hamlet's indecisive conduct might have been due to a dash of ptomaine poison in the "funeral baked meats," or Macbeth's hesitant bravado to a crack on the skull by a Norwegian battle-ax; but if so why all the "sound and fury" of the tragedy? For there can be no tragedy save where there is moral significance attached to a consciously selected line of conduct. How far natural laws play their part in man's life is for the scientist to determine and exploit. But one more law there is, quite as natural, too, though it is rational: that the pains and penalties as well as the rewards imposed upon human conduct derive their significance to man solely from his demand that the scales of justice remain even. Man has a moral nature as well as a physical, and though they may intimately touch in places, and even at times confuse their aims, the purpose of fiction should be to extricate and set forth clearly the former, not to trace character to its animal inheritance. The old realism was false because to it man was the *bête humaine*.

But most of this criticism has a shopworn and secondhand appearance. All of it has been made repeatedly and with far

greater effectiveness. What is significant here is the shift of position of the realists to-day. They no longer call themselves naturalists and even object to the term realists. There is no one now, unless it be the German, Sudermann, and the Russian, Gorky, to carry on the traditions of Flaubert and Zola. Later writers, like Romain Roland, whose huge ten-volume commentary on life, Jean Christophe, has lately been translated into English, and Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy, the Englishmen who are particularly the subject of this paper, approach life from a new angle. And, naturally enough, this shift of position has been synchronous with the shift of position in both philosophy and science.

It is dangerous to generalize; for our philosophers now tell us that the human liability to error never shows itself more strikingly than in our attempts to make definitions. But even at the cost of their disapproval it is at least exciting to risk oneself upon thin ice and attempt to define briefly the sharp difference of attitude between our most active modern school of philosophy and science and that of the preceding generation. The contrast, to me, consists in this: that, whereas the older school looked at things and their relations from the point of view of reason, the new looks at things and at human reason itself from the point of view of things. The old scientific philosopher had a great deal to say of harmony in the universe, the reign of law, the power of the human reason to understand and make orderly nature and life; the new has about given up the problem of attempting to make nature and life orderly, that is, rational, and regards the human reason itself as but a part of the ceaseless flow of life. The new philosophy has as yet gained for itself no isle of refuge amid the great flux of existence, it has no *τοῦ σῶ* from which it may gaze at the origin and end of this world of being and becoming. Like leaves tossed on this great stream of facts and things in their ceaseless eddying and whirling, we are able to see neither whence we came nor whither we are going. All we may do is to seize and hug close the haphazard facts that come our way, but whence is their significance, or whither they are bound; this lies solely in the infinite bosom of the stream of existence. We may say facts are, but more than this is not given to mortal man to know. To

Spencer, who perhaps most clearly expressed the ideas of the most active science and philosophy of the preceding generation, the scientific laws are chief; the facts are significant only as they help us discover the laws. In themselves they are nothing. To the present-day relativist in science the facts alone are of consideration; we may classify them if we choose, but always with the thought uppermost that these classifications possess none but the most transitory significance. The only reality is the infinite and pressing stream of things. Thus the present tendency in ethics is to let theorizing alone, distrust abstractions, and to cling to the only clearly predictable thing—social habit. Education in the same way is concerned largely in a mad scramble to gather facts. And this tendency comes to its apotheosis in the newspaper, that grab-bag of cosmic gossip. It is the quite-to-be-expected thing, then, that the new realism, the fiction and the drama receiving much serious attention to-day, should set before its eyes the goal of journalism and be off in the same mad chase of obtrusive and persistent fact.

At this point it is necessary to keep the mind perfectly clear as to the meaning I desire to attach to this word fact, for there is danger of a serious ambiguity. The trembling of the last leaf on a tree before the blasts of winter is a mere isolated physical fact, no more; we have all seen thousands; and as such it suggests no significance. It is there, we see it, and before long we know it will lose its hold and be buried with its brothers, leaving the branches naked to the sky. There is a world of difference between this mere physical fact and the same fact in literature:

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high
On the topmost thing that looks up at the sky.

As early as Aristotle it was pointed out that before a fact can become significant in literature it must be made typical of many facts; its consanguinity to the thousand and one other facts about it must be shown; in other words, it must be stripped of much of its purely adventitious eccentricity and be made to stand not only

as an individual but as one of the many. Thus Lear in a mad house or Orestes in the hands of the state's officers would be figures who would excite our compassion or our ridicule, no more; but Lear and Orestes in literature are tragedy because the ideals of justice in the hearts of the human race seem bound up in their destinies. A mere physical fact, event, or emotion has in itself no significance because it is eccentric, particular, because its relation to other facts and to man is not obvious. But let the human mind play about the fact, seizing the points that bear resemblance to other facts, let the fact stand as a type or illustration of "the way things go in this world," and instantly the fact becomes alive with rational and artistic significance. "Art," says Goethe, "is called art simply because it is not nature." By this he meant that everything in nature is eccentric, highly individualized, particular; and that true art cannot consist in merely copying after the original, but in establishing relationships, seeking for consanguinity, looking for the one under the many; in other words, in humanizing nature. The facts of life may be copied or reported, and they are, in the newspaper and the "movies," and by this we may get an excellent phantasmagoria of the ceaseless flow and unintelligible brawl of life's processes, but never a satisfaction of the ever-insistent demand of human reason that there is order in the universe of men and things, and that this order it is given reason to discover. And it is because John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett in their more serious novels and dramas persist, as do others of the new realism, in writing, like the newspaper, after the facts, that I insist that the new realism is, first and last, flip-pant, irrational, and unhuman.

More than once these authors return to the charge of what they regard as the precious modern vice—a refusal to look facts in the face. It is easy to find a quotation that will serve as an example:

Long ago he found that he could not bear his mother Nature's inscrutable, ironic face bending above him in the dark, and with a moan he drew his clothes over his head. In her who gave him being he has perceived the only thing he cannot brave. And, since there is courage and pride in the feeblest of hearts, he has made a compact with himself:

"Nature! There is no nature! For what I cannot understand I cannot face, and what I cannot face I will not think of, and what I will not think of does not exist for me; thus there is nothing that I cannot face. And—deny it as I may—this is why I herd in my pavilion, under my lights, and make these noises against the sighing and the silence and the blackness of the night."

The meaning of this half allegory is perfectly clear. Man should live always under the fascination of the inscrutable, ironic face of nature, for then alone will he know that life is a compound of the inscrutable and the ironic. And John Galsworthy has done so, as his novels and plays amply attest. What is the life which he finds when he draws back the clothes from over his head, or leaves the lighted pavilion for the sighs and silence? Facts, ever new facts, each with its emotional thrill, like the atrocities or pathetics or even the humor we read in the daily press. We learn that something is wrong, but what, where, we catch no hint, unless it is because not enough people, or not the right people, have drawn back the clothes from over their heads or left the lighted pavilion for the sighs and the silence. His *A Commentary*, in which perhaps some of his most poignant facts are set forth with all their dismal detail, is no commentary at all. It is yellow journalism. Here we have pictures of degradation, misery, dissatisfaction, but these are things the world has known from its infancy. The abuse, the fault, the reason—for this we look in vain. Fiction is not a monologue, or a performance with only one actor. There must be some opposing force—one character, several, or a tradition—against which the action is directed. Here we have a bewildered cry, like that of the hurt child who looks in vain for his assailant. Fiction should not be as blind as the fact it is portraying:

Talk about democracy—government by the people. There's no sense in it; the people's kept like pigs; all they've got's like pig-wash thrown 'em. They know there's no hope for them. Why, when all's done, a workingman can't save enough to keep 'imself in his old age. Look at me! I've lost my arm, all my savings was spent when I was getting well; I've got this job now, an' am very glad to get it—but the time 'll come when I'll be too old to stand about in all weathers; what'll happen? I'll either 'ave to starve or go into th' Ouse—well, that's a miserable ending for a man.

Perhaps it is well to know the spirit that breathes in the vagabond Ferrand in *The Pigeon*:

These sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and clean our 'abits—that soothes for them the æsthetic sense; it gives them, too, their good little importance. But our spirits they cannot touch, for they never understand. Without that all is as dry as a parched skin of an orange. . . . The good God made me so that I would rather walk a whole month of nights, hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool.

But the play does not make us see more than the inscrutable and ironic face of nature that made such beings to be. By presenting an irrational yet lovable humanitarian, imposed on by every one, it can do no more than touch our sense of the pathetic and the grotesque. The vagabond Ferrand, the one-armed philosopher who diverts traffic in front of the steam-roller, the hundred other bewildered wretches from the dregs of society whose pictures he gives us, are so many individual strays on the broad expanse of life. There is a dumb-animal suffering about them, each and all, that catches our throats in a spasm of emotion. But they do not understand, we do not understand, the author does not understand—all is particularized. Something is wrong, everything is wrong—no, nothing is wrong save life itself in allowing such outrageous facts to be; but because it is infinite, and is in ceaseless flux, it will not to any intelligible question return the slightest answer. When we leave the lighted pavilion we do have the sighing and the moaning, but also the silence and blackness.

When we turn from his picture of the dumb suffering of the individual poor we are again struck by the same irrational aimlessness of everything. "'Tis an unweeded garden," reads the motto of *The Country House*, and the story lives up to the motto, as do almost all of his novels. They are the gossip and the "near gossip" of the so-called respectable classes, the kind of stuff the yellow dailies delight to honor by high headlines and double-columned stories. In these pictures of life all sense of order is lost, even all sense of security, and in their place we have a flip-pant capriciousness, a blind play of chance and coincidence. Deliberate choice and the final retribution, or reward, the so-called law of poetic justice, of course we have gone too far in the knowl-

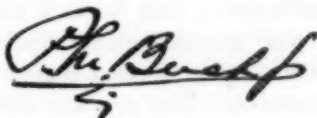
edge of what life really is to expect anything so logical as this, but in reason we demand that there should be some consanguinity between action and what we call wisdom and strength of character. But wisdom and strength of character are gained only as one raises himself above the stream of life, as one learns not "to take things as they come," but to control them by the rational device of understanding them. This is the one thing that Galsworthy's characters never do. They can hardly even be said to possess any character at all. They move by impulse, like puppets, not by motives; and the stronger impulse counteracts the weaker, like two forces meeting from opposite directions; and over the scene hovers the huge shadow of blind and empty chance. Life as he pictures it is an unweeded garden, with weeds and flowers in wildest profusion fighting for existence and obeying naught but nature's law of the survival of the most fit. To read all this may be very thrilling to the senses and to the emotions, but it gives no answer to, not even raises the question of the moral significance of actions and character, and failing in this fails in all. Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in his latest novel, the much praised *Dark Flower*. Here we have three intense episodes in a man's life, three thrilling love affairs which shake his being to the foundations. They come and they pass like life itself out of nowhere into darkness. He is merely the devoted heart that stands a patient target for the flaming arrow; and thrice is he pierced to the very marrow, while the reader hungrily gulps the unexpurgated emotion. And each ends by the most brazen chance—the first because he gets a telegram at the wrong moment, the second by the most brutal of coincidences, the third because one impulse is stronger than another—and through it all the story moves slowly, like a "movie," to the tune of *Old Hundred*.

If the genius of Galsworthy is that of yellow journalism, with its love of lugubrious gossip, that of Arnold Bennett, with his charming recital of the humdrum, is not very different from that of a glorified country newspaper. There is the same patient, deliberate search for the little matters of daily interest that go to make the lives of ninety-nine hundredths of commonplace people. Except now and then in his dramas and in his more farcical stories

there is scarcely an incident or a situation that raises its head above the dust of the perfectly ordinary. In his novels people rise, get meals, do the household chores, draw up accounts, even darn stockings, with patient resignation or wild rebellion in their hearts, exactly as people do in real life; not a detail escapes him. And it is this fidelity to the facts of life and the ability to make the reader sense their emotional content that make for Bennett's chief charm. He is the realist *par excellence*. He has the eye of a police inspector and the memory of the Bertillon system. But he never sees below the surface or the hidden connection between things. A primrose on a river's brim a yellow primrose is to him, and nothing more. But here we meet with our first exasperation. The country newspaper, probably from reasons of thrift, does well so to set up its page that the news that Mr. Jones is going to paint his barn appears in the same column with the demise of Mr. Smith's mother-in-law. The editor wants to retain Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith on his subscription list. But there is, as far as the community goes, far more significance in the latter event, especially if the departed was prominent in club circles. But it is just because Mr. Bennett refuses to see or to show any difference in significance between pouring a cup of tea or proposing marriage to a young lady that we are justified in claiming that he throws a lot of unnecessary dust in his reader's eyes. What, for example, is he driving at in his *Death of Simon Fuge*? Is it the amount of liquor an abstemious man may safely consume, how to behave in a jovially unconventional family, how to accommodate libraries, how to swap unexpurgated limericks, or how to take the death of Simon Fuge? He is bewildering, like a particularly vivid dream. His characters, too, are not real characters at all, but merely puppets of chance, too highly individualized in their actions to give us any general notions by which we may classify them. Indeed, properly speaking, they do not seem, in his longer novels, to act at all. The story happens to them. What Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways do is rarely or never the result of deliberation or conscious choice. They act as impulse directs, and the stronger the impulse the more energetic the action. Both their heedless careers are highly entertaining, because they give with pictorial accuracy the very illogi-

cal sequence of life itself, but they are scarcely edifying except as the reader draws his own comments. To understand character we must get away from the ruck of mere experience, and by careful purifying of significant acts from all base insignificant alloys disengage motives from the entanglements of impulse and see whither these motives tend. Then, and only then, shall we find character.

But enough of this. The old realism was fatal, because it reduced man to a mere automaton acting in obedience to purely natural laws, and thus despised the great problem of morals in human destiny. The new realism has nothing to say of law or of morals, launches itself unafraid on the parlous stream of life, has no standards by which it may measure the worth or the meaning of the infinite floating facts. Everything is fish that comes to its net. It is as happy with a child's toy as with a dire tragedy, measuring the use it may put them to only by the height of the emotional barometer. Maybe out of this ruck of facts which we are insistently called upon to accept we may at some time be able to make a greater synthesis. Maybe, as was the problem with the ancients, from this hypnotic worship of the many we may awaken to a conception of the one. This rests on the knees of time.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John Galsworthy". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

TWO ANTITHETICAL TYPES: ABELARD AND BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

IN that dreary period of European history which preceded the Protestant Reformation, there stand out a few men who do much to relieve the prevailing gloom. This study concerns two of these men, Abelard of Nantes, the Rationalist, and Bernard of Clairvaux, the Traditionalist and Mystic. Interest has always attached to both of them, although in the case of Abelard a false emphasis has been placed on what was merely an incident in his career—his amour with Heloise. Undoubtedly the incident profoundly affected both his prospects and influence, but the independence and the vigor of Abelard's mind had become apparent long before the commencement of the disastrous romance. Abelard will always be famous as a lover, and we would not willingly surrender the "Letters" which passed between him and Heloise, nor the "Apologia" which he wrote in his last days, nor the body of literature which has the romance for its theme. Nevertheless, the real significance of Abelard is in the history of thought. It was against his intellectual innovations, and not against his personal conduct, that Bernard directed his vindictive attack. The two men occupied diametrically opposite points of view. In no particular does it seem possible to find that they have anything in common. The one was afraid of nothing so much as of an intellect which went on crutches. The other was afraid of nothing so much as of an intellect which sought to stand alone. It was the misfortune of the one that he was practically a pioneer in his demand for intellectual independence as the native right of the human mind. It was the good fortune of the other that he had with him the whole weight of tradition and of contemporary ecclesiastical authority, as opposed to intellectual freedom. A clash between the two men was inevitable. Their mature lives covered the same period—the first half of the twelfth century. They applied their thought to the same subjects. They stated their cases before the same tribunals. But they began with totally different assumptions, and necessarily they reached totally

different conclusions. Abelard was hounded as a heretic, his writings were destroyed, and solemn councils publicly condemned him and all his views. Bernard was revered as a saint, fawned upon as the valiant defender of the faith, and accorded an influence so great that he could make and unmake kings and popes. It has been customary for centuries to speak of the Clairvaux monk as *Saint Bernard*, and if the title be given purely on the ground of estimable personal character, it surely cannot be disputed. But it has probably never occurred to anyone to speak of Abelard as a "saint," yet with this one exception of personal character for a brief period—and we must not forget how much an outraged contemporary ecclesiasticism may have distorted his moral lapses—Abelard was every way a greater man than his opponent. At least we have the testimony of the venerable Peter of Clugny to the sweetness and resignation of the outcast's closing days.

The two men are antithetical types. The groups which they typify have always existed to some degree, although, as is to be expected, the group represented by Bernard has predominated in point of numbers. Those who lean on others are always more than those who stand alone. It is here suggested, however, that our own day is witnessing a rapid increase in the number of the men who are of the type of Abelard. With this must go a decrease in the opposite type. More than a century before Abelard's day, Anselm, at Bee in Normandy, had forged out his famous maxim, *Credo ut intelligam* (I believe in order to understand). The maxim was accepted as the last word on the proper attitude of men toward theological tradition and dogma. Bernard himself cared little about "understanding" in the sense in which Anselm used the term. His position would be better expressed in the words, *Amo et credo. Pectus facit theologum* (I love and I believe. The heart makes the theologian). Abelard with one stroke destroyed the Anselmic view, coining the revolutionary phrase, *Intelligo ut credam* (I understand in order to believe). Necessarily this set him over against Bernard as well. The question was, Which comes first, belief or understanding?—first, that is, in importance, as well as in point of time. Bernard answered, "I

care little about understanding: I believe. What I believe is *supra* reason, and for all I know or care, it may be *contra* reason. What tradition and the Church declare to be so, I unquestioningly accept." Abelard answered, "I cannot believe until I understand. What is *contra* reason I reject outright. I will not even believe what is *supra* reason, for I am not willing to assign to the intellect any arbitrary limits. I apply the touch-stone of reason to all tradition and to all ecclesiastical statement. What reason approves I accept. What reason disapproves I reject." Here we have the situation within the modern religious world. On the one hand are those who stand with Bernard; on the other hand are those who stand with Abelard. No one branch of the Church possesses a monopoly of either class. There are men of each type in the various Protestant bodies; there are men of each type in the Romanist body (Modernism may yet produce its Abelard); and there are men of each type who would not call themselves either Romanist or Protestant. This means that the two classes represent fundamental characteristics of human nature. It is this fact which complicates the problem, and makes it a doubtful matter whether the two can ever find a common ground. One thing no man can do for long is to violate the peculiar structural law of his own individuality. A person constituted as John Henry Newman was will never come to peace until he can rest back upon "authority." On the other hand, persons constituted like Huxley or Tyndall or Spencer will be satisfied only with personal and independent judgments, and, so they succeed in reaching these, they want nothing more.

In scarcely any particular did Abelard agree with the theological and philosophical thinking of his time. As has been already indicated, his fundamental position was that doctrine must be subjected to rational tests, and accepted or rejected accordingly. His own words are, *Nec quia Deus id dixerat creditur, sed quia hoc sic esse convincitur accipitur* (Nothing is to be believed merely because God said it, but it is to be accepted because one is convinced that it is really so). Although he was enough the creature of his time to agree with Anselm that as regards theology the intellect was indebted to faith for its material, and was so far not

independent, Abelard, in contradistinction from Anselm's view that the content of faith was traditionally given, held that that content must be personally discovered. He denied the doctrine of the Trinity in its current form, declaring that the real choice lay between Tritheism—which must be rejected—and the Sabellian view that the terms "Father," "Son," and "Holy Spirit" indicated nothing but different aspects in the relation of the Creator to the created. In an age when it was customary to regard the world as a "second best," and so, in a sense, a failure, Abelard took the view, later to be reached by such optimists as Leibnitz and Browning, that the world is the best possible, for it is not conceivable that God should make anything in a less perfect way than it could be made. This daring thinker found the motive to creation, not in anything external to the Creator's own life, but in the inner necessity and constitution of the Godhead. The essence of religion he held to consist in morality. Christianity was therefore nothing new *per se*; it was but the consummation of the general moral movement, gathering up the many threads and weaving them into a seamless fabric. The significance of Jesus is then seen to be in the fact that he was merely "the Founder of a pure moral law." Abelard utterly rejected the traditional view of the incarnation. The divine essence being everywhere, a complete incarnation of it in a single person was impossible. The most that could be said was that Jesus was so completely at the disposal of divine wisdom that it found in him a perfect medium for self-expression. Abelard proposed what is known as the "moral influence" theory of the atonement. The current theory—that of Anselm—proceeded on the assumption that the fundamental quality in the Godhead was justice, which the sin of men had outraged, and which must be "satisfied" as the prerequisite to forgiveness. Jesus, being who he was, had, in his life and death, rendered the necessary "satisfaction." Abelard struck at the vitals of this theory by denying its premises outright. The fundament of Deity was *not* justice, and it needed no such "satisfaction" as was proposed. The deepest thing in God, said this innovator, was benevolence, or love, and the work of Jesus, especially his death, was a great moral spectacle, a drama, intended to convince men of

the divine love, and to turn them toward it. Especially did Abelard make an epochal contribution to ethical science, or, more exactly, laid bare a neglected element of the original Christian message, in his assertion that the essence of vice or virtue lay in the *intentio*. The real *peccatum* (sin), he said, is in the *consensus in eo quod credimus propter Deum dimittendum* (freely assenting to that which we believe is done against God). The external act itself is, therefore, nothing: it is the intention which gives any act its moral quality. It follows that "sin" is essentially something contrary to conscience, and there is no "sin" where ignorance or force led to the deed.

The book which best of all reveals the calibre and the direction of Abelard's mind bears the title, *Sic et non* (Yes and No). It was this book which brought the opposition of Bernard to a climax—an opposition successful enough and popular enough to secure the condemnation of both the book and its compiler before the Council of Sens in 1140. It would be interesting to know what was the real motive of Abelard in the compilation of this work. Was it a sincere desire to reach the truth? or was it sheer delight in upsetting the pious notions of unthinking men, and in showing upon how flimsy a foundation those notions rested? The method of the book was peculiar, although it was later adopted, but in the interests of orthodoxy, by the *Sententarii*, the most famous of whom, Peter the Lombard, was a disciple of Abelard. It must be borne in mind that at the time "tradition" was absolutely authoritative: the clear word of a "Father" on any subject was to men an end of all strife. Abelard—and one perceives a certain sly humor in his effort—compiled the opinions of these infallible Fathers on one hundred and fifty-eight different questions covering the whole field of theology and philosophy. The divine Being, the divine "persons," the Scriptures, Providence, Predestination, the Origin of Evil, the nature of Angels, Creation, the Life Beyond—on these and a host of related questions Abelard succeeded in compiling from authorities supposed to be equally infallible the most conflicting opinions. Clement of Rome was set over against Clement of Alexandria; Augustine and Tertullian were found to be hopelessly at variance; Athanasius was shown to be in disa-

greement with Paul. One would suppose that the result of this conflicting opinion would have been to arouse suspicion as to the infallibility of the authorities, but instead the result was the disgrace of the compiler. At the council to which Abelard was brought by Bernard on a charge of heresy, the daring rationalist was utterly discomfited. He appealed to Rome against the decision of the council, but on the way to the Holy City he was taken sick. The Venerable Peter, Abbot of Clugny, offered him hospitality, and it was here that the checkered career came to its close.

It was intimated above that Bernard and Abelard were antithetical types, and that the groups which they represent are necessarily irreconcilable because their respective points of view express native and therefore ineradicable differences. Both men thought as they did because they were the kind of men they were. Back of that we cannot go; or, if we do seek to go back of it, it is only to be confronted with the same ultimate problem which we meet in the fact that one tree is a maple and another is a pine. We say that the difference is "in the nature of the case." The phrase explains nothing, and hardly conceals our ignorance. The structural law of one organism differs from that of another, but the why or the how of the difference—this is beyond us. There are differences of mental constitution as there are differences of other natural organisms. In the unfolding of the mind, the native differences come to light, and so we get on the one hand a Bernard, on the other hand an Abelard. Abelard was content only with what he himself could ascertain by independent thinking. Bernard was satisfied to accept the thinking which had been handed down by others. The determining factors in the case were original endowment, and its modification and direction by social environment. The maple is the *kind of tree* it is because of the seed from which it sprang. It is the *kind of maple* it is—dwarfed or well-grown, one-sided or symmetrical—because of the situation in which it grew. But no change in situation, however radical, could change the maple into any other *genus*. Wherever it grows, it grows according to its peculiar structural law, and that law is an ultimate whose *raison d'être* is beyond us, except as we can specu-

late on a theory of divine self-expression as the causal fact of created being. Types of mind are as ultimate and as unchangeable. We can and we must allow much for the influence of environment upon the manner and the extent of the individual development. We must allow, too, for the fact, or at least for the possibility, of "transmutation." But when we ask why we stop, baffled. To the final question, *Why* was Abelard constituted an intellectual rover? *Why* was Bernard constituted an intellectual stay-at-home? we can only answer despairingly, "*Because!*"

But although the "rationalist" can never become a "traditionalist" any more than the maple can become a pine, it does not follow that we must choose absolutely between them and fully indorse the one and fully reject the other. No one mind is competent to discover all truth. The utter scorn of others which characterized Abelard is as much to be condemned as is the complete distrust of self which characterized Bernard. In the case of the exact sciences, it is permissible for one man—as witness Galileo—to pronounce a judgment at variance with the collective judgment of humanity; for he is dealing with concrete and positively ascertainable facts. But in the realm of speculation the situation is different. So much of the subject-matter here is pure subjective experience, and there is no experience but has some value and some meaning, and must be reckoned with in any serious attempt at a universal comprehension and systematization. The defect of Abelard was that he failed to realize that in construing his own experience he must take note of the experience of others. The defect of Bernard was that he failed to realize that the construction put upon experience by others must be considered by the individual in the light of his own experience. It is by the continuous cross-play of individual and collective experience that progress is made toward absolute truth. On the practical side, this is perhaps the answer to our earlier question, *Why?* We cannot dispense with the pioneers; neither can we dispense with those who stay at home. All men work together to reach the goal. The work which each does is necessarily in line with his native peculiarities. So that, after all, the modern weakening of mere authority in the realm of "truth" is neither to be deplored nor

feared. Every man must live his own life, but eventually it is seen that no man liveth unto himself. Each in his own way makes his contribution, and out of the collective contributions the answers to such questions as are not unanswerable must finally come. The world would perish of stagnation if all men were Bernards. It would perish of unrestrained anarchy if all men were Abelards. Some men are Bernards, some men are Abelards, and some men are neither, but do the eclectic and synthetic work which conserves the best fruits of the others. The individualist is under a social check; the social conformist is under the individualist's incitement. Each is necessary to the other, and both work together in an unceasing effort to compass the noble human task of finding Truth.

Edwin Lewis.

“HEAR YE THE WORD OF THE LORD”¹

THERE is a certain incongruity in my speaking to you on this occasion, for I am neither a Methodist nor a minister of the gospel. You who are preparing to go forth as accredited Methodist ministers, I crave your sympathy now as I venture without a pilot's license along this unknown coast. But you shall have full reciprocity. I extend to you my sympathies herewith while you listen to one from the pews holding forth to those who are destined for the pulpit; a spiritual descendant of John Robinson and Jonathan Edwards addressing the successors of the Wesleys and Arminius. It is a situation which must be charged to Doctor Tipple, and he cannot escape his full responsibility. But I should hasten to add that his responsibility does not extend to anything that I shall say. He has given me a free hand, and the onus of any opinions I may express must fall upon my own head and shoulders. It is not altogether alien territory, however, to which I am coming, for Drew Theological Seminary and New York University have between them certain bonds of unity. Not the least of these is the provision in the statutes of the university that the head of the Seminary shall be, *ex officio*, an honorary and advisory member of the University Senate. I could not decline Doctor Tipple's invitation to come here to-day, for, apart from all other considerations, it was a call from a colleague and fellow laborer. Moreover, with graduates of this Seminary entering our Washington Square College on advanced standing as candidates for our Baccalaureate Degree, with Methodists competing with Presbyterians in attendance on our old college at University Heights, and with fifteen per cent of our total registration in the University, or nearly nine hundred students in all, coming to us from the State of New Jersey, I feel that a New York University man may, without arrogance, come among you to-day with some sense of coming to his own people; with some feeling, from the outset, of being at home. The fact that we are engaged in what is, after all, a common cause intensifies this feeling, and your kindly welcome has done the rest.

¹ An Address at Drew Theological Seminary by the Chancellor of New York University.

My text is the exhortation, "Hear ye the word of the Lord." You may find it in about thirty different passages in our Authorized Version of the Scriptures, and any one of them will do. You may find it in other places expressed in other words.

When the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from Leyden, John Robinson gave them his memorable farewell. "I charge you," he said, "before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you, remember it—'tis an article of your church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." It was an adherent of Calvin and an eloquent opponent of Arminius who delivered this message, reiterating our text in the most liberal form that his age could receive. In innumerable forms you may find the same call repeated down to our own day. You will find it in Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

Well roars the storm to him who hears
A deeper voice across the storm.

And many a parallel passage will occur to you at once.

You have been told many times over how urgent is the special need in these days that a Christian minister should hear the true word before he speaks to his people. In one respect this age is like the first age of Christian history. It is an age that does not generally acknowledge the authority of the preacher as coming from his formal ordination. In the Middle Ages and in the first Protestant centuries a Christian minister was listened to because he was a Christian minister. In these days, as in the time of the apostles and fathers of the church, a minister is listened to only in so far as his word of itself carries conviction. This statement is not altogether true, but how should you expect a commencement orator, with so little time at his disposal, to speak the exact truth

with all of its necessary qualifications? What I have said calls for no more of qualification than the most of our historical generalization. The official authority of the sermon is largely gone. It is law and gospel only so far as men find it to be law and gospel for their own need. The Christian ministers in this land to-day, like the missionary in heathen lands, and like the first bearers of the Christian message nineteen centuries ago, must get their hearing by the sheer weight and worth of what they have to say. There are indeed new antagonisms to overcome. There are great numbers of men who are possessed by acquired and even hereditary antagonisms to Christianity. The repetition of traditional forms of utterance only awakens and intensifies these antagonisms. In so far as this means hostility to the very spirit of God it may be regarded as the same old evil in the world which must be fought and overcome. As Miss Agnes Repplier remarked a little while ago, "There is nothing new about the seven deadly sins." But I am speaking of the hostility of prejudice, of ignorance, of half-way education. This is a hostility which is aroused to its highest pitch by the ancient forms of religion. We are persuaded that it is not directed against the very truth itself. The preacher's words will carry weight, even in the face of such opposition, if only he shall himself have heard and known the very word of God. It is not enough that the familiar language of religion, which is gall and wormwood to many men, shall be sweeter than honey to the preacher's soul. He is to get back of this familiar verbiage to the truth which it enshrouds. He is to offer to the men of this age fresh waters from the everlasting springs. No age in the world's history has been without the need of moral leadership. In no age has that need been more obvious and omnipresent than in our own. There have been other generations in which the shifting of moral landmarks has gone rapidly forward. I do not think that change in the moral situation has gone forward more rapidly in any other age than we have seen it going forward all about us in this present time. If any exception must be made, that exception would apply to France in its first period of revolution. The changes of this present day are, however, more widespread. They are not concentrated in any one people. A hundred modern in-

ventions and appliances give to every new movement and sentiment immediate currency throughout the civilized world. The moral leadership that this age calls for is the leadership of a world of incessant change. It is a most interesting time in which to live. There is joy, great joy, in any impress that any man can make on the spirit of such a day. What was fixed and firm in our social relations has strangely melted under our feet. In place of permanent institutions we find ourselves in the midst of a permanent tendency to change. Social relations have become fluid. We have stepped off from the shore and our feet are upon the waves of a great sea. It is over that sea of change, of unlimited change, that the purposes of Providence go forward to-day. There is no uncertainty as regards those divine purposes. They move as securely over the waters as over the face of the solid ground. They go to meet struggling men and they speak to them the same unruffled word of peace and good cheer. To hear that word, to know it, and to appropriate its power; to learn to speak it forth with confidence, and as one bringing confidence and hope—that is the high calling of those who would be leaders of men to-day in the spirit of the Galilæan Master.

John Robinson exhorted his followers that they be ready to receive whatever truth should be made known to them from the written Word of God. I presume we have all of us gone beyond the seventeenth century in this, that for us the word of God is not limited to that written Word. It may be that our respect for the Christian Scriptures is not essentially less than it has been in days gone by. I am quite sure that that respect does not go down in the same proportion that critical investigation goes up. But, whatever our doctrine of inspiration may be, we are pretty generally agreed that it goes beyond any written record. The man of the twentieth century expects to hear the word of God at every turn of his life. It will meet him in human society; in the stress of conflict, in the strain of daily work, and in the light frivolities with which so many men and women find recreation. It will meet him in solitude, where he finds nature in her most dull and dingy as well as in her most grand and glorious forms; in the laboratory, in the field, in the studio, where he himself is creator and launches

his new worlds. Everywhere the word of true inspiration is sounding, if we have ears to hear. But do not think that inspiration is a light thing, to be received between courses or when the spirit is relaxed and falling away in sleep. A lifetime of self-discipline and service is none too much to pay for that "one accent of the Holy Ghost." They who hear are those who have ears to hear.

We are familiar in these days with the uses of wireless telegraphy. We know that at this moment there are messages flashing over this world which delicate instruments are receiving and recording with wonderful fidelity. Here in this room those mysterious messages are undoubtedly vibrating at this present moment. You hear the sound of my voice, but it may be that words of vastly greater weight, messages of peace and war, the call of ships in distress at sea, or greetings from loved ones to loved ones far away—any or all of these things may be passing back and forth between these very walls at this very moment of time. If I remain silent, and all other sounds be hushed, you are still unable to catch one faintest whisper of those messages; yet the messages themselves are altogether real and instruments attuned to their varying rates of vibration are recording them now in different parts of our land, where they are written down for all men to read and understand. It is all present and actual, and may be so demonstrated that none can gainsay it nor deny. How much more real, how much more vital, how incalculably greater in its everlasting import, are those words of God which are at all times passing back and forth over the world in which we move. Our senses at their greatest refinement cannot take them in. They are not alone for those who work, and not alone for those who wait. They are for all men who will take the trouble to receive and to interpret them. Is not this the very task upon which you young ministers of the Christian faith have entered? At any cost of self-suppression or of strenuous endeavor you are to hear the word of God. If you shall hear it in very truth your preaching will be with power and the world about you will be better because of your ministry. The world is waiting for the leadership of men who have listened to that word of power; and those who hear the preacher who himself has such a listening ear will find that their

hearts shall burn within them and their lives shall be enriched, for the common good of all.

If I have spoken hitherto with the deepest solemnity it will be remembered that I am a layman and hold your profession somewhat in awe. It is reserved for favored members of your own fraternity to handle these themes with lightness of touch and with the charm of simple and sincere humanity while abating no jot nor tittle of the reverence which is their due. I can imagine the human interest, joined with elevated thought and great distinction of manner, with which certain eminent clergymen might have invested our theme of this morning. To speak in a human way of things divine is a high achievement, quite beyond all rules and systems and all imitation. I shall not compete with the masters of this art. But I cannot forbear to touch upon the less ethereal and more practical aspect of my theme.

In common life you will find yourselves in the midst of warring parties. Your attempt to hear and recognize *vocem dei*, the voice of God, will be all involved with your effort to understand *vocem populi*, otherwise known as public sentiment. As spiritual leaders you will not side with the majority because at any given time it shall chance to be in the ascendancy. But you will be sorely perplexed to know, in this endless chain of controversy, which side is in the right and which is in the wrong.

Thrice blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

The question is frequently that between liberals and conservatives. The conservative has history on his side. His ideas have been found to be workable in enduring institutions. That is the strength of his cause, and it is of no small consideration. History has been declared, even by a great radical, to be the only sure guide of life. The value of historical knowledge can hardly be overstated. But if history were the guide of men's lives, there would be an end of history. Historical records are made by doing things that have not been done before. Study history, and study it deeply, but when you turn to new problems you must look for new solutions.

But neither is the advantage all on the side of the radical—though he be known as liberal, or even as progressive. Only a fraction of the new schemes which are proposed for our adoption can be made to work well in any organized human society. The radical must count on a higher percentage of waste among his ideas even though his happiest discovery may be worth more than the whole conservative program. It is all perplexing enough when it comes to a concrete case. You must take one side or the other if you are to have the joy of the fight and a chance at the victory. But the victories of partisan warfare go almost always to a side that is part in the wrong, since neither the rights nor the wrongs commonly gravitate, all of them, to either side. Whether you will take the one side or the other, in any such controversy is very largely a matter of temperament. It depends on the question whether in your makeup you are the more a priest or a prophet. In the one case you will cling, as a practical man, to the *status quo*, the strengthening the bars of the old familiar gates. In the other case you will aim to be a reformer and stir up those who are at ease in Zion. It may be, however, that you are a man of the judicial type. In that case you will seek for a middle course. Remembering the formula that truth lies between the extremes of opinion, you will endeavor to abide by that golden mean. You will miss the battle. You will be bruised and beaten by both sides impartially. And you will take your chance, along with the rest, of failing of the ultimate truth of the matter. For while truth may lie between the extremes, it is rarely found half way between. It inclines either the one way or the other, and sometimes it leans pretty nearly all the way to one side or the opposite.

Take the familiar case of our Civil War. There was right on both sides; there was wrong on both sides. It would, to all appearances, have been better for all concerned if the controversy might have been settled without the horrors of civil war. Yet those who kept to a neutral course were, as we see it now, no nearer to the absolute right than those who fought on either side. The historic verdict seems to be very well settled, North and South and all over the world, that the victory of the North was in the main a victory for civilization and a victory for righteousness.

Yet, in view of the gigantic evils which that war brought forth, in view of those more recent horrors of war among the Balkan States and of civil strife in Mexico, we may well ask whether this Christian century cannot find a better way. We look for a way that shall be better than bloodshed, better than compromise, better than the finesse of mere diplomacy. We look to you, our spiritual leaders of the coming age, to lead us up to that better way. We do not doubt that it is a high and arduous way. But we have an intimation that they who have really heard the word of the Lord will have learned of that better way.

The word of the Lord? Not some mere echo of an echo, tossed back and forth on the winds of contention, but a message from the serene eternities, such as now and then has been brought back to us on some great "heart at leisure from itself," some spirit all in tune with the love of God.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown

RELIGION: A STRUGGLE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION

A SHUDDER may, on occasion, answer the purpose of evidence. Not that it sets up a necessary sequence of thought, and thereby establishes a conclusion; simply that a powerful emotion has immediately and effectually expressed the attitude of life toward some challenge that presents itself and is greatly feared. And that challenge is greatly feared because life, sensing its own values, has suddenly found itself in peril of being robbed of them. Once life has become conscious of its inestimable worth it stands in perpetual dread of the highwayman, the gunman, who, under the guise of science or philosophy or any plausibility of interpreted personal experience, is likely to demand the surrender of its all. Not that fear is always sensibly present, nor that man is constantly detecting himself in a state of agitation before the uncertainties and insecurities of the day, but that the undertone of every earnest life is affected by the feeling of jeopardy in attendance on its best treasures. "When I consider, I am afraid." Obviously the shudder of the soul is not reckoned with in our books of logic. Yet it strikingly pictures a fundamental personal attitude toward the cosmos.

Insatiable hunger, under an alias, ambition, is commonly regarded as man's chief working force in his relation to the world. And without it, unquestionably, he would have made no more worthy history than his lowly forbears have done. His appetite for knowledge and power has wrought miracles of achievement. Worlds in undreamed distances he has brought within neighborhood areas. He is harnessing in familiar fashion forces that, anciently, might have been thought too divine to touch and utilize. Pegasus has become astonishingly fleet of foot and is eagerly pulling his loads. Unity and simplicity of impulse seem to lie back of this general advance movement of life, yet there are frequently observable a twofold method and a twofold motive. One mode is that of aggressive activity, incursions into the fields from which wealth of any kind may be acquired; the other lies in the defensive program, the holding of one's possessions secure from spoliation,

the beating back of destructive forces. In front there is the lure of goods of some kind to increase life's resources and satisfactions; behind there is the threat of a privation that is humanly unendurable. Browning has noted this in his *Rephan*, in the soul that has come out of quietude into discontent and is startled:

by an Infinite
Discovered above and below me—height
And depth alike to attract my flight,
Repel my descent.

Thus do attraction and repulsion, desire and fear combine for progress. And nowhere is this principle of double motivation more obvious or more effectual in its working than in religion. The things to be achieved and to be avoided in the physical life, health and sickness, wealth and poverty, are faithful and emphatic parables of the possible experiences of the inner life. There, if anywhere, the infinite is above and below. Light and darkness, ecstasy and despair, life and death, beckon from opposite poles, separated by immeasurable distances. There are the white heights to attract; there are the black gulfs to repel.

It is decidedly superficial thinking that views these ends and the motives underlying them as inhering only in the Christian system. Though Christianity has been making such gains as now bring it to notable proportions, the unchristianized world has ever been and is to-day immensely larger. And that vaster area is crowded with religions, each of which represents in its own way the contrasts of possible experience, the heights and depths that attract and repel. The Christian and the non-Christian systems exhibit contrasts and resemblances. Christianity appears to have been handed to a lost race by the infinite God. In it the divine is constantly in the foreground, receiving accent and emphasis. In other religions, however, the human side is most patent, for these religions are the achievement of men according to the limitations of their environment. But, like Christianity, they are all an effort to interpret the world and life in such wise that humanity need not sink, plundered of its best, but may rise to reach some designated lasting good. All religions so function. They intermediate as a stimulus between man and his best, and as a safeguard between

man and his complete spoliation. That is religion's high and unique place in the life of man.

Now, if this brief and general statement of an essential characteristic of universal religion is true, it exhibits a point of view that ought by no means to be neglected. Christianity does well in furnishing its "evidences," historical and indisputable; they will always weigh heavily in determining final spiritual authority and the lines of religion's movement. Miracles have answered a purpose. Other events of the redemptive years have fulfilled a mission. To-day the moral personality of her Lord is accepted by the church as her richest spiritual holding and her most powerful asset toward race salvation. But the general tendency of "evidences" is to externalize Christianity, to look upon it as superposed upon life's normal activities. The day ought to be nearer in which humanity will view it as the fair and gracious contribution of God toward the victorious fulfillment of that struggle in which earnest manhood has universally enlisted under the standard of life's supreme good.

Suppose, on the other hand, an attempt is made to glean from the billions of adherents of the non-Christian religions some fact that may enlighten us upon the subject of religion itself. In most instances we shall discover beliefs and interpretations of the world at wide variance with the findings of science, a lack of moral and spiritual quality such as appeals to the enlightened, and ideals that must be rejected because of their insufficiency for life. Apparently they have nothing to offer us. And yet the search has brought to light a single fact of enormous significance. That fact is this: the earth's billions of inhabitants give historical and logical authorization to the sweeping assertion that "mankind is incurably religious." This is not a conclusion derived by psychologist, metaphysician, or theologian. It is reached by the historian, after the event.

The phrase "incurably religious," however, is not a final interpretation. The reported fact must be subjected to analysis. How did man come by the disease of which he may never be cured? Is religiousness a quality with which human nature has been endowed? Is it an age-long habit from which the race cannot free

itself? Or does it rise both incidentally and necessarily in conjunction with the elemental and universal instinct of self-preservation? He is an unwise reader of history, an ignorant observer of his own time, and a stupid witness of the movements of his inner nature who does not recognize that this instinct of self-preservation is a primal agency in preserving the integrity of both physical and psychical life. The range of its expression is from the fight in the jungle to the cry of the soul for the living God. And on the higher levels a strange dread and a growing confidence mingle in that representative inquiry, "Lord, to whom shall we go?"

Clearly, we must look more closely at that particular attitude and movement of the spirit of man which we call religion, not specialized Christianity, but religion. And in this closer scrutiny one fact looms large: that in the perceptions and emotions of the earnest man, wherever he may be, religion is concerned with values, with the very highest values, their possible increase and their sure conservation. This is as true for the darkest faith of darkest Africa as it is true for the Christian church where civilization has come to its finest fulfillment. In religion life has been ever seeking, not trinkets or even food, but a proper adjustment to the great Reality, and with that adjustment some sort of saving of itself. As indicated earlier in this analysis, the cosmos is universally interpreted as holding both that which is attractive and that which is repellent to the personal life. Somewhere there is treasure and joy for the soul; somewhere there is desolation and despair. Somewhere there is acquisition that is permanent enrichment; somewhere there is loss that is irreparable. Religion alone offers that which from the double point of view satisfies. Without religion, universally, there is only an emptiness which to the thoughtful is heart-breaking. Here is the real struggle for existence. The mortal combats of the jungle or of barbaric warfare are symbols of the spiritual struggle man has made in religion for self-preservation.

Religion as such inevitably implies an estimate, a criticism of the world in the interest of personal values, and a consequent conflict with it. Religion, therefore, is not to be condemned as

narrow and partial because of its adverse judgment upon the world. Science finds its justification in the service it performs in stripping away the false appearances the world presents to the senses, thereby discovering to us a world of unguessed marvels. Even philosophy has authority only as it supplants or interprets the seemingness of sensation and of impression with the rational order that is the product of mind. Religion but does the same. It is man's interpretation of external reality in the light of his awareness of the emphatic existence and the commanding character of the inner world of his own personal life. No fault is found with the world as it actually is. Judgment is formed against it for the seeming satisfaction it offers human life. Nor is this judgment an intellectual product of the twentieth century; it was deeply felt by our earliest forbears. One of the most interesting and attractive of the mural paintings in our Congressional Library is a portrayal of primitive man before his rude altar. It was made of earth stuff, it belonged to the earth, and even though fashioned in the form of an altar it possessed earth's dumbness, earth's fatal inability to forgive, to comfort, to save. But the flame! The flame that was always rising from the earth as though it would join again its unseen source! When this flame emerged the worshiper bowed in reverence before the unseen Power, now mysteriously symbolized and invoked. So, each in his own way, the serious Animist and the intellectual Pascal has felt a superiority to the visible world. Both alike shrink from the death it threatens. Both alike refuse its proffered solaces. Both alike seek a good that it veils. Not many, forcing their way through phenomena, have carried in their progress such bright torches as were grasped by Plato and Kant and our own Bowne, but with flickering tapers the hosts of humanity have penetrated the earthy and have felt that they have reached the Reality that is good enough and great enough to dominate their lives.

Again, religion brings the whole cosmos to bar for its aspect of absolute indifference to human welfare. Man's fancy has not been deceived by the sum total of its attractiveness, nor have his intellect and will been outwitted by the vast pretentiousness of the physical order which has loomed threateningly over personality

like the beclouding geni that emerged from the vase the fisherman drew from the sea. It has bulked so enormously in human perception that individual man has appeared as an entirely negligible quantity. Over against its immensity and fixedness the task of a proper self-estimation has not been easy. He is on one of the smallest of worlds. He may be blighted under the play of the least of its forces. Yet at the present stage of his intellectual and spiritual struggle it is evident that he has actually made of this colossal cosmos a pedestal on which human personality may stand erect. Man has partially accomplished this result in philosophy. Under thought realities have arisen which are not of sense. Sense does not disappear; it is listed under and serves the conceptual. Under the sublime dictates of conscience, with its moral ideal, the physical, with all its vastness, has neither authority nor power. An inwardness of life has won an independence of nature. Men refuse to surrender their thoughts and convictions. They refuse to lose them, to allow them to become pale and dim and discredited in the interest of lower values. Under one mode and form or under another man is religious in order to save the best of himself. It was so anciently; it is so to-day. Jesus so phrased the fact. Religion is, in part, man's declaration of war against a world that threatens personality.

The fact, then, that man is "incurably religious" does not necessarily involve on his part the possession of a formal religious faculty. The disease is deeper, more vital than that. He has found himself in the meshes of the sensuous world, but with capacities for developing a deep and rich non-sensuous life. Could man live by bread alone he would be incurably earthly. But man cannot drop back and take his place as an atom in the physical system. He even assumes to transfer the center of gravity from the physical to the ethical, the spiritual system. So does he esteem spiritual values. The marvel of marvels in the history of our world is not in the strangeness of wireless telegraphy or in the mystery of radium; it is in the fact of man turning his back upon the increasingly vast physical system and under meager or full ideas, calling "Father"! The same result transpires if we seek to relate him to his diversified and far-reaching tasks, to his multi-

tudinous interests and loves; for we will find that there also he is unable to satisfy himself save as these express the ideals of religion, with its protest against emptiness and death and with its assurance of life enduring. Höffding, psychologist, ethicist, and philosopher, reached that conclusion in his *Philosophy of Religion*, whose main thesis is that religion persists because it saves values. Winston Churchill, novelist and public-spirited citizen, delivered the same judgment in another form, that of personal experience. He wrote recently: "Were it not for the loathing brought about by sheer materialism, by the making of money and by thinking in terms of money, by the mad pursuit of material pleasures alone, how should we be able to arrive at length at the lasting worth of the spiritual?" That loathing provides against the descent of life, and it redirects life toward its goal. In the last chapter of one of his profound little volumes John Fiske wrote on "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," and the basis of his long prognostication lay in the human soul that required and demanded for itself a durable ethical world not visible to the senses.

It is, therefore, the character of the inner life that holds the key to the fact of religion. It is the deep of the soul calling to the unseen of the world. Men can never successfully attack religion save as they theoretically deny the moral uplook they practically reverence. Obliterating that as delusion, Nietzsche has an easy path to brutalism, Schopenhauer to pessimism, and Haeckel to either or both. The larger and more accurate—because more vital—definitions of man that obtain to-day furnish the highest degree of rationality to his struggle for religion. His sense of righteousness, his moral loves, his feeling for the Infinite are luminous prophecies of Immanuel, "God with us," by the side of which the few prophetic verses of the Old Testament are vague and dim. He might be mistaken who has suddenly turned upon the mountain peak he has gained, to look in awe upon an indescribable panoramic landscape that stretches to far horizons—sister summits, silver streams, hamlets set in the midst of vastness—it is conceivable that he might be mistaken who concluded that the only adequate word for such a moment was "God." But he cannot err who, sitting with his own soul, acquaints himself

with its depths and its heights, its weaknesses and its strengths, its selfishness and its love, its despair and its faith, its apathy and its spiritual longing, and then breathes the ineffable name.

The father in that simple biblical narrative came to Jesus with the anguished appeal, "Come down ere my child die." That was more than a fact, an incident of human experience; it was a parable of the whole race, perfectly representative. "Come down ere manhood dies. Give it air to breathe, its native air. Give it truth to feed upon. Hold its conscience above the taint of expediency. Keep its sense of righteousness true to timeless standards. Save its love from the blight of the sensuous." Man's first task is the determined quest of God; and the supreme task of the church is to so interpret life and the world that issues shall not be blurred or values confused.

That is a fine story of the Selkirks and of man that Ralph Connor gave to the world long ago. The sermon was over and Craig was in his cutter starting for home. But "old man Nelson" had heard the message and was waiting for the minister at the turn of the road. He asked a soul-deep question about hope for himself. Craig replied in some familiar promises of the Bible repeated in a calm and kindly voice. The old sinner weighed them on one side of the scales, put himself on the other, and answered, "If they are not true it's all up with me." To this the preacher agreed. And he was wise enough to cast himself and the race into the same scale-pan with Nelson, adding with deliberation and with much feeling, "And if it isn't true, it's all up with all of us." And the best of human life goes down into dust and oblivion. It cannot maintain itself apart from the ideals, the facts, and the truths of religion. The gulf below us is very dark. On its edge man shudders. And he shudders by virtue of the constitution of his life which was built for white heights fairer than his dreams. In the realities of religion man meets the only facts that are great enough for his life and destiny.

Arthur M. Walker

THE PREACHER—HIS THEME AND HIS TIMES

SOME one has said that it is a good thing for the preacher, these days, to remind himself again and again that he is not an ambassador of civilization, but of the gospel. That is very true. The preacher is, indeed, the ambassador for Christ, God speaking through him to the people, in Christ's stead pleading with them: "Be ye reconciled to God." Dr. J. H. Jowett, in his fresh and invigorating volume on *The Preacher, His Life and Work*, has a suggestive and delightful chapter on "The Preacher's Themes," in which he says, "We are not appointed merely to give good advice, but to proclaim good news." Which is excellent advice! The preacher cannot remind himself too frequently that he has a gospel to proclaim and that he must proclaim it in such a way that it may be understood by the people and acted upon. And just in this triple consideration arise the real problems of the preacher. First, he must grasp firmly the gospel message—must be possessed by it. Second, he must adapt it to the times in which he lives and to the people among whom he labors. Third, he must be persuasive, for the ultimate aim of all Christian preaching is the reinstatement of the sinner in the divine favor, the bringing of the human will into alignment with the will of God. This latter point of persuasiveness Dr. Gunsaulus brings out in his Yale Lectures in speaking of the preaching of Andrew. Andrew does not stand in the company of great preachers, at least in popular opinion. Yet if the end of all preaching is not the intellect but the will, if its aim is the movement of the soul lightward and Godward, then, as Dr. Gunsaulus says, Andrew stands among the effective preachers. And in Andrew's preaching there were three elements: First, finding. "He first findeth his own brother Simon." The finding *may* involve some physical activity on the part of the preacher. It will certainly involve mental effort and adaptation. Second, saying. "And saith unto him, We have found Messiah." Without debate, the saying of the sermon, including under that expression all that goes into the conception of the theme—the illustration, the phrasing, etc.—is exceedingly important. Third,

bringing. "And he brought him to Jesus." After all, it is the bringing of the soul that is of most importance and all-determinative of Christian preaching. Preaching that fails to bring folks—not preaching that fails to please or attract but preaching that fails to bring folks—fails utterly, whatever may be said in extenuation of it.

That whimsical book with so many streaks of greatness in it, *Crowds*, written by one who was once in the company of the regular ambassadors, has many excellent suggestions bearing upon religious activities and upon preaching, and that book divides preachers into three classes: those who show us charts of goodness, those who tease us to be good, and those who make us want to be good. The latter are the real preachers, the persuasive spirits. It is not possible to over-emphasize the need of solving this side of our problem. An effective preacher, speaking to his brethren some years ago, asked this question: "Is there not in our preaching too much that savors of the judgment-seat and too little that breathes the winsomeness of the fireside?" Yet the pith of what I wish to say is that to-day our problem of problems is to deliver our message effectively in its relation to the conditions of our modern life. The preacher must be a man with "an understanding of the times." Dr. Jowett has stated one side of the case very admirably:

I have personally nothing to say in disparagement of these momentous ministries [referring to what is often called preaching to the times] and I deeply honor the men who are engaged in them. I very gratefully recognize the peculiarly special gifts and vision in which some men find their equipment and calling to this particular form of service. With equal readiness and gratitude I recognize the part which some men have played in the illumination of social ideals, in the disentanglement of social complexities, and in the inspiration of social service. But with all this you will permit me to express my own conviction as to the perils which beset a preacher in themes and ministries like these. I am in no doubt of my position as a citizen, and of my duties and privileges in the life of the nation. I must not be an alien to the commonwealth, living remote and aloof from its travails and throes. My strength must be enlisted in the vital, actual forces which, through tremendous obstacles, are seeking the enthronement of justice and truth. I can also conceive it probable that critical occasions may arise when it will be the duty of the pulpit to speak with clarion dis-

tinctness on the policy of the State. But even with these admissions I can clearly see this danger, that the broadening conception of the preacher's mission may lead to the emphasis of the Old Testament message of reform rather than to the New Testament message of redemption. Men may become so absorbed in social wrongs as to miss the deeper malady of personal sin. (Yale Lectures, page 80.)

This statement is by a prince among preachers, who has never fallen into the peril of which he warns the young men of this generation. And this statement shows a very marked sympathy with the broader conception of the ministry of preaching that is gradually coming back into the thinking of the preachers of to-day and its admissions are of the utmost importance. In fact, if we give them due weight they provide for the range of the themes of the preacher that many circumstances in our modern situation make necessary. It is true, as has been urged above, that the aim of all preaching is to win the soul to allegiance to God, to bring the soul back into the divine favor from which sin has driven it forth; but just as soon as the preacher in any vital way, as an ambassador of Christ, seeks to make his gospel message of the divine compassion and forgiveness real to men circumstanced in particular personal and social ways he comes plump up against a whole nexus of social embarrassments and problems. As, for instance, when Paul sought to make clear the Christian view of life to the Athenians, pleading the cause of eternity with their hearts under the form of "Jesus and the resurrection," those Athenians, living in a society one of whose convictions was that this fragment of life is all of life, a philosophy which found expression in the proverb, "Let us eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow we die," he at once encountered a deep-seated prejudice, which was stubborn and ugly because more than personal, because embedded in custom and racial feeling.

My position, the position which ministers are taking more and more firmly these days, the position of John Wesley, that we can interpret the eternal message only as we take cognizance of current events, will be clearer by noting the contrast Dr. Jowett makes between the Old and the New Testament messages. Let it be said at once that I am not thinking that the preacher is to be a kind of vocal editor, or an oral Review of Reviews, or an ex-

temporaneous Literary Digest, or yet again an interpreter of the World's Work, Current Opinion, or Current Events. I say that the preacher must remind himself again and again that he is not an ambassador of civilization. Only he must also keep in mind that he is an ambassador in a particular civilization, for, whatever our wishes, we never give our message in a social vacuum. Dr. Jowett surely leans back a little in his desire not to fall into the peril of becoming a mere social agitator, I think, though I do not wish even to seem unappreciative of one whom I so greatly admire personally, and from whom I have profited so often. Yet, is it not unfair—is it not creating a contrast that does not actually exist—to speak of the Old Testament message as being a message of social reform as distinguished from the New Testament message of redemption? Surely, the message of the two Testaments is one, as the eloquent preacher of the first century points out in the Epistle to the Hebrews; a message that grows fuller and richer until at last it comes to complete fullness in the incarnate Son. Surely those prophets of the eighth century spoke for God and against the alienation of men's hearts from him and his law. The Scarlet Thread is clearly discernible in Isa. 53; but if we look closely it runs throughout the Old Testament, and Dr. Jowett again and again discovers it to his hearers and readers for their edification and comfort. A little later on in the lecture from which I have quoted at some length he urges his younger brethren to abide in John's Gospel, in Ephesians, and in Colossians, though it will be well to visit Amos, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. I do not wish to take issue with that advice more than to say it would be good for all of us to fathom the secret of those prophets more than we have, and to abide with them longer at a time, so as to get their point of view and to imbibe their spirit. For what they did, as did the first generation of Christian preachers, was to keep in mind the civilization in which they lived and to interpret their message in the light of all the facts, personal and social, with a cognizance of current events. It is true that the preacher's concern is not primarily to correct certain social dislocations. His objective is the soul alienated from God. The deepest of all sicknesses, and the deadliest, is sin. But the preacher must not

forget that the social dislocations are both social expressions of sin and breeding places of sin; and his preaching, if it is to be vital at all, if it is to "bring" folks, if it is to build the Kingdom, cannot pass in glittering or in sober generalities around these running sores and crippling conditions.

For example, take the social situation to-day called Europe, war-crazy Europe. How has it come about that, nineteen hundred years after Calvary, the air is full of bomb-laden ships, the seas churned to foam with beetling prows of dreadnaughts, or tossed about by belching submarines, the earth meanwhile trembling under the brutal feet of marching armies, with their machine guns and irresistible projectiles? Have all these things for killing men, which have been a-making for several generations, come into existence because of the preaching of the Gospel of Peace? Is this insane raging of the passions of millions of men and women due to Christian counsel? Not at all. Statesmen have said, very stupidly as the event makes manifest, the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. That is a foolish counsel and it certainly is not Christian. It ought to be clear to us that it is no wiser and no more decent for nations to settle their disputes by a resort to force than it is for individual men to settle their differences by a use of their fists. War is as barbarous as duels. Nay, war is immeasurably more barbarous than the duel and equally as childish. No, Christian preachers did not advise this war. We are informed that one Christian minister's death was hastened by his sadness over the spectacle of millions of so-called Christians hacking each other to pieces—for what? Who knows? Not very many, if anyone living to-day. But have the preachers of Europe been interpreting the gospel message in view of this growing menace? That is the pertinent question, and only a negative answer can be given.

The Peace Societies, the Tolstoys, the Jordans, the Von Suttners have cried out in the strength of the Lord, "Lay down your arms." But the pulpit as a world-wide institution, the preachers as a great order of prophets, have prophesied of other things. Meantime statesmen, almost unchallenged, have gone on urging the people to see that Christianity is an impracticable

system as between nations and for policies of state, for only as we prepare for war can we be sure of peace. One feels like printing the second psalm as a tract for European distribution, reserving some copies for use among the jingo patriots of America who go strutting about with chips on their shoulders, but also with such belligerent mien that they feel sure no one will venture to try to knock off the chips. The truth is that never a boy went forth with a chip upon his shoulder that there was not somewhere lurking around the corner, some corner, some other boy who was willing to make the venture; who in fact for months on end had been grooming his muscle for that very undertaking. The pulpits of the world should have been thundering forth against the false prophecies of Kings, Czars, Kaisers, and Presidents as Amos thundered against Bethel, interpreting Christianity in the light of this false opinion, or, rather, over against this hateful darkness of the world's philosophy of selfishness. We ask the preacher to keep things running smoothly, which is just our modern ecclesiastical version of the old kingly request that God's prophet prophesy smooth things. But God's prophet must not prophesy smooth things so long as this old world lies even partly in the wicked one. This war shows at least three things: first, the world is not as Christian as we thought it was; second, humanity as such, folks, the rank and file of the citizens of Christendom, are sick of war; third, we preachers have not done our whole duty in the preaching business; we have not taken sufficient cognizance of current events in interpreting our message to our generation.

I have spoken of Paul's emphasis at Athens. Let me now speak, not of Isaiah, Amos, or Jonah, but of John. The Book of Revelation is a great homiletical asset of the Christian preacher, not simply because there you will find far-ranging texts giving wide outlooks, not because there you may see, if you look steadily, an interesting, a startling world-situation reflected, nor even because there a classical Christian experience is reflected; but because there you will hear what a remarkable Christian leader had to say to the Christian community of his time hard pressed by the world. John saw the civilization of his day as a sprawling, brutal materialism, utterly beastlike. He saw that Christianity

must be made to live in spite of this materialistic and lascivious environment. So he pleaded with the church not to give back, not to yield, not to compromise. He denounced the imperial cult, on the one hand, and the Nicolaitan spirit of compromise on the other, until at last he was exiled for his fidelity. He did not advise the Christians to resort to force. That was not the patience of the saints. He urged them, however, to die rather than yield. He commended the martyr-spirit of Antipas, who could die, who was ready to die, but who would not crown Cæsar as Lord. John did not advise anyone to call down fire from heaven. He had learned that the Kingdom does not come that way. Nor did he advise anyone to cast incense upon Cæsar's altar with a mental reservation. If they did not have the mark of the beast they would suffer in a business way and in social ways. Very well. Suffer! For if they had the mark of the beast on their foreheads they could not have the new name written there. We read his great exhortation to his people "to be faithful until death," as if it meant they were to hold out to the end. I think John put a different content into those words. He was saying to them to be so faithful that they would be put to death. What the world then needed was a witness so faithful that he would be willing to go to Patmos for his testimony. We do not get the real spiritual value of the Book of Revelation until we read it as an interpretation of the Christian message over against the brutal, bloody, beastly materialism of the Cæsars. It is a preaching that took cognizance of current events and so proclaimed the gospel as to make it prosper in an unfavorable spiritual climate.

Look at our modern situation. I have referred to the modern feeling about war. Think of the latent skepticism about applying the teachings of Jesus to everyday life. To be sure, we have that trumpet-toned book by Rauschenbusch, *The Christianization of the Social Order*. We have that suggestive popular book by Mr. Sheldon, *Jesus is Here*. We have that incisive little book by Charles Morice, *The Re-Appearing—A Vision of Christ in Paris*, which holds the lamp of Christ up to the life of to-day, showing how we seek the lower levels, lack the great enthusiasms, want to make life easy instead of holy, a book that ought to be read care-

fully, a book on whose title page are the words from Luke, words that lay bare the secret of many a disciple's failure: "I will follow thee: but—" We have our Social Creed, which records an ideal and indicates advance. We have what may be called a social awakening. But all of these things, while they admit of hope and should be interpreted optimistically, do also reveal a limping, halting kind of discipleship on the part of the church as a whole. We have yet to grasp fully and surely this great truth: Jesus lays down for us in his teaching the fundamental principles, not simply for individual life, but for the organized life of society. We need to hear him saying: If society builds upon these sayings of mine society is building upon sure foundations. Industrialism to-day is organized selfishness and an outright repudiation of the spirit of Christianity. It should be denounced and destroyed, not that society may lie waste but that this beastlike thing may be displaced by the City of God. Our preaching to-day moves away from this ugly and multitudinous fact, swings above it, adroitly avoids it at the price of the Kingdom. Any such preaching may be given soft names by those who will; in the light of the Old Testament and in the light of the New, judging by Amos or Isaiah, Paul or John, it is preaching that betrays the cause of Christ.

Let us state the case for preaching in very general terms: the church is a company of men and women who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, or who are in process of being redeemed by the sacrificial love of Christ into the sacrificial love of Christ, and they are banded together to make the gospel flourish and the Kingdom come. And preaching seeks to further this purpose, and does further it by keeping the claims of Christ clear and commanding. Happy the preacher who combines the eagle vision and the unflinching courage of John with the tenderness of the loved disciple.

James Allen Geisinger

IDEALISM AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

IN the religious consciousness of the race there is no problem which has laid hold of human thought with greater force than the problem of evil. It has proved the most invincible of all the specters at "the banquet of human thought" and the hardest to exorcise. The question it presents is so pressing, the mystery it involves is so profound, it belongs so universally to human experience, that none who wish to rationalize life can escape it. Especially in recent years have our thinkers seemed to feel that the cruelty of natural law, the apparent indifference of physical nature to human happiness, the lack of equity in the conditions of men, the triumph in many cases of the bad over the good, indicate moral indifference in the Power back of all, or at least constitute a problem to which theism must give some rational explanation if it is to continue the accepted philosophy of the vast majority of men. There are two great world views which relate themselves to this problem and on the basis of which we may seek its solution. One, Naturalism, holds that the world principle is absolutely indifferent to distinctions of value; that it is a blind force or energy working under a system of laws and producing of necessity the phenomena of nature, animate and inanimate, having absolutely nothing to do with good or evil, and developing feelings of pleasure and pain only as "particularly modified processes of motion." The second view is that of Idealism, so called from Plato, who based the world on the idea of the good; that reality exists through the good and for the sake of the good. The world principle is not force, but will, and all the activities of nature are but the energizing of a universal and unchanging Reason whose activity both develops the phenomenal world and grounds the moral order, for the completely rational cannot be conceived as ethically indifferent. Idealism is, therefore, properly defined as "a belief in the world-governing power of the good"; the rational and the good being indissolubly joined together. It admits the presence of evil in the world, but declares it has a rational and adequate explanation and must in some way be help-

ing toward the final goal of the world's moral order. Accepting the world view of idealism, the problem is how we can reconcile the existence of evil with our theory of an ideal world-order; how we can retain our belief in the ethical perfection of a rational Power which reveals itself in a world in which suffering and other forms of evil are vital and apparently essential experiences. How can we hold that the ground of the world is perfect when there is an apparent lack of perfection in what has been made, when there emanates from it a system which, though carried on for centuries, has not yet brought the good to triumph? The materialist accepts these facts as he finds them and makes the best of them; but the idealist, to save his belief that the good is the ground and goal of the world, must attempt their explanation. To the problem of evil our modern idealistic thinkers offer a variety of solutions: A theory which has had considerable support among thinkers in one form or another is that evil is non-existent, that it has no reality, is error, illusion. This view has recently been presented by a class of optimistic thinkers of whom Mr. Frederick Henry Hedge is a good representative. In his book entitled "Ways of the Spirit and other Essays" he argues that there really is no such thing as evil, and that our belief to the contrary is but an aberration of vision incident to our mistaken point of view. Having raised the question "How reconcile the existence of evil with the being and rule of a good God, almighty to effect what love proposes and wisdom plans?" Dr. Hedge replies: "There is but one answer to this question. What love proposes and wisdom plans must needs be good. . . . What we call evil, therefore, the evil of our experience, when referred to its source, has precisely the same character with that which we call good. If God is good, and if all that is proceeds from him, there is no evil." Idealistic pantheism has a similar solution. Denying any independent existence to the finite, it cuts off all inquiry into the origin of evil by denying its positive reality and making it an illusion of the finite. Mr. Bradley, in his great book *Appearance and Reality*, tells us that moral distinctions disappear in the abyss of the Absolute. "Ugliness, error, evil, are all owned by and all contribute to the wealth of the Absolute."

"Heaven's design, if we may so speak, can realize itself as effectively in Catiline or Borgia as in the scrupulous or innocent." Another member of this school states the question thus: "The supposed reality of evil is due to the limited point of view of our ordinary consciousness, which gives an apparent independence. . . . When we rise above the partial and deceptive point of view of the imagination, and contemplate all things from the point of view of the whole . . . we see that evil has no real existence." An interesting development of this denial of the reality of evil is found in our newest religion, Christian Science. Doubtless moved by the thought which lies back of the views of Plotinus and some of the church fathers, namely, that God is perfectly wise and good and therefore all that comes from him must be perfect, it finds no way of accounting for evil save by denying its reality. In *Science and Health* we read: "All reality is in God and his Creation, harmonious, eternal. That which he creates is good and he makes all that is made. Therefore the only reality of sin, sickness, or death is the awful fact that unrealities seem real to human, erring belief until God strips off their disguise." The fundamental principle in this view of evil is that the spheres of morality and religion are distinct, the former being a purely human matter, and that with God, who has not the limitations of human nature, all is harmonious and perfect. "Acts and principles of action which seem to us immoral are in God perfectly good." The following criticisms may be made to this view: If our idea of good and evil does not have universal validity and our moral distinctions are inapplicable to God, then to speak of him as good, as these writers do, is meaningless. We contradict ourselves when we apply our thought of good to him and deny to him our thought of evil. Again, if what pertains to universal experience about sin and suffering is illusory, then God's goodness is sacrificed in creating a temporal system and endowing men with faculties whereby they are put under a deception which destroys the joy and gladness of life. The minds which develop these distressing illusions are of his making and he is responsible for them. Moreover, the view really leads to skepticism; for a belief in the integrity of universal human experience is fundamental to any

such thing whatsoever as truth; and if men's consciousness of evil is error and illusion, how can we be certain of the reality of the good itself? But, worse than this, if the word evil has no reality to God, and if there is with him no distinction between good and bad, then why should we worship him; and why should we deceive ourselves with the idea of a moral end or goal to be achieved in human life? As Dr. Clark has put it, unless the word "good" means the same to God as to us, it "means nothing to us." Again, the theory destroys the foundation of moral values and leads straight to pessimism. If evil is illusion, is the unreal, there is no obligation to it, and our energy of purpose and strength of will to combat and overcome it is weakened, if not annihilated. And, finally, the theory fails as a solution of our problem, for, as Dr. Royce has said, "If one said, 'The source and seat of evil are only the error of mortal mind,' one would but have changed the name of one's problem. If the evil were but the error the error would still be the evil, and altering the name would not have diminished the horror of the evil of this finite world."

Another idealistic theory is that evil exists only for the sake of good, having no end or value in itself, but only that the good may act and realize itself." Dr. Paulson thus explains it: "The poet cannot paint without shadows; he needs the ugly, the vulgar, and the base. It is not his purpose, however, to portray these, but the beautiful, the good, and the grand; and in order to bring them out more clearly he places the base by the side of the good, to confound the evil and exalt the good. So, too, the good exists in history and in life for its own sake, and evil for the sake of the good, as stimulus, as an obstacle, as a foil. It is a negative quality, valueless as such: it receives a kind of power and reality only through its opposite, the good." Goethe has a similar conception, making evil "the principle of negation and destruction, the nothing which constantly opposes the something, reality." This view, either in the form that evil is a purely negative or privative conception, or in the form that evil is the condition of knowing or doing the good, has been held by many thinkers from the days of Marcus Aurelius down to the present day. This view has attractive features which may be parts of a true conception, but

is unsatisfactory as a solution of the problem of evil, as it does not give it a sufficiently positive character to make it harmonize with our experience. Evil is not simply negative: it is an aggressive, disharmonizing force. It is not the mere want of something which makes a Mephistopheles or an Iago; there is a constructive force which constitutes the devilry of such personalities. Evil is a thing which has ends the same as good, and is not a simple defect of insight, but an aggressive assertion of false self-will. As sickness does not consist always of mere want of vitality, but the aggressive activity of a bad microbe, so evil is not merely the want of right willing, but the actual work of bad willing. Physical evil, the order of suffering and death in the natural world, likewise does not seem to yield to the privative or negative theory. We cannot see, on the basis that evil is the privation of good, why tornadoes should sweep over the earth, why parasites should be equipped with claws and fangs and venom, why our meadows should be shamble houses, why volcanic fires should shake the world, and why destruction should walk forth at night and pestilence at noonday. Nor is it true that we know that good is only through its opposite. While we need contrast to effect changed states of consciousness, it need not be absolute, but variations and diversities of degree are sufficient. As Dr. Davidson has told us, "We should be conscious of good without experience of positive sin or evil, if there were within good itself change from one degree to another, or if there were varieties of good." The theory would also seem to imply that evil is necessary to God, which is repugnant to our belief in the perfection of the Infinite; for if evil is to the good what the shadow is to the light, if it is necessary that the good may be appreciated, how can we infer otherwise than that it must pertain to God as it does to us? The necessary cannot be really counted evil. Moreover, the theory perpetuates the existence of evil in all domains and in all eternities; for as the shadow of good it must abide forever, which is contrary to our feeling that evil is finally to be conquered and disappear in perfection of life.

Another explanation of evil much relied on is that it is necessary for race education. It has a pedagogical interest. The

moral system we are under has been arranged not for our pleasure, but our development, as a process of soul training, of spiritual evolution. The real world of work and thought and fighting, of storm and heat and pestilence, the real world of evil and conflict and suffering, create all the fine and strong forces of human life, foresight, courage, sympathy, self-restraint, faith. Now, this sounds plausible and at first may seem an adequate explanation, but when we stop to look more deeply at the question it becomes apparent that it is woefully superficial. It is a good description of the actual historic process, but it does not explain *why* the world is constituted as it is, *why* we have to toil and suffer to grow strong and good, *why* there is any law of evolution at all, and, if there need be, *why* it entails the awful waste and grind and harvest of pain and death which it does. It may be that pain is a useful warning of danger, but why constitute the world so that dangers abound? If we did not struggle with obstacles our muscles would grow flabby and indigestion take the joy out of life, but why are muscles and stomachs made that way? Why is sentient life being torn by the pinchers and fangs and talons of other kinds of life? And why are men so constituted that they need the rasp and inquisition of evil to run eagerly toward the good? Even if the theory accounts for physical evil, it certainly is a strange vindication of an ideal moral order to affirm that the highest and best in life can be attained only by its contradiction; that is, through sin. Certainly moral evil must be quite different than we have thought it, and the sense of guilt and condemnation we have attached to it must be quite erroneous, if it is only a necessary condition of moral education and attainment.

The most common way of solving the problem of evil is to locate its ground in the human will. Man, we are told, is a moral agent. But if he is this he must have the prerogative of freedom. He can thus determine his own ends and choices, which means he can select for himself false ends, break with the divine order, and bring on himself the penalty of violated law. We are told to look about us and note how largely the evil of the world and the sufferings which men experience are due to false and irrational assertions of will. We recognize that this theory provides a

partial explanation for our problems, that much evil and suffering come by bad choices, by assertions of the human will against the divine order. But with all we may say about free will, it remains true that the will is the self acting, and the self is largely a product of hereditary and environing influences. We cannot see that man might not have been placed in such an environment and constituted with such moral insight, with desires so normal and perfect and instincts so true, with reason so clear and strong, that the wreckage of human life and destiny which now piles up on the shores of existence would have been largely avoided. But however this may be, there are vast amounts of pain and suffering in the world which are not because of wrong choices or evil willing and which, on the basis of consequences, are undeserved. From Job's ash heap still sounds forth the challenge to God himself to show that he deserved the calamities that had fallen upon him. It is true that the father's sin and the children's teeth are set on edge; but is it just that it should be so? It is true that sin means suffering, and that the innocent suffer with and for the guilty; but can we understand it? Does it not seem to imply that the scales of justice weigh wrong and that the moral universe is itself out of poise? Indeed, do we not practically abandon the whole attempt to justify the moral government of the world when we admit that men suffer what they have not earned? Is there not much truth in the following words of Professor Royce? "The measured ills are not justly due to the free will that indeed partly caused them, but to God, who declines to protect the innocent. God owes the Turk and the rebel their due. He also owes to his innocent creatures, the babes and the women, his shelter. He owes to the sinning father his penalty; but to the son, born in our visible world a lost soul from the womb, God owes the shelter of his almighty wing and no penalty." Moreover, this theory of free will, like some others we have discussed, does not touch the problem of physical evil in the world, the pestilence, the earthquake, the destructive storm, and, above all, the pain and suffering of thousands of forms of sentient life which have not been endowed with the royal prerogative of freedom and whose suffering and woe are not due to any choice or bad willing of their own.

Another solution of our problem which is interesting is that of philosophical idealism as it has been developed by Dr. Royce, of Harvard. It is best to let the professor state his own case. He says:

God is not in ultimate essence another being than yourself. He is the Absolute Being. You truly are one with God, part of his life. He is the very soul of your soul. And so here is the first truth:

When you suffer, your sufferings are God's sufferings, not his external penalty: not the fruits of his neglect, but identically his own personal woe. In you God himself suffers, precisely as you do, and has all your concern in overcoming the grief. The true question, then, is, Why does God thus suffer? The sole possible necessary and sufficient answer is, Because without suffering, without ill, without woe, God's life could not be perfected. It is a logically necessary and eternal constituent of the divine life. It is logically necessary that the Captain of your salvation should be made perfect through suffering.

Our objection to this theory is first that it does not clearly set forth the integrity of human personality. We are told in philosophical idealism that "we exist as fragments of the absolute life," or better "as partial functions in the unity of the absolute and conscious process of the world"; but what can we make out of this? The expression seems to necessitate either the interpretation of pantheism that we have no independent personality, that we are phases of the divine consciousness, or it implies the mathematical fallacy that God is the sum total of infinite "fragments," or "finites," which make up the world. The first interpretation destroys the integrity of finite consciousness, which is, first of all, certain of the reality of self; and the second interpretation destroys the unity of the Absolute by making him the sum of the "fragments" which constitute his life. Both interpretations are logically fatal, the one making our personality illusory and the other making the divine personality imaginary and mystical.

Another serious objection to the theory in question is that it does not comport with the ideals of life. We can but think of the Absolute as the perfect. The very word Absolute implies this. Herbert Spencer and others have carried the thought so far as to feel that even personality must be eliminated from the concept of the Absolute as implying limitation and hence imperfection. But

this theory of Royce involves the Absolute in all the tragedies of the human spirit and all the pains of sentient existence the ages through. Note his words: "When you suffer, your sufferings are God's sufferings . . . identically his own personal woe." While it is difficult to see how the world can be made and sustained by One who does not know all its experiences, and how God can be Absolute and not comprehend every experience of finite as well as infinite existence, still there seems a contradiction between the Absolute being perfect and having to participate directly in every phase of the world's imperfection and, especially, its suffering and woe. But this is not the entire case, for there is one point Royce seems to have overlooked, and this is that evil is not simply suffering; it may also be sin. It consists partly in voluntary acts of opposition to the ideal order. There is in it that which is often vicious and malicious, bringing with it suffering, condemnation, and remorse. Are we to believe that our sufferings here are God's sufferings, and that the Absolute, to become perfect, goes through the tragedy of sinning and suffering the consequences of sinning? We feel we must preserve our ideals even if we cannot solve our problems, and hence we refuse to include the Absolute in the life of struggle and fear and pain and sin and remorse and death which enters so largely into the historic phase of the existence of sentient beings. And another criticism which we have of Royce's theory is that it makes the good consist in the experience of subordination of evil. He says: "If moral evil were simply destroyed and wiped away from the external world, the knowledge of moral goodness would be destroyed. For the love of moral good is the thwarting of lower loves for the sake of higher organization." We do not believe this expresses the philosophy which underlies our appreciation of the good, nor do we think it can be proved that we must pass through the carnage of the world's woe that we may appreciate the good. Our valuation of the good arises from what we conceive the good to be as related to the goal or end of life. It is not the subordination of evil to good which makes its worth, but its content as related to the ideals of existence, to our welfare, and to the common weal. It is not the struggle to reach the good, but the purpose which the good serves, which gives it its significance

to us. A much truer explanation, in our judgment, is the view that evil arises out of our finite implications. As finite we are limited, are influenced by partial representations, do not see the truth comprehensively, have experiences of limited area, our judgment often limps and loses its way; we are tied down to nature and conditioned by our social environment, we are subject to development in time and therefore to successive and changing states, and hence we must experience the bad as well as the good, do the wrong as well as the right.

While there is much truth in this position, it is open to the following objections: It is a reasonable account of the fact of evil, but not so satisfactory of the *why* of the fact. It does not indicate why we are as limited as we are, why our rational insight is not clearer, our moral instincts stronger, the force of appetite and passion less, and especially why our environment is not more favorable to virtue. Says Dr. Rogers: "It surely is in the abstract supposable that the physical world might have been built with special reference to safeguarding the physical well-being of man at every point. It is conceivable, as Mr. Ingersoll put it, that health, instead of disease, should have been catching; and taken solely in itself, such an arrangement would appeal to us as an improvement. . . . Suppose we had been born with achieved self-knowledge, with perfect poise of character, with developed love of mankind, and a tempered unselfishness of action. Would not a social order composed of such beings appeal to us naturally as a more desirable world than the one in which we live? If not, why are we all the time working to bring such a world about?" The theory is especially unsatisfactory in accounting for physical evil; for the finiteness of the world does not necessitate that it should be so abundant in natural catastrophes and in the suffering of sentient life. Nor does the doctrine of finiteness explain what is perhaps the darkest phase of the problem of evil, namely, the absence of justice in the distribution of human suffering. To preserve the belief that the world manifests an ideal moral order, it would seem as if there should be some relation between desert and suffering, but often those who are the best suffer the most and those who are the worst suffer the least. In other words, it is

hard on any theory to justify an administration of affairs which does not seem to regard the merit or needs of those involved.

Having seen the futility of the principal idealistic explanations of the problem of evil, the questions arise, Is there a better theory? How can the difficulty be solved? In reply we say frankly we do not believe it can be solved to the satisfaction of the thoughtful mind. It is the great, dark shadow which rests continuously on the intellectual horizon of life. The origin of moral evil can be given a fairly satisfactory explanation, the nature of it can at least in a measure be understood; but why the infinite intelligence constituted a system in which the ends of his own moral government are perpetually being thwarted, in which nature is crowded full of sentient suffering, in which justice so often miscarries, this we do not believe, in the present development of philosophy, can be explained. Referring to such matters, Dr. B. P. Bowne says: "They are things we should not have expected in the world of a good God. And men have made very great effort to explain them, but with very little success." Eucken is even more positive, affirming: "To us evil is an insoluble riddle: no formula can make it intelligible why a powerful and clear reason is implanted in our world and that at the same time the lower most obstinately asserts itself in opposition." This judgment is one we must all accept. It is not difficult, reasoning from the *a priori* standpoint of the wisdom and goodness of God, to declare the world as it is must be a right world and the best that can be made, but when men have undertaken by argument to substantiate this faith, it is not too much to say they have both failed to satisfy themselves and still less to satisfy their readers.

But if we cannot offer a solution to the problem of evil, are we to be content to let the question pass as something beyond our ken? This might be an easy way out were it possible, but the fact that men have always been prying at the door of the enigma shows that it is not. What we are after in our philosophy is, after all, not to untie all the knots, but to find mental relief; and while we may not solve the question before us, we can attain certain approximations, make certain guesses, give explanations and arguments which will enable us to save, first, our faith in the moral character

of God and, second, our belief in the desirability of existence; or, in other words, save our theism from atheism and our optimism from pessimism. First, then, to repeat the problem, how are we to retain the hypothesis of idealism that there is a morally perfect Being on the throne of the universe when we see him originating and sustaining a system which has evil in its warp and woof, and which, though carried on for ages, has not yet in its processes of development brought the good to supremacy? Our reply is: First, we are forced to choose between theories. Supposing we surrender our theistic belief, where are we and where is our problem? An empirical philosophy cannot explain our question about evil, for it can only reason on the basis of experience which does not justify the inference of Absolute wisdom and goodness in the world-ground. It does not help us where we are in the dark and it forces on us a whole body of beliefs and consequences which we think a rational will. But what results from exchanging God for material force, or a blind world principle, and how does the order and rationality we perceive in nature square up with the theories? How are we to explain the world as we know it with its order, its system, its adaptations, its principles determinable by nationality, its moral progress, on such a basis? It will not take much consideration to see that by exchanging faiths we are no better off on our problem of evil, while on many other problems of our intelligence we would be in a hundred times worse predicament than we are. We have, therefore, notwithstanding the enigma of evil, every reason to cling to idealism. Second: We may say, reasoning on the practical basis of what life requires to make it tolerable, idealism is the only ground of hope. We are saved from the universal wreck of existence only by noting what would follow if we deny to the world-ground, or God, a moral quality and his system a moral purpose. Nothing is more noticeable in thought than the tendency of men to lapse into pessimism and despair when they cease to believe that a wise and righteous hand controls the helm of the world. What can life mean to us if we are caught in the iron cage of the material universe, if the laws of nature go straight on regardless of whom they crush, and there are no higher facts to ameliorate the situation? Such conceptions may do to

theorize over, but not to live by. If we are not to adopt the principle of race suicide as the best means of relief, we must fall back on the position that the demands of life require a belief in God and the soundness of his moral government, and it is incumbent on us to trust where we cannot see. Third: We may rationally say that while there are many fundamental questions in the problem of evil which are beyond our interpretation, our limited experience does not set forth the whole data of the universe; and certainly does not furnish the rational ground for so great an inference, so fatal a theory, as that God is not good, or that he is morally indifferent, or that evil has no solution on the earth below or in the heaven above. The small place we occupy in an infinite world, the small day we live in the eternal continuance of nature, the limitations of both sense and reason in a universe whose "center seems everywhere and whose circumference nowhere," make the smallness of our rational insight into both mental and moral problems little less than dumfounding. It is hardly to be expected that such transient and weak creatures as men, with such handicaps of reason and insight, with the great God and his vast purposes towering so far above them, should be able to behold the end from the beginning, size up the underlying purposes of things, and render judgment on all the vast processes and deep purposes of an essentially infinite universe. When we remember that the meaning of life and the world reaches up into the abysses of the Infinite, who does not submit himself to the limits of finite conceptions, and who remains the final mystery—when we remember this, why should it be strange that we find it difficult to understand why God has put evil in the world, or should not have made a universe without it? Fourth: Notwithstanding the mystery of evil, and the many things which seem to contradict the fact of moral government in the world, there is much more to show that the world establishes a moral order, that the nature of things works in the interests of goodness and truth, and that while darkness and clouds are round about him righteousness is the habitation of his throne. As men have more fully discovered the laws of nature and of social welfare, and have applied them to life, good has come in ever-increasing measure, and we have reason to believe

as the laws of God get worked out in the organization of things, and the daily conduct of life, many of the evils from which we suffer most will forever pass away. When we study the facts of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral world we are convinced that evil is everywhere in process of extermination and good is steadily, although slowly, making its way. But if in all domains we can thus catch glimpses that things are working toward justice and truth, if in the limited area of our experience we note that the trend of things is such as to support our convictions and ideals, why should our faith in the moral soundness of the universe be disturbed because we cannot make everything that crosses our path yield to the elucidation of our logic? As in nature we reason from the known to the unknown, and make our limited fields of observation stand as suggestive of what is true in wider realms, so from what we behold of moral order in the world we may reason that if we could see deep and wide and high enough we should behold all the apparent contradictions of the divine goodness falling into larger and richer harmonies. Fifth: This confidence in moral order from tendencies we see in nature and life is much strengthened by certain arguments which go to prove that God, the Creator and Director of all, is an ethical personality. We are parts of nature, important factors in the world. We are able to form ethical conceptions, which means that our acts of will are largely controlled by reason. But if we are rational beings, the world principle that has grounded our life, and of which our wills are a weak and limited effluence, cannot be without reason. There cannot be in an effect what is not in the cause, and our free human personality calls for personality and rationality in the world-ground. But if God is a rational personality and the world is, therefore, the product of a rational will, it cannot be essentially evil, but must be a means for attaining a rational ideal, which is the same as saying a moral ideal, for the rational is the good and the irrational is the evil. The ethical personality of God, deduced from the fact of our own, assures us that the world process and the world end are good. Sixth: Our faith in this direction receives assistance from the scientific doctrine of evolution. Romanes tells us, "Whenever we tap organic

nature it seems to flow with purpose," and the purpose is a climb upward from darkness into light. The actual world is a teleological process of development through which the better takes the place of the worse and the ideal enters into even larger expression. We are not fastened down to the real, but present reality is a way-station to the good which transcends it; it is the foregleam of the triumphant day. Nature's present struggles and sacrifices are for the progress of life, and the issue is in part at least compensation for the apparent evil. We cannot understand the law, but its universality suggests its necessity and its outcome becomes its vindication. While this does not solve the problem of evil, it does sustain us in enduring it, and it does strengthen our faith that in it is some larger wisdom than we have yet been able to grasp. Seventh: While we maintain the solution of the problem of evil has so far eluded our best thinking, we believe much can be said which is very suggestive and which so far relieves the darkness of the problem that in our practical life we need not be seriously disturbed. The development of this thought, for want of space, we can give only in outline, but it may be sufficient for the purpose in hand.

Taking up the question of physical evil, we may roughly classify it under imperfections of nature, sufferings of animal life, and the physical sufferings of men. Concerning the imperfections of nature it is not necessary to say more than that they are evils only in relation to sentient life, that they are occasional as compared with the beneficence of nature, that the sum total of injuries received from them sink into insignificance when considered in the light of the multitudes involved, and that they occur under natural laws whose action is such that they produce a vast excess of blessing. Concerning the suffering of animal life we may find partial relief in the following: The suffering of animals is easily exaggerated and is probably not nearly what we ordinarily imagine it to be. Consciousness is not significant in organic and instinctive life. Sensation can have little effect where the mind is in eclipse. The provisions for pleasure on the part of animals are vastly in excess of those which produce pain. Pain performs a helpful service in protecting animal life, leading unreasoning creatures

to avoid destructive forces and to seek shelter and food. "They work the organism." Disease and death produce temporary suffering, but some system of animal depopulation must pertain, and for sentient beings it is not easy to formulate a better one. When we consider the physical sufferings of human beings, the following palliations come forward for our comfort: Life accommodates itself to conditions, and men do not feel the pain in certain circumstances which we, judging from our standpoint, imagine. The mass of evils men suffer at the hands of nature are due to their own neglect, improvidence, carelessness, and folly, to causes which change things beneficent into things injurious. Pain performs a helpful ministry in life. Says La Conte, "Painful sensations are only watchful vedettes upon the outposts of our organism to warn us of approaching danger. Without these the citadel of our life would be quickly surprised and taken." Pain performs a moral and spiritual function. Says an unknown author, "The most remarkable thing about suffering is not its extent or duration, but its regeneration and propulsive force, its power to make man conscious of enormous responsibilities, and to awaken in him the desire to fulfill them." So conceived, physical evil may be described as a divine energy for moralizing man and nature. Pain helps us to enjoy pleasure. If our life were a continuous stream of pleasant associations and desirable experiences, if there were no deflections in the current, if we knew nothing of suffering of any kind, it is a question whether existence would not become wearisome and monotonous, fatal to a full appreciation of happiness. The element of risk in the undertaking, the chance of defeat in the game, give color and interest and heighten the enjoyment of victory. As in animal, so in human life, pain is the occasional, the unusual, and is so far outweighed by life's enjoyments and delights that it sinks into comparative unimportance.

Having considered some matters which, if they do not explain, relieve somewhat the problem of physical evil, we turn to certain thoughts which may help to render less perplexing and distressing the more serious question of moral evil. The first thing which sheds light on this problem is a consideration of how evil arises in man. The psychological genesis is about as follows:

Man is born with a variety of physical impulses and soon develops mental impulses, the satisfaction of which is necessary to his existence. They all appeal to his will and become stimuli to self-assertion. At first they occur in the undeveloped mental and moral life of the individual and are not accompanied by any moral judgment. The natural desires simply rule without conscious limitation of law or duty. But as the individual matures he comes to realize that he is in an environment which sets limitations and makes demands upon him. Parents, custom, law, social ideals, the laws of nature, all assert their requirements. Thus there arises an external obligation which opposes his inclinations and desires, and he comes to see his impulses are not his law. It becomes necessary that they become rationalized and controlled in harmony with an ideal. Thus the struggle begins between duty and inclination. As reason develops, slowly, it is clear that self-will, the impulsive desires of the soul, will often have their way and duty be disregarded. Evil will thus necessarily arise in the development of every conscious being and will rule to the extent that the higher reasonableness of human nature is not obeyed. As men do not think deeply on the moral order of the world, the plan and purpose of the Infinite, the bearing and consequences of actions, the value of moral ends, and the obligations of duty, but for the most part are engaged with their own struggles and ends, held captive to the more apparent and selfish interests, pressed by life's more immediate selfish demands, human action is ever conflicting with the divine purpose and will until man becomes so fully rationalized that he will constantly be moved by the high ideals of universal reason. Moral evil is, therefore, a result of the way we develop in moral insight and experience, and God is implicated in it to the extent that he has made us as we are, and knows that every person in the development of life and character will pass through the struggle of self-will and reason, of inclination and duty, of "the would over the should." Evil is thus a part of the world-plan of God, not an unexpected event in the unfolding of it, but a necessary condition to the realization of a moral being. If we are asked, Why did God make man on this plan? the only answer we know is, He wanted to make a man, and not something

else. He could have made an automaton and avoided the risk of moral evil, but is an automaton a better and higher product than a free being who can play the tragic parts in the world's history and become an actor in the mighty drama which is being played on the world's stage? We believe not. Evil is an awful thing, but there is insight and glory in man; and even his sin indicates the loftiness of his endowments and the greatness of his dignity. If he could not have fallen so low, he could not have risen so high. God in making man made evil as a factor which arises in the developing process, but it is not the end of the plan, nor the goal of the being he has made, but something to be overcome.

The problem of moral evil seems, therefore, to reduce practically to this question, so far as anything but a theoretical interest in it is concerned, Was God justified in creating man, involving, as it did, the possibility, yes, certainty, of evil? That he was we believe two considerations will show: First: Men quite universally agree that life is a good, and not an evil; that it is worth while, that the game is worth the candle. While men suffer in many ways, they still look at evil as an episode and do not regard it as the substance of life itself. The way out of life is always open, but few voluntarily take it, voting death the king of terrors. Second: The stronger argument, however, for justifying God in creating man, involving, as it did, the fact of evil, is the truth that evil can be transcended. The world viewed in its totality, life looked at from the standpoint of the larger reality, is the story of the process by which we come to a fuller consciousness of the Absolute. We do this through the stress and conflict of antagonisms in which gradually the meaning of existence becomes apparent, and God becomes our goal and our all. Thus evil, which is a stage of experience in our progress, becomes subordinated to good and will pass away entirely when we eventually realize the ultimate end of our nature.

Samuel Pranty.

AN EARLIER BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

"COLLEGE makes complete fools of young fellows, in my opinion, because they hear and see nothing practical there." With remarks such as this, which might be quoted from many a contemporary essay upon our own higher education, or from many a self-made merchant's letters to his son, begins, for us, a novel written nearly two thousand years ago, the *Satyricon* of Titus Petronius Arbiter, whom myriads of modern readers (and "movie" lovers) know, from *Quo Vadis*, if not from Tacitus's *Annals*, as the sauntering, debonair, imperturbable courtier of Nero. There are few things in all the lost Latin literature which I should rather have than the several hundred pages of this same *Satyricon* containing the further adventures of Encolpius and his associates. The hundred pages we do have are from the sixteenth and seventeenth books of the novel, and are themselves but excerpts. Among these excerpts, however, is preserved, almost intact, one episode of the novel which alone would have made Petronius more than welcome in the company of Smollett and Sterne and Fielding.

Encolpius, the unheroic but very sophisticated hero of the romance, together with his friends—Aseyltus, Agamemnon, and Giton—is invited to dine with Trimalchio, an immorally wealthy freedman, who, they are told, has a clock and a liveried trumpeter in his dining-room to keep reminding him how much of his life is lost and gone. They visit the city baths, preparatory to the dinner, and there behold their prospective host—a bald-headed old man—in a reddish tunic playing ball with some long-haired boy slaves. The balls, be it noted, are green. Trimalchio never condescends to pick one up; if it has touched the ground, a slave stands by with a bagful and supplies fresh ones. He finishes his game, calls for a basin from his attendants, washes his hands, and nonchalantly wipes them on a boy's head. Then he has his bath, and is rubbed down with blankets of the softest wool while he indulgently observes several masseurs drinking, quarreling over and spilling his Falernian wine; his toilet completed, he is rolled up in a scarlet cloak and put in a litter preceded by four liveried runners and ac-

accompanied by a musician, who plays a tiny pair of pipes in his very ear. The guests follow him home as best they can, and at the entrance of his house find a porter in green clothes with a cherry-colored girdle shelling peas in a silver dish. Trimalchio's color schemes are always interesting, and with him no uses are too base for the precious metals. After Encolpius's misadventure with a painted dog the party enter through a vestibule decorated with pictures illustrating their host's divinely directed progress from the slave-market to the official throne of his honorary Augustan priesthood—a slightly more important post than that of the groom of the back stairs. The porter informs them that the hall is adorned with scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey and from the gladiatorial show given by Laenas; a tasteful combination. Other matters of interest receive their amused attention, but at last they reach the dining-room to find all the slaves singing at their tasks, "even as they kneel at the guests' feet and proceed with extraordinary skill to pare their hangnails."

Trimalchio has not yet appeared, though all his guests are placed, including a number of his freedman friends. Most *recherché* appetizers are brought in upon elaborate silver service—with Trimalchio's name and the weight of the silver engraved upon the edges—and while the guests are partaking of these delicacies their host, propped on miniature pillows, is conducted in, to the sound of music. His shaven head peers out of a scarlet cloak, and around his well-padded neck he has put a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes dangling from it everywhere. After affording his guests an opportunity to admire the jewelry decking his person he tactfully observes, as he picks his teeth with a silver quill, that it was not convenient for him to come to dinner yet, but, not to stay away any longer and keep them waiting, he has denied himself all his own pleasure. However, they will permit him to finish his game. Assuming that they will, he continues to play checkers—with gold and silver coins—while his guests continue eating. A setting hen (wooden) in a basket of straw is brought in: servants—music crescendo—ransack the straw, discovering and distributing peahens' eggs. Trimalchio, busy playing, casually expresses his fear that the eggs may be rather oldish, but recommends that his guests

try whether they are still fresh enough to suck. Encolpius loses his taste for eggs and is about to throw his away, but the seeming chick inside proves to be a dainty figpecker rolled up in the spiced yolk. The appetizers are whisked away—to music—and a slave happens to drop a silver dish. He picks it up. Trimalchio orders his ears to be boxed and has the dish thrown down again, to be swept away with the rest of the rubbish. Then two long-haired Ethiopians with little wine skins, like the men who scatter sand in the amphitheater, enter, and give the guests wine to wash their hands in, water being too common.

The wine for drinking purposes that is next brought in is commended by Trimalchio, who assures the company it is superior to that he served the day before, no matter if he did have a much finer set of people to dinner then. Varied dishes and discussion follow, the host applauding the former and monopolizing the latter. Encolpius notices a woman who keeps running about everywhere, and asks Hermeros, a guest beside him, who she is. Hermeros states that she is Fortunata, Trimalchio's wife, and goes on to favor Encolpius with hints of her lurid past and comments upon her glorious present, now that she is all in all to Trimalchio. "She is sober, steady, and prudent, but she's a shrew—henpecks him on his own sofa. Whom she likes she likes; whom she dislikes she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly—and such heaps and heaps of money! There is more plate lying in his steward's room than other folks have in their whole fortune. And his slaves! Goodness gracious! Upon my soul, I don't believe one in ten of them knows his master by sight!" Hermeros's respect for property almost amounts to reverence. After continuing his account of Trimalchio's possessions, he warns Encolpius not to look down on the other guests, Trimalchio's freedman friends. They are "mighty juicy people." This one here has his eight hundred thousand—used to be a wood-peddler. And that one there was worth a million once—he was an undertaker—and used to dine like a prince, but he's in reduced circumstances now, owing to the "cursed freedmen [Hermeros's own status] having cleaned him out of everything." Trimalchio interrupts this conversation by announcing that one must not forget one's culture even

at dinner; he thereupon displays his own in a ridiculous disquisition upon astronomy. More bizarre dishes are brought in, giving rise to more of the host's feeble but roundly applauded witticisms. Later he leaves the room for a moment, and his guests have a chance really to let themselves out. Dama talks about the weather, in choppy, inconsequential fashion, and concludes his remarks with the entirely unnecessary admission that the wine has gone to his head. Seleucus volunteers the Shavian-Bulgarian statement that he doesn't wash every day, it's dangerous, and anyhow he was at a funeral to-day, so he couldn't. He feels moved to comment upon the funeral and his own relations with the deceased and the imminence of death, anyway, and then declares: "The doctors killed him—no, it was his evil star; the only use of a doctor is to comfort you. Still, he was carried out in fine style on a bier covered with a good pall. The mourning was tiptop, too; he had freed a number of slaves—even though his own wife was rather stingy with her tears. What sort of funeral would he have had, if he hadn't treated her like a queen? But then, women are all alike—a set of vultures. It's no use doing anyone a kindness; why, it's all the same as throwing your kindness in a well. But an old love grips you like a crab." Phileros gets bored, and breaks in roughly with less than faint praise of the deceased, who, he says, got as much out of life as he deserved. He made money. Started in with tuppence and was always ready to pick a ha'penny out of a muck-heap with his teeth. Ganymede loses patience with talk on such matters and begins to curse the high cost of living, which he attributes to the merchants and magistrates being in a combination. Public officials these days aren't like old Safinius: "He was a regular pepper, not a man; used to scorch the ground wherever he trod. . . . Dear, dear, things are worse every day! This town grows backward, like a calf's tail."

"For the love of heaven," finally interrupts Echion, the old clothes dealer, "don't be so gloomy. There's ups and there's downs, as the farmer said when he lost his spotted pig." In justification of this Sam Wellerism, Echion proceeds to point out the merits of the town. "If you were anywhere else you would say that roast pork walked on the streets here." And then the

promised gladiatorial shows—something real—no running away—butchery done right in the middle for all to see—none of Norbanus's decrepit, tuppenny-ha'penny fighters that would have fallen flat if you breathed on 'em—mounted infantry that might have come off a lamp—dunghill cocks, one a dummy, the other bandy-legged, the bye as good as dead already, completely hamstrung. On and on he rambles—politics, personalities, scandal, property—and at last comes to his two boys, one studious (has "kicked a hole in his Greek already"), the other no scholar, but very inquiring, and can "teach you more than he knows himself." Echion wants him to have a smack of law in order to manage the property. "Law has bread and butter in it. He has dabbled enough in literature already."

Trimalchio now reappears and gives the company detailed information regarding his digestive apparatus. After offering his guests further ocular demonstration of his wealth, he descants upon his material and mental treasures. He desires to add all Sicily (Horace's troublesome corner lot) to properties of his, so that if he takes a fancy to go to Africa he can travel through his own land. He has learned literature for domestic purposes, he assures them, and does not despise learning, as his possession of two libraries, one Greek and one Latin, conclusively proves. His allusions to Homer's story of "the twelve sorrows of Hercules" and to Ulysses "being changed into a pig and having his thumb twisted off by the Cyclops" further establish his pretensions as "a literary man"—with two legs.

An enormous hog, roasted whole, is brought in. Trimalchio suspects it is not gutted. The frightened cook admits that he did forget this little detail. Trimalchio is about to have the rascal whipped when the guests beg him off, and his master bids him clean the animal then and there. He does so, and to the guests' surprise—and to Trimalchio's consequent satisfaction—sausages and black puddings tumble out. After this pleasant entertainment Trimalchio informs them that he alone possesses genuine Corinthian ware: it develops that his dealer is named Corinthus. Wild applause. He tells of the origin of Corinthian ware, and, during the process, connects Hannibal with the siege of Troy. Next he

narrates the story of an unfortunate inventor of unbreakable glass. It is silver, however, for which he avows a grand passion. "I own a hundred four-gallon goblets engraved with Cassandra killing her children, and they lying there dead in the most lifelike way. I have a thousand bowls that Mummius left my patron, and they're engraved with Dædalus shutting Niobe up in the Trojan horse. Yes, and I have got the fights between Hermeros and Petraités on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I don't sell my connoisseurship for any money."

After mutilating mythology he gets warm with wine and wants Fortunata to do a rope dance, while he and the slaves begin a tarantella. Fortunata reproves him with acerbity. A clerk comes in and reads a most impressive report upon one of Trimalchio's estates. Then acrobats appear and perform various feats to musical accompaniment. Trimalchio is vastly interested, exclaiming that there are only two things in the world that he can watch with real pleasure, acrobats and (like M. Jourdain) trumpeters; all other shows are silly nonsense. An acrobat falls upon him. Great consternation. It is decreased, however, when Trimalchio beats a slave for wrapping the bruise with white, instead of purple, wool, and frees the acrobat for fear people might say that he, he, had been wounded by a slave. He then composes a vapid epigram upon the event, and this prompts a literary discussion—carried on chiefly by himself. After disposing of writers, he delivers himself of random remarks anent doctors and money changers, oxen, sheep, and bees. Some purportedly amusing souvenirs of the dinner are presented to the guests. They are so absurd as to arouse Ascyllus's open derision. The freedman Hermeros is incensed at such behavior and tells Ascyllus in forceful terms just what he thinks of him. The burden of his tirade is that a freedman with money is just as good a man as you are, thank God, and blast your fancied superiority, anyhow. Giton is amused at the freedman, and bursts into an unseemly guffaw, which turns the torrent of Hermeros's abuse upon himself, "curly-headed onion," "gallows-bird," "crows'-meat," "rat," and "mushroom" that he is. Hermeros announces that he is not naturally hot-tempered, but once he begins he doesn't care twopence for his own mother. "No, I never learned geome-

try and criticism and suchlike nonsense. But I know my capital letters, and I can do any sum into pounds, shillings, and pence. . . . Yes, I thank heaven for my education; it's made me what I am."

Trimalchio, though pleased with Hermeros's prowess, finally stills the storm, and a troop of reciters of Homer enter. The host obligingly tells his guests about the story to be enacted. "Diomede and Ganymede were two brothers. Helen was their sister. Agamemnon carried her off and palmed off a deer upon Diana instead. So Homer is now telling the tale of the war between Troy and Parentium. He won, of course, and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles. That drove Ajax insane, and he will show you the story immediately." A boiled calf with a helmet on is straightway brought in, and Ajax madly attacks it with drawn sword—then divides the slices among the astonished company. Next the ceiling parts asunder and costly favors for the guests are let down. Then cakes and fruits are brought in, each one, at a touch, spurting forth saffron juice. Niceros is persuaded to tell his werewolf adventure, and Trimalchio tells another tale of horror. Encolpius admits that by this time the lamps were multiplying before his eyes, and the whole room altering, but still the fun—including a dog fight—grows wilder and wilder. Trimalchio insists that the servants be wined—"if anyone objects to taking it, pour it over his head: business in the daytime, pleasure at night."

Another guest, very much the worse for liquor, enters with his wife and a grand retinue. He proves to be not the chief magistrate of the city, but merely Habinna, the rich monument maker. He is just coming from a funeral—"a delightful occasion, no matter if we did have to pour half our drinks over the dead man's confounded bones." He particularizes regarding the funeral baked meats—incidentally referring to the fact that Scintilla, his wife, tasted a bit of bear, and nearly brought up her own inwards. Since he insists on seeing Fortunata, who, according to Trimalchio, is attending to the silver, thrifty soul, all the slaves together, at a given signal, shout "Fortunata!" several times. She appears, in rainbow attire, and compares jewelry with Scintilla, to the accompaniment of caustic comments from their husbands, who paid the bills. Trimalchio, however, says that he has a gold bracelet himself

that weighs a full ten pounds, and orders it to be carried round—along with scales to prove his veracity.

While the tipsy ladies are gossiping Habinnas merrily upsets Fortunata. She screams and hides her blushes in Scintilla's lap, but later, with the coming of more courses and more hilarity, she recovers from her embarrassment and feels inclined to dance. She receives no encouragement, however. Trimalchio, quite disregarding Mr. Boffin's policy of "scrunching 'em," has the servants take places at the table, bets with them, and moralizes upon the injustice of slavery. He is going to set all *his* slaves free in his will, and lets them know it, so that they will love him now as if he was dead. He calls for the will, and reads it aloud from end to end while everyone moans and groans. He then gives full instructions to Habinnas about his tomb, specifies the decorations, which are to include a statue of Fortunata, and a sun-dial in the middle so that "anyone who looks at the time will read my name, whether he likes it or not." As he goes on with the details, the horrid thoughts are too much for him; he bursts into floods of tears. All join in. Suddenly he bethinks him of the fact he's still alive, and proposes a hot bath. Encolpius and his friends feel that this would be suicidal for them in their present state, and try to escape; but the house is too much of a labyrinth, and, after falling into a fish pond, they make their way to the bathrooms where they find Trimalchio occupying the pool alone and singing industriously, while his guests cavort about the edge.

The dinner begins anew with the ministrations of new brigades of slaves. Fortunata, having just cause for offense, berates Trimalchio, who promptly throws a cup in her face, following it up with unflattering allusions to her ante-nuptial estate and to her failure to appreciate her present bliss. "Tu l'as voulu, Trimalchio"—but he'll show her, he'll make her want to dig him out of his grave with her finger-nails; Habinnas is instructed *not* to put that statue of her on his tomb, yes, and she's not to be allowed to kiss his remains when he is laid out, either. Various guests implore him to withhold this fulmination and moderate his wrath. Gradually he calms down, and vouchsafes a pleased description of his own infamous but profitable career, prefacing it

with the assurance, "Friends, I was once merely what you are, but by my own merits I have come to this," and concluding: "Take my word for it, if you have a penny you're worth a penny; money makes the man. So it is that your friend who was once a frog is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the grave-clothes in which I mean to be carried out. And bring some ointment, and a nip from that jar of wine I want my bones to be washed in." The grave-clothes are passed around for approval, and some of the wine is poured into a bowl. "Now just imagine you have been asked to my funeral," says Trimalchio. He "has some trumpeters brought in and stretches himself out on his death-bed. "Imagine I'm dead. Play something pretty." The trumpeters blow such mighty blasts that the neighborhood is aroused and the fire department rush in with water and axes, while Encolpius and his friends escape in the confusion.

So ends Trimalchio's dinner. The *nouveaux riches* are a very ancient, very common—and very necessary—product in life. One hears even old Theognis grumbling about them; but in literature good specimens are rare. We see them budding forth as a modern literary type in Shakespeare's *Ostrick*, and we see them full-blown in Molière's *M. Jourdain* and *George Dandin*, in Dickens's *Boffins*, in Thackeray's *Joseph Sedley*, and in Daudet's *Nabob*; but none of them attain such gaudy and rotund perfection as does Petronius's Trimalchio.

Paul Nixon

FITNESS FIRST

I BELONG to a rather old-fashioned church, and live in a rather old-fashioned university town. At least they were rather old-fashioned up to the time of which I write.

I had been out of the country for a year or more, and had heard a great deal of the stately and beautiful ecclesiastical music of the Old World. This fact, with my having for the moment forgotten my own country's well-known pride in progress and her tendency toward the identification of progress with speed, will account for the depth of my surprise at church the first Sunday after my return.

"We have a new director and choir since you went away," whispered an old friend on my left. I realize now that he wanted to prepare me.

After some minutes of musical reverie, which I thought at the time was not exactly true to its name, the organist quite suddenly leaped—musically I mean—into the doxology, the director, the choir, and the congregation sprang to their feet, and all three swung off at a rate that in no time at all left me hopelessly behind. I didn't realize at first what was happening—for I am inclined toward independence in my singing. I was still on the phrase "here below," and thinking with emotion of the solemn dignity of Dutch and English hymns in ancient abodes of worship, when I suddenly became conscious that the rest were already beginning on "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I had barely time to skip what lay between before the organist brought up at the last note with a snap that recalled the crack-the-whip of school days gone by. The leader of the choir stood a moment with fists upraised and clenched and face suffused with a great light, and then with sudden gesture dropped both choir and congregation instantaneously into their seats, with me and my right-hand neighbor a good two seconds behind and attracting universal attention.

The right-hand neighbor of whom I speak was an old acquaintance and a traveling man. Apparently he, too, had not been to church in his own community for some time. As we sat

down he leaned in my direction and whispered: "Safety first! That sure was going some."

After the usual readings the hymn was announced. It was an old favorite of mine, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." One stanza only was read by the minister, and that hurriedly and apprehensively, as if he was aware of some approaching danger, and was thinking of cover. He was not without reason. There was a danger. He might easily have been overtaken and trampled down. The "Onward" was a charge. The organ crashed, the director brought congregation and choir again leaping to their feet, and this time led them forward with a plunging speed that made the Old Hundred of ten minutes before a funeral dirge.

I was expecting march time. My art sense, my music sense, and my common sense, too, had always told me that this was the appropriate and natural thing, in view of the martial imagery of the grand old hymn—the steady, sweeping, majestic, irresistible onward movement of the confident, invincible, immutable squadrons of Eternal and Almighty God.

But march time would not do. It was at least quadrille time. It was not the advance of the unconquerable hosts of righteousness. It was the rush of a troop of Mexican guerrillas on snorting ponies, soon to be out of both breath and purpose, and a prey to the first charge of the returning enemy.

In the middle of the second stanza, my neighbor looked me in the eye and closed his book. During the last, the Sunday school children, according to custom, left the room to go home. At the first note they pounced upon hats and coats and scrambled for the door, but the last pair of heels was still visible when the organ crashed out the final note, and choir and congregation went down once more.

"Say," again whispered my friend the traveling man, who had been to the game of the day before, "who is the cheer-leader up there, anyway? Do you know?"

But all this, and the spectacular precision of the anthem—a pretty little autumn poem—I managed to let pass. Perhaps I was getting old! perhaps I was too particular. The hymn that followed, however, I could not make a part of my worship.

The music of the hymn that followed was written in 1564, and its words in 1707. We had often sung it in our church. It had, as few others, the odor of solemnity and sanctity. Its very essence was solemnity:

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee!

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity with all its years,
Stands present in thy view.
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

The eternal and unchangeable might and majesty of God, the boundlessness of his universe, and the immensity of everlasting time, were here the magnificent and awful theme. Yet choir and congregation were made to trip through this sacred and somber avenue of song as precisely, as thoughtlessly, and as emotionlessly as if words and music were the accompaniment to a calisthenic exercise—as indeed they were, in a measure—if you considered the director.

When we—or they, for voice and heart alike failed me—when they had sung the final stanza and we were swiftly into our seats again, my traveling friend leaned once more, pointed out to me the last line of the third stanza, "Great God, there's nothing new," and whispered: "That came pretty near being profanity, eh?" I agreed with him. It surely was taking the name of the Lord our God in vain.

My friend intended this as a joke, but for me it was something deeper. I was pained and indignant. It was really sacrilege

we had been listening to, unintentional sacrilege, perhaps, the sacrilege of carelessness and ignorance, but still sacrilege; sacrilege against religion and sacrilege against art. The tapeline and the yardstick, the weight and the measure, had brazenly intruded into the abode of the eternal and the infinite. The worldly spirit of doing things had invaded the realm of feeling things. It was not fit.

There are eternal verities. The experience of the race has demonstrated them. There is also eternal fitness. That, too, has been demonstrated by the ages—in the music which is our best means of expressing the deep things of God, if nowhere else. A hymn that makes you think of cogs and levers and speed and mathematics and efficiency is not religion, not art, not music. It is mechanics. Religion and art are alike in essence, and their essence is emotion. They are true and effective only as they are of the spirit. Music is an art, and religious service is an art, and no art is good that violates the law of fitness. There is no place in the church service either for music not distinctly religious, or for religious music not fitly rendered. As a certain one also of our own poets hath said: "Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad."

Lyman Shawman

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

WE earnestly advise all persons sending articles to this REVIEW to retain copies, in order to guard against loss.

TWO CASES OF CHURCH UNIFICATION

CHURCH unity and church unification are rightly occupying a prominent place in the religious thought of our time. But if in this direction real progress is to be achieved something more than glittering generalities will be requisite. Concrete cases must be studied, and studied with an open mind. Rules which will "work both ways" must be sought. Mutually considerate discussions of such cases will further a good understanding of the fundamental problem and suggest the best methods of procedure in looking for a solution.

Two such concrete cases have occurred to the present writer as historically pertinent and intrinsically interesting. The first may be formulated in the following question: In case every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church should join the Protestant Episcopal Church, and every Methodist Episcopal minister, by re-ordination or otherwise, should be given equal rank with others in the thus-enlarged communion, what results, so far as we can judge, would be in the interest of the kingdom of God at large?

In answer to this question five advantages can be enumerated which seem immediately obvious. First, there would at once be an end of all unfriendly and wasteful competitions between the two bodies at home and abroad. Second, since the one constituent body is relatively strong in large cities, the other relatively strong in the rural communities of the nation, their union would furnish each its needed complement. Third, assuming that the government of the church so enlarged remained unchanged in statutes and forms of administration, and that all properties belonging to the abandoned communion were legally transferred to the other, one complete and coherent set of ecclesiastical machinery would take the place of the

two now existent; an enormous saving, not only in funds but also in personal service of highest quality and importance. Fourth, in the new moral and spiritual possibilities of the one new communion, as compared with those found in either or both of the old, there would be a gain quite beyond computation, and these possibilities would lie not only in the field of distinctively Christian service, but also in countless other fields of moral endeavor. Fifth, the successful unification of the two bodies in question would impress other churches the world over with the beauty and strength of the modern movement toward unity, and would inspire fresh prayers and efforts for a final and universal triumph of the movement.

The second concrete case above referred to may be expressed in the following question: In case every member of the Protestant Episcopal Church were to join the Methodist Episcopal Church, and every Protestant Episcopal minister, by re-ordination or otherwise, should be given equal rank with others in the thus-enlarged communion, what results, so far as we can judge, would be in the interest of the kingdom of God at large?

Here again a fivefold answer can be given. And indeed the five advantages would be precisely the same. Nor does any new or sixth advantage at all comparable to the five occur to the present writer.

Such being the case, it is only natural to raise a new question; to inquire, What, if any, disadvantages or losses to the kingdom of God would result from the suggested unification of the two churches in one or the other method?

For greater brevity and clearness, and to avoid repetitions of cumbrous names, let us employ for the time symbols for the four communions involved in the discussion. As the larger and earlier organized of the two now existing, the Methodist Episcopal Church may be represented by the letter A. Let B represent the Protestant Episcopal Church as now existing. Next let X represent A when enlarged by the addition of B; and finally, Y represent B when enlarged by the addition of A. Expressed in these equivalents, our new inquiry, in its two forms, present itself as follows: First, What (if any) losses to the kingdom of God would result from the creation of X? Second, What (if any) losses to the kingdom of God would result from the creation of Y?

Here, of course we are at the parting of the ways. What one man counts as "loss" is often in another man's eyes an important gain. Far be it from the present writer to attempt to adjudicate be-

tween the two claimants. He will only bring to notice certain results of the unification which to one class of readers will appear to be a gain to the Kingdom, but to another class a loss. Even of these results only a single specimen under each case will be presented.

First, then, let us inspect more critically the natural effect of the creation of X. Assuming that the teaching and government of A remained substantially unchanged in X, the most considerable change (apart from the merely numerical) resulting from the unification of A and B would certainly be the falling into desuetude of the doctrine of so-called apostolic succession, together with all administrative action based upon said doctrine. It is not here stated whether this would be loss or gain to the Kingdom; it is only stated that the class of Christians who would count it a loss would doubtless give it the first and foremost place in any inventory of the losses involved in the creation of X.

Passing to a consideration of the results of the creation of Y, it is evident that the immediate and enduring effect of the unification upon the status and prospects of Christian women would be of signal importance. Assuming that the teaching and government of B remained substantially unchanged in Y, between two and three millions of Christian women now enjoying in A all rights and privileges of other laymen would be at once disfranchised and placed under the ecclesiastical guardianship and control of males. Furthermore, the successors to these millions for a future of unknown duration would have no prospect of ever gaining the status once held by their predecessors. No judgment is here expressed as to whether this disfranchisement would be a loss or a gain to the Kingdom; it is only stated that the class of Christians who would count it a loss would doubtless give it a high place, if not the foremost place, in any inventory of the losses involved in the creation of Y.

To many persons, of course, the one or the other of the just-named results of the suggested unifications will appear eminently desirable, an important gain to the kingdom of God; but to few, if any, are *both* likely so to appear. Believers in so-called apostolic succession, and in an ecclesiastical administration based thereon, are not usually believers in a polity which in church, or state, gives impartial recognition to men and women; and the converse of this proposition is equally true. Would not each party do well to study sympathetically the standpoint of the other, and especially to inquire how it is that one questioned "loss" can offset five unquestioned gains? Also,

finally, to remember that for the creation of Y three or four times as many Christian believers would have to sacrifice precious traditional views and customs as would for the creation of X.

DR. FORSYTH ON EVANGELICAL EXPERIENCE¹

A DOUBLE-MINDED man is unstable throughout. But if the eye be single, the whole body is full of light. These words are mostly applied in a pulpit way, applied to conduct, as if they chiefly referred to consistency of character and behavior. But they have a wider and deeper application than that. They mean that a right start, a right foundation, unites the soul by giving a man a spiritual world all of one piece. We are not distracted by a religious pluralism, a variety of powers that we have to keep in good humor. The right principle gives the perspective of the details by placing us at a center above them free of storm and full of command. A true theology, from a real genetic center, affects every other interest in the long run. "Theological error," says Lord Acton, "affects men's ideas on all other subjects, and we cannot accept in politics (for instance) the consequences of a system which is hateful to us in its religious aspect."

It is a church that chiefly feels this need and enjoys this benefit—a church, I mean, rather than the individual. A coherent mental world, a system of developing doctrine which is being organically created from a final and evangelical center, is an ideal which is *for the church* as necessary and inevitable as an organized system of beneficence. Only it must be doctrine which coheres by a moral rather than a rational logic, which adjusts not the intellect chiefly, but the will of man, and passes, by a necessity of its nature, and not mere choice, into an ample and public practice. How stale and fruitless grow our pulpit efforts to flog up Christian service, and to shame professing Christians into consistent ethic or Christian work. How redolent they become of some great unreality lying beyond the reach of such appeal, whether sarcastic or bombastic, in our type of

¹ By Dr. P. T. Forsyth, President of Handley College, London, England.

faith and matter of belief. To put that faith right is to provide for the church and the soul a power which wields its own irony, a motive that does its own high compulsion, and a root which bears its own fruit. To urge people to follow Christ may lead to the merest flabbiest pulpit rhetoric; the effective gospel is to preach a Christ who leaves men unable to do anything else. While it is a system, more or less, it must be one cohering not so much in systematic symmetry as in moral volume of congruity, one whose unity is vital rather than rational, and which exists in psychological truth rather than in immanent reason. Its unity is that of holiness, that is, of a moral personality rather than an institutional machine. It is based on practical experience of the Christian kind, working in the saved conscience, and tending to unite our heart to fear the holy name. It must be based on the experience which makes the church Christian, and marks it off from the world—on the evangelical experience, the experience of Christ as the world's one Saviour, and not as its supreme saint. It is the faith that we are saved not by the excellency of Christ but by His mercy; not by the love we feel, but by the grace we trust; not by sacrifice we make, but by the Cross we adore. The world is one in its Redemption more than by its constitution; in grace, and not by nature.

Our religious confusion, our bewilderment of belief, arises from a dual control—by the Word and by the world. We are divided, even within each soul, into two camps, each with a different religious basis. They are historic revelation and immanent nature. And each is unwilling to recognize how different and divisive its base is. Their union is often superficial. It is imposed from without rather than created from within. But no practical exigencies nor comprehensive sympathies can hold it together forever. The old rent widens and tears the new skin. Two streams meet in our contemporary Christianity, and however they may keep the same bed in the current reach of history's stream, they do not blend. Two surfaces grind each the other's face. They are, as I say, the world and the Word, the natural experience and the supernatural, mere spirituality and true justification, the mysticism of nature and that of faith, the soul and

salvation, the rational experience and the evangelical, evolution and revelation, culture and the Cross, civilization and sanctification, progress and ethic. In the present war in Europe, the culture of Christendom has denied and shamed the cross of Christ, and Christian profession scorned Christian life. Civilization and Christianity are revealed in their fundamental collision.

When the back of Europe was broken at the Reformation it was declared by the crisis that the human future could be insured only by a new life from the dead, and that a life of the conscience. Ethic, especially, which Catholicism had failed to make Christian by all its emphasis on effort, could be saved only by faith—by faith in the regeneration of the conscience through the supreme ethical act of God in Christ, that is, an act under the conditions of his own holiness. The whole genius and destiny of Protestantism lay there, in its claim to be the organ, the prophet, of this justification of the conscience in a new creation. It lay in God's offering of himself by Christ in an eternal moral act, "by the spirit of holiness," and not in any offering of him that could be repeated by the priest in the mass. It sprang from the tremendous regenerate and creative experience which was so classic in Luther, and, in time, so revolutionary of the thought and ethic even of the reformers themselves. Their evangelical experience of grace to guilt in the cross was at once the rediscovery of the New Testament gospel and a new foothold on the last reality, on the conscience, which is the "nature of things." It was the foundation and principle of reformed Christianity; firmly but flexibly applied, it was the note of the new true church. It broke with a sacramentarian and hierarchic religion, on the one hand, and with a rationalist and scholastic religion, on the other. It parted from papal Rome, and it parted from the humanist Renaissance; from the authority of the church, on the one hand, and of the natural, reasonable, aesthetic mind, on the other. And it set the soul afresh on the very central reality of the universe.

But in due course, as the first fine rapture of the Reformation abated, Rome surged back upon the reclaimed land; while the Renaissance, acting on both sides, had upon Protestantism a peculiarly flattering effect. The Jesuits, appropriating the best cul-

ture of the time, gained upon Protestantism on the right hand, while the philosophy of Hobbes, Descartes, and Leibnitz deeply affected it on the left. A sensible, rational, and "healthy-minded" experience of education took the place of the old evangelical experience of rescue. Good sense replaced Christian faith, and good will Christian love. And it was all greatly aided by the growing power of the political state and its liberalism. Personal religion passed into democratic individualism. The old glow of subjective, but supernatural, religion became the zeal of a subjectivism merely natural. The soul was no more than the self. Political liberty had necessarily become a demand of evangelical freedom, but also it gradually tended to replace it. So independency and its piety became whiggery and its stalwart sense. Democracy kept a Christian color, but it began to find another than a Christian base in natural rights—in the rights of man rather than his duties. Calvin was replaced by Rousseau. Free thought and speech became more a development or indulgence of the natural man, and less an obligation on the spiritual. The *lex naturæ* went back from its Bible charter to its stoic context in a cosmic philosophy; while all in the Bible that offended this *lex naturæ* tended to be put aside as due to the crudity of Bible times. Locke's doctrine of the state and Adam Smith's of economics grew upon this individualism, and coated the old Puritan independency in a political mail somewhat alien to its spiritual genius, and heavy on its limbs. The two tendencies are at war in the free nations to this day. This movement was further promoted by the growth of seventeenth-century orthodoxy and the undue predominance of theology, as the flush of the Reformers' inspiration faded away and the passion of saving faith became the zeal for pure doctrine. Orthodoxy was simply the rationalism of the right. The soul became the victim of an extravagant intellectualism, which was applied by orthodoxy to the Christian facts of the Bible, and by the illumination to the facts of an experience more general, more natural, and less positive. In either case the truly evangelical and regenerate experience was often submerged. Everything became doctrinaire, both belief and its challenge. Intellectualism and moralism held the time, qualified only by pietism, which gave to orthodoxy an Indian summer.

As is always the case with intellectualism, the ethic sank. It is so with German intellectualism to-day, which succumbs to materialism, militarism, and Machiavellism—all fostered by an abject form of state churchism which gags the church as a public power, and robs Christianity of its prophetic note and moral voice to a nation. And such is the state of things in the popular levels of religion to-day. These rise and fall between pietism and rationalism. They are about a century behind sound theological culture and the insight of faith. The letter-writers and combatants of the press, for instance, are that much in the main behind the real advance of theological thought.

Kant, for his time, changed all this among the thinkers of the van. He destroyed rationalism (even his own) by ethic, and dethroned the intellectual by the moral. He thus led to a new epoch in the relation between the evangelical experience and the rational, between the Christian conceived as a new creature and the Christian viewed as the old creature refurbished. In the region of pure religion it was Schleiermacher, however, who gave religious experience its autonomous and commanding place. And it is not wonderful that the nineteenth century saw a fresh development of ethical religion on the spiritual plane, and especially of the positive Christian consciousness.

In the young thinker, it is often to be noted, an early conversion may become submerged in the issues of the mere critical understanding or in the lucidity of culture, while personal religion is shaken and dim. Then, in due course, the balance returns. After a time of cloud, or even night, his soul gradually reasserts itself, his conscience is humbled under a new revelation of the Holy, while the duty of ministering to souls diseased and hearts broken may force him to a source of strength deeper than rational or sentimental piety, and may cast him on a gospel steadier than all his perceptions of mere truth or his mere sensibility to impressions. There, in practical contact with the grimmest realities of life and righteousness, he rediscovers his Bible, and regains more than his first confidence in the gospel of a new creation. In like manner, on the larger scale of the church's experience during the last century, new resources broke out upon her need from the old

gospel. In a theologian like Ritschl the specific Christian experience of grace acquired a fresh confidence in itself against critical thought, and a fresh conviction of its own autonomy against the world. It asserted itself as an ultimate of the universe in the face of critical or philosophical analysis—as indeed all religion must. Religion can live by license from no other power in life. Orthodox theology, based on mechanical inspiration, gave place to a more free, but equally positive, theology, based on a historic experience present, ultimate, and decisive, on an absolutely new departure in life through real faith, on the new creation involved in what I am calling the evangelical experience. Schleiermacher, with an early pietist nurture, took command of theology and went forward, with a more ethical and historical note, in Ritschl and Frank. There was a return to the Bible; but it was to its supernatural content rather than to a miraculous origin or form; it was to the Bible as sacramental rather than prescriptive; it was on lines which continued the experimental way of Luther instead of the doctrinaire way of the theological schools. Moreover, the influence of the Romantic movement, which was so great for Catholicism, was also felt in Protestantism. There was a new hospitality for the nonrational, the superrational, the alogical, the mysterious, the supercosmic, the superhistoric. A new pietism arose, less extravagant in its emotion than the old, and less orthodox in its theology, but no less sure and final. But alongside this revival there was another. There took place also a revival of the intellectualism which Kant had struck down. The Hegelian philosophy produced on the right a new orthodoxy, on the left a new rationalism. Both were idealist, even poetic and sublime. But neither could do justice either to pessimism or to the gospel. They are broken upon the rock of the new moralism rising out of the sea of sorrow and the sense of sin. Idealist optimism was more than balanced by a pessimism organized for the first time into a world-system. And the reality of sin and guilt is never faced by any rationalism, even one so great as Hegel's. But it is the strength of the evangelical principle that it does at least face the problem, and does not put it by; and that it divines the solution of the world there or nowhere. Reality is moral, and therefore at

the end it must be redemption in such a world as this. It finds the solution of the soul not in the collision and adjustment of the infinite and the finite, nor even of the spiritual and the worldly (as in Eucken), but of the holy and the guilty. *The root of all religion is an experience of the holy*; and of all Christian faith the root is in our experience of the Holy One's grace to guilt. We do not construe the world on idealist lines and then return to square and integrate somehow that obstinate experience of sin. The present war proclaims from Belgian soil that idealism gives no foundation or power for morality, and no protection from national wickedness. We feel that the central and fental solution of the world must be found in the one region of which the philosophers are either ignorant or shy, in the moral soul before the Holy God—by a new man, and not a new method. The crux of that moral world is sin; and therefore any real revelation for the world can be only on the side of sin, in the realm of the guilty conscience, and in the nature of its Redemption. That is the real and universal genius of the evangelical experience. It is not sectarian, not low church. It is very high in so far as it makes the revelation of the church to be the foundation and principle of the world. It is a reconstruction of the whole world from an organic moral center and the actual moral facts. It finds the essence of Christianity and the solution of the soul to be historic. It lies in the creative, regenerating forgiveness of guilt, on the scale of a world and an eternity, through Jesus Christ crucified and risen—with all that this absolutely new life and action involves for the universe. This redeeming Christ has not humanity for his true life, yet he is the true life of humanity. The ideal man, the man who lives in Christ, does not live: he is lived. Christ lives in him; but not Christ as a mere spiritual process. To be lived by such a Christ would be to be submerged. But he is lived by Christ as a spiritual person who is our life indeed, and in whose communion alone we rise to our destined selves. It is the retirement of this moral and evangelical experience behind the rational, the sympathetic, or the æsthetic as the solution of life—it is this that is at the root of all our confusion and timidity. We start from some philosophy of a universe, or some personal affection or intuition, instead of from

faith in a historic person and his creative deed. The doctrine of evolution, the growth of comfort and kindness, young optimism, the spread of education, and the sudden unveiling of a new natural world—all this has produced, with its half-culture, a certain moral atrophy, which is powerless to realize the guilt that Christianity reveals, and which has but faint response for its deep, decisive, and damnatory salvation. The kingdom of God is not among us, and the sense of judgment has gone. Knowing God, we know him not as God, as the Holy. The doctrine of the Fatherhood has lost in sentiment the idea both of kingship and of judgment. Our Father in heaven is but our All-Father, neither exalted nor enthroned; and it is not a fearful thing to fall into his hands. "Hallowed be thy name" connotes mere reverence. And we fail to note that Christ's first concern here and always was the holiness of God. The kingdom is not really begged to come, but only the home. And when God overturns nations that his will may be on earth as in heaven, we lose our faith, and say a living, loving God could never permit such wars and debacles. Whereas he would be no Holy God if he did not bring to crisis and judgment such a society as we see. The idea of judgment, falling out of the cross of Christ, falls also from the course of history. Its preachers are despised. Till God take up his own parable in the greatest war of time. "When thy judgments are in the earth, then shall its inhabitants learn righteousness." In other quarters conversion is ceasing to be either experienced or desired. Or it comes to mean no more than passing from one subjectivity to another, from a lower to a higher frame of soul, from the subliminal to the conscious, perhaps, and not from death to life, not from being wrong to being right with a holy God.¹

It is upon Christ, as this redeeming and creative fact of the cross with its saving judgment, that the Christianity of the Reformed succession stands. Essential Christianity is at once evangelical and cosmic. The elect are the human race. Liberal Chris-

¹"You have grown dull of hearing. Though by this time you should be teaching other people, you still need some one to teach you the rudimentary principles of the divine revelation. You are in need of milk, not of solid food. For anyone who is fed on milk is unskilled in moral truth; he is a mere babe. Whereas solid food is for the mature, for those who have their faculties exercised to distinguish good and evil."—Heb. 5. 12-14 (Moffatt).

tianity, on the other hand, takes stand, not upon facts, but upon consciousness. It stands on the best of the natural man, on the revelation contained in the soul of all historic humanity, a revelation contained in it and not emerging in it. And it pursues the line, not of the evangelical new birth, but of the rational and mystic renaissance. Its freedom is not so much a gift of grace as the noblest realization of the natural man. At most its Christ is the incarnation of the idea of the God-man. It accepts the whole academic range of biblical criticism without the church's limits on it for a saved experience. Its object is the identification of revelation and speculation, Christianity and culture, salvation and civilization. The world is not its inn, but its home. It is an excellent citizen of the best society and the world of ideas. For what is everything but some explication of the idea? And into ideas it would resolve the whole doctrine of the church. Revelation is for it only a section of a more general culture, and a more cosmopolitan civilization. It is not fontal, but concomitant. Righteousness is treason to culture. Dogma is only a mythologizing of ideas. The "liberal" Christ is construed on the lines of Western sanity, modern idealism, and luminous progress. He is the kind of Christ that a healthy-minded and well-moralized western world would like to see, or that an accomplished scholar would wish to construct out of the Bible record with the aid of a Nicomachean ethic and a catholic culture. All that conflicts with this liberal, active, and spiritual idea must be struck out. Christ is above all ethical and in no wise apocalyptic, with nothing of the revolutionary catastrophic love called grace. The eschatological parts of the Gospels must be ejected. They betray the heated fantasy of the local, spiritual imagination. Jesus is on the lines of a grave, kind, wise, and powerful modernity, not at all on the lines of a Paul, a Joan of Arc, or a George Fox, rising in the midst of an old society near its debacle at God's hand. The preaching of his gospel is not foolishness. He is a sane Englishman, or a wise German, or a kind, sanguine American, a grave, but genial, broad churchman, born out of due time in the first century, who must often have been astonished at the alogical extravagances of most of his chief saints, and obliged to overbear

them with the calm action of his personal sanity and his humane idealism.

The two streams may now be apparent. The two roots may be clear. They are idealism and redemption. One of them must be chosen as the main limb, and it is impossible to have other than religious disquiet and distraction till the moral choice is made between them, and our world construed accordingly as at last either saved or developed. We must decide whether our faith rests on a new creation or an immanent evolution; whether the Christian experience is a thing entirely *per se* (and autonomous accordingly, though not unrelated to the rest of experience), or whether it is a sectional product of spiritual humanity and cosmic evolution at an ideal height; whether it be produced by the direct, mystic, alogical, and miraculous action of an invasive God on our soul, or only indirectly by the ordered immanence of an emerging God which is shared by the whole world-process as the area of his high causation.

It is a difference which extends to every phase of spiritual action in the long run, and it affects every part of our construction of the world, our attitude to it, and our carriage in it. It will certainly affect fundamentally the existence of the church. For upon a rational and non-miraculous experience no church can live, and a nation must sin to die. Nor, on the other hand, can the soul live on mere miracle, on the merely unintelligible. The church can exist neither on a classicism nor on a romanticism, but on a new creation. It can live only upon what created it—upon the moral miracle of grace, upon the evangelical experience of men new created by God's word and gift, on the conversion which, as Goodwin says, is the standing miracle in the church. And its idea can bear only such freedom as is produced by that vastest and most creative of all experiences, or is compatible with it. The church must choose its foundation principle from these two and regulate the nature of its comprehension accordingly—idealism with moral atony or redemption with conscience in command of the social life.

Troeltsch, who is one of the most fine and fertile students of religious philosophy or history, has given great plausibility to a

view which removes the center of gravity to a point far from where we have been seeking to place it. For him the Middle Ages did not really end at the Reformation, but much later, in the Illumination. The Reformation was no more than a crisis in the penitential tradition which formed but one line of the church; it was not a great Armageddon of the whole church and human life. The main stream was much larger and wider. The Reformation did not bring a new conception of religion, whereas the Renaissance, culminating in the eighteenth-century Illumination *plus* Anabaptist spiritualism, did. It was then that the modern view of man and the world arose, which must be the determining power in the religion of to-day. It is modern culture and its construction of things that is the real influence on a world scale (and Germany, of course, as the prime trustee of such culture). The Reformation was not a movement of such dimensions, it was comparatively provincial; just as Catholicism is apt to regard "Dissent," or any religion to-day whose source is conversion or confession of an explicit kind. The Reformation, he says, belongs in principle to that mediæval Catholicism which only Modernism in principle outgrows.

Now in such a view there is so much sound as this: it is more true theoretically than religiously, for thought than for experience. The theology of the Reformation was in form mediæval until the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was not a Reformation of belief, but of religion, that took place; and the new religious principle took a long time to break out through the crust of mediæval system. In doing so, it was greatly aided by the blows that fell on that system from without, from critical philosophy and a scientific construction of the world. But it cannot be allowed that Troeltsch's view is true in respect of the religion of the matter, in respect of the experience of the moral soul, with which he is not so sympathetic as with other phases of religion. The Reformation did break new ground there, and put the world in principle on a new tack. It protested against the externalism of the Roman Church, the abstract transcendentalism of its God, and the remoteness of the soul from its own Saviour through the long and elaborate institu-

tions of the church. It carried the issue within; and, through this moral interning of the world crisis, there dawned at least the thought of an immanent God who is inseparable from his creation. On the other hand it protested against an immanence which is really as abstract and noetic as the old transcendentalism was. Religion as faith was not simply the culmination of the spiritual element inseparable from human nature. It was a real intervention by a God more searching even than immanent, more judging than pervasive, an intervention crucial for the whole final destiny of a moral world and not merely for the existence of a church. It was not human nature that was so wrong; it was the human will. As nature, it was still sound; as will, it was lost; it could not realize its own nature and destiny. And it was the matter of the will, and not of the nature, that made the central issue of history. It was the matter of the conscience, and not of the culture. The world's destiny turned on its will and conscience. And these were not so much corrupt as impotent—potent indeed for much civilization, only not for the one thing needful, man's replacement in the purpose and communion of God and his kingdom. What matters at last for man, for history, for destiny, is his guilt. And that was the question where the Reformation was epoch-making for the world, and not merely stirring for a group or an age.

Theologically, then, the Middle Ages did linger on till the Illumination age; their old scholasticism took new life in orthodoxy, and they fell before the Illumination's critical attack. But religiously, in the region of experience, the point of departure for the new world was given in the Reformation movement, with the evangelical experience, the consciousness of passing from death to life, and from guilt to grace in an experient regeneration, and not one magical and unconscious. And this change is the organic center of all history. We must also allow much (under Troeltsch's guidance) to the Anabaptist influence acting alongside of the classic Reformation, and coming to its own in English Dissent. As a matter of fact, it could be shown that the Illumination and its train of modernism really fell back on the mediæval way of putting the question. It only gave the old question a new answer. It did not, like the Reformation, put a new question. In a like

way, the theological liberalism of Germany is not a development of Protestantism, but a retrograde movement, being but a rehabilitation up to date of a genial Judaism.

A difficulty arises from the large number of very Christian people who have themselves not gone through this evangelical experience, whose note is love rather than faith, and who do not hail Christ as their Saviour from guilt, but only as their dearest Master, mystic King, moral hero, social sage, and paragon of love. This is especially the case with the young; it may be said to be the religion of clean, cultured, and Christian youth; and indeed of all whose idealism has never been shocked out of its optimism into pessimism by a sense of the moral tragedy of the world.

Here we can only say, first, that the entire absence of this evangelical experience (amid whatever spirituality) leaves these souls very open to plausible neologies of a shallow kind, and furnishes many amiable recruits for a mystic rationalism draped in Christian phrase.

Second, this type leaves little room for the classic saints and representative apostles who utter the historic marrow of the church's divinity. We are not considering individual cases or groups; we are dealing with the church, with its message in trust, and with the principle which makes its nature and genius in its great classics from the apostles downward.

Thirdly, in the great act of faith which covers the whole of life certain fundamental things are often but subconsciously present to particular phases of it. They are taken for granted, and all the subsequent after-acts of faith are put forth in the strength of them. So the principles of knowledge underlie all our knowing, and the spread of science rests on the depths of psychology, as piety stands on a fundamental theology. The evangelical faith really and secretly works beneath much that shows itself but as sympathetic religion. The great grace underlies the many mercies. Our easy piety lives on a traditional faith, old, vast, and deep. The past means more than the present can gauge. In our very prayer we do not always rehearse, even in thought, the great principles that under-

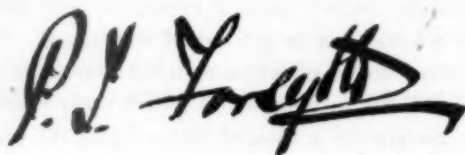
lie such a phrase as "for Christ's sake"; but they are there, whether in our old and settled experience, or in the older and more fundamental experience of the church whose ages are members one of another. The belief that there is a God (which is a long, slow attainment of mankind) works mightily in our spiritual life, though not discerned as a formal proposition, nor put as an explicit thought. It does not follow that, when we "act true faith," we recall to our thought a detailed review of the theology of grace in the cross of Christ; which yet is at the root of the whole consciousness of the church. The religion of the young or the simple rests on the theology of the old and wise. Christian faith is thus a great and solidary thing, as the faith of a historic community whose ages and members complement one another.

Hence, fourthly, it is not among the young that we are to seek the principle which makes the church the church. Promising young men went away from Christ's demands sorrowful. And it was not youths that he made his apostles. Our simplicities gleam and play on an ocean of immense depth. Our young are living on legacies, and their earnestness is but working out to *completion* a salvation already worked out in its *perfection*. They are brought up as the heirs of men and women who made the spiritual fortune of the family, and made it upon the hard and glorious lines of the great experience of the gift of God which translates us from death to life. Either that, or they have come into the warm pale of the evangelical church from a region of cold religion whose chill it takes a long time to get out of the bones. Apart from a crucial and even violent experience, it takes some men half a lifetime to get rid of the rationalism in which their plastic years were made. It is not simply a case of better light, it is a case of an entirely new life, which dates all its letters from the experience of the new creation in the cross of our redemption, and not merely from our altruistic illumination.

Of course, no one with any pastoral wisdom or sympathy would insist on each member of the church at every stage testifying to this formative experience. That strong faith has its catechumens. It has many in the fold who are only ripening for it. The sequence of individual experience varies. The *ordo salutis* is not for the

history of each single soul necessarily what it is for the order of the divine economy. The order of time is not the order of importance or of eternity. The corporate church rests on a full gospel which many of its members are but coming to—so long as they do not break loose, deny, and assail. Then they put themselves outside the pale. They are free then, not in Christ, but from Christ—from the Christ of the church's God and salvation at least. They may hold that they have a gospel, but they should be clear and frank that it is another gospel at the great pinch and the long last. The church is nothing if it be not evangelical. That is the Protestant principle, which recalled the church to its New Testament foundation. No other is possible in a church which remains Protestant or scriptural. And the rationality in the church is not its foundation, but only its culture at best. It is not its foundation in heaven, but only part of its carriage in the world.

On the evangelical foundation there is room and cheer for much modification of the old theology, and especially of the traditional treatment of the Bible. Were this article not already too long, it would be interesting to indicate how the reality and rule of the evangelical experience may not only permit, but compel, some revision more or less considerable of certain theological positions—especially, perhaps, in connection with the work and person of Christ, and with the place and treatment of the Bible, in view of the modern criticism of both matters of belief.



THE ARENA

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY IN THE GOSPELS

THE Gospels give us an unusually fruitful field for the study of psychology. In the replies that Jesus made to his questioners he illustrated and enforced the higher laws of mind. He was true to the pro-

foundest psychology. He opened up the deeper channels of the human life on one hand and on the other hand he revealed the mind of God. We do not use the term mind in a purely intellectual sense, but rather as expressive of the entire inner life. The difficulty that Jesus encountered with both friends and enemies was not primarily intellectual, it was moral or spiritual. It was not the Jewish law but the Jewish consciousness that made the trouble. In this connection we note the relationship between consciousness and conduct.

"The immediate fact," says Professor James, "which psychology has to study is also the most general fact. It is the fact that in each of us when awake some kind of consciousness is always going on. There is a stream, a succession of states, or waves, or fields of knowledge, of feeling, of desire, of deliberation that constantly pass and re-pass and that constitute our inner life." This same distinguished psychologist teaches also that there is no "reception without reaction; no impression without corresponding expression."

With these two principles in mind we turn to those portions of the Gospels which record the antipathy of the Jews, that led to the arrest, trial, and death of Jesus. What was the consciousness of the Jew that led to the crucifixion? Briefly it was this: His self-consciousness of superiority, growing out of his idea of "the chosen people"; his race consciousness growing out of the same fact, interpreted to him in song and prophecy; and his material consciousness, associating material prosperity with the favor of Jehovah. With this state of mind the conflict between Jesus and the Jews was inevitable. When he said, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel," and "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you," he was in absolute opposition to the individual and race consciousness of the Jew. When he was born in a manger, of humble parentage, and when he said, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head," he equally put himself on record in opposition to the material consciousness of the Jews. Their consciousness led to his crucifixion, while his consciousness led to the sacrifice of himself as an act of atonement. If we trace the consciousness of the Jews to its source I think we will find that it grew, not so much out of his law, his songs, and his prophets—for there is much in these to lead to an entirely different view—as in the fact of a corrupt heart, a perverted nature. The point that we wish to emphasize here is that the consciousness of the Jews, whatever its source, led to conduct, and that the same principle applied to the life of Jesus. Their consciousness led to antipathy, rejection, and death. His consciousness led to the surrender of himself, to the laying down of his life in sacrificial love. For bane and for blessing, consciousness led to conduct.

THE LIMITED OR LIMITLESS FIELD

The Jews had a limited field of consciousness, with self or race as "focal object," around which all their life revolved. In contrast with this Jesus had a limitless field of consciousness, with the Father's will as "focal object," whose will he came into the world to perform. The Jewish con-

ception of life was exclusive with the ideas of destruction all around its "margin." "The nations were made for destruction"; the Jew alone was to survive and reign. In marked contrast is the inclusive consciousness of Jesus, and around its "margin" is his redemptive purpose. "For the Son of man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

When the focal object absorbs all of consciousness then follow melancholia and mania. Out of this state come suicide and murder. The focal object of the enemies of Jesus was his death. This he brought home to them with the burning question, "Why go ye about to kill me?" On the other hand Jesus did not brood. While the Father's will was his focal object it was inclusive of all righteous action, and not only saved him from melancholia but also led him to say to his disciples in the very face of treason and unspeakable suffering, the consciousness of which was ever present with him, "Now is the Son of man glorified." The fanatic has a false or a limited focal object. There is also a false liberalism that has no abiding focal object. It changes with every passing fancy or with any new demand of self-interest. The Pharisee represented the first class and the Sadducee the latter. Before Jesus both stood condemned. His focal consciousness of the Father's will so related itself to all that he said and did that he stands out before the world as the one universal man, humanity linked to Deity, Incarnate God.

THE CLASH OF OWNERSHIP

Again, a clash was inevitable between Jesus and the Jews over the sense of ownership. This sense begins early. "My" and "mine" are among the earliest words that fall from infant lips. This sense of ownership was in a positive way developed in the Jewish mind. The Jew not only held that the land was his and that the Roman had no right there, but also that the law was his, with the traditions of the elders, and that anyone who presumed to set these aside was an enemy to God. This sense of ownership made him supreme in his land, and supreme in the moral interpretation of his history. Tradition expressed the very life of Israel. It was the sacred possession of the Jew. The clash came early in the ministry of Jesus, when he claimed superiority, not to tradition only, but to the law also. "It hath been said unto you of old: . . . but I say unto you," sounded a note of authority and laid claim to ownership in a way that astounded Jewish ears. The cleansing of the temple, and the declaration, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," together with his commission to make all nations his disciples, in a clear and positive way set forth his sense of ownership. Nothing could satisfy the enemies of Jesus but the utter crushing of one who made such a claim.

Not only did this sense of ownership blind the eyes of the Jews who were the enemies of Jesus, but it also blinded the eyes of his disciples. "What shall we have therefore?" and "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" reveal the longing for material ownership and the pomp and power that go with them. While the disciples recognized the sovereignty of their Lord, still their longing for the material kingdom was in direct conflict with the Master's ideal for them of a spiritual king-

dom. They were asked to surrender the pebble for the diamond; to surrender the material kingdom for joint-heirship with him in the kingdom of God. The struggle was a severe one. The sense of ownership, of authority, of self-assertiveness persisted. "Be it far from thee, Lord. This shall not be unto thee," and "Thou shalt never wash my feet" on the lips of Peter reveal the temper of the disciples, and show how hard it is to recognize without clash the ownership of Christ.

BLENDING THE IDEAL WITH THE PRACTICAL

The Gospels furnish us an exceedingly rich study of the practical in its relation to the ideal. "It is impossible to disguise the fact that in the psychology of our day, the emphasis is transferred from the mind's purely rational function, where Plato and Aristotle had placed it, to the long neglected practical side. Man, whatever else he may be, is primarily a practical being, whose mind is given him to aid in adapting him to the world's life." When the philosopher thus speaks of the practical, well may we pause and consider. Is not philosophy the most impractical thing in the world? It may be, but not of necessity. The superficial man will say so, but also will add, "Talk less about heaven and more about feeding the poor!" In reply we add that Christ ministered to the poor and taught much of heaven also. He who fed the hungry and healed the sick said, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven," and, "I go to prepare a place for you. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions." He tied up the practical to the ideal and made the latter the minister to the former. If the Pharisees and rulers thought that they were doing a practical thing by putting Jesus to death, the destruction of Jerusalem, following the banishment of Pilate, proved the contrary. In the light of the centuries, that one life by its teaching and practice stands out as supremely practical. He came not to be ministered unto but to minister. In his ministry there was no waste, no theory for theory's sake. Everything that he said and did had its relation to his redemptive task, and helped to relate the lives of men to their best good for this life and the life to come. When Peter began to theorize about the future of John, Jesus turned his mind into practical channels by saying, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." When the disciples ask him, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" he replies: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons that the Father hath put in his own power, but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Thus did the Master tie up his philosophy to practical ends, a method that it has taken the thinkers of the world a long time to discover.

FIXEDNESS AND CONSTRUCTIVENESS

It is a well recognized psychological law that if the mind rests upon one idea the tendency is fixedness. This may be suddenly changed, however, by an explosion of the nerve centers, as occurs when a hardened sinner is suddenly shocked into the consciousness of his wretched con-

dition, and in that state turns away from his past life with loathing. When, however, as in the case of the Pharisees there is a sense of respectability; a feeling of self-righteousness, then the cherishing of one idea leads to fixedness of character. Over against the settled unchangeable attitude of the Pharisee stands the constructiveness of Jesus. There was little that he touched that he did not change. He came not to destroy the law but to fulfill it, but the fulfilling required change. The changes made by the Master were never destructive, as touching the law, but always constructive. The Jewish nation went, but the principles of true government, set forth in the law, abide. The ceremonies of the law went, but the law remains. The temple went, but the Church of God endures. Jerusalem went, but the New Jerusalem arises in every land. Jesus broke the shell of religion and the germ contained therein has grown into the tree of life, with spreading branches covering the earth.

The mind of Jesus as well as that of the Jew revolved around one idea. For him it was the Father's will. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." In the crushing agony of the garden he prayed, "Not my will but thine be done." In this idea is the true breadth, the true liberalism. It is all inclusive in the realm of righteousness and all exclusive in the realm of sin. This fixed the character and determined the conduct of Jesus. To know the Father's will is to have the deepest philosophy of life, and to do it is to bring practical Christianity to perfection.

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MOFFATT'S NEW TESTAMENT

It makes one think well of Methodism to learn that in several of our book depositories Moffatt's translation of the New Testament recently ranked among the "best sellers." It is the work of the Yates professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in Mansfield College, Oxford. Professor Moffatt, thoroughly versed in the studies of his chair, worthily bears the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and as master of the English language that of Doctor of Literature—a rare combination in one who attempts a new translation of the sacred volume.

In his preface he tells us that he approaches "with sharp misgivings" the task of producing "a version which will to some degree represent the gains of recent lexical research, and also prove readable." The intelligent reader will be glad to admit that he has accomplished this twofold task with a good degree of success.

Heretofore the usual test applied to a new translation has been, Is it true to the original? Meaning by "the original" the copy of the Greek Testament the reader happens to possess. If the text should happen to be that known as the Textus Receptus, the test would seem to show that Dr. Moffatt has wandered far afield.

This is so, first of all, because he bases his work upon the Greek text of Von Soden, of Berlin, which seems to be far more liberal in ac-

cepting proposed emendations than Alford's or Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament. Then Dr. Moffatt often accepts a happy turn from some less known manuscript, not always accepting that canon of interpretation—which in our judgment has often served to obscure the thought of the inspired writer—that in case of two texts of about equal manuscript authority, the more difficult is to be chosen. Moreover Dr. Moffatt makes no small use of the ancient versions, especially the old Syriac, and does not by any means despise an ingenious conjectural amendment of the text even if unsupported by any manuscript evidence whatever. Thus in rendering Acts 5. 17 he accepts "Blass's brilliant conjecture," and instead of "Then the high priest rose up and all that were with him," gives, "This filled the high priest Annas and his allies with bitter jealousy."

It is a bit disconcerting to find the familiar statement concerning Saint Andrew—from which some of us have deduced such captivating conjectures—"He first findeth his own brother Simon," simply rendered, "In the morning he met his brother Simon," a rendering supported, so far as we know, by no manuscript authority, but derived from the old Syriac.

A few selections will illustrate at once Dr. Moffatt's freedom from lexical tradition, and his mastery of superb English. "O, ye of little faith" (Matt. 6. 30) appears as, "O men, how little you trust Him!" "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee" (Matt. 9. 2) is, "Courage, my son! your sins are forgiven." "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" (Mark 4. 38) is, "Teacher, are we to drown for all you care?" Our Saviour's tender words to the daughter of Jairus (Mark 5. 41) are rendered, "Little girl, I am telling you to arise," reminding us of Bishop Warren's even more touching rendering, "Lassie, I am telling you to get up."

A striking transposition is that of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Saint John's Gospel, which Dr. Moffatt has "restored to their original position in the middle of verse 31" of chapter 13. By this change our Lord's address to the eleven is thus introduced: "So Judas went out immediately after taking the bread. And it was night. And when he had gone out, Jesus said, 'I am the true vine and my Father is the vine-dresser.'" This arrangement brings the words, "Rise, let us be going," at the close of our Lord's address, and immediately before his high-priestly prayer.

In his preface Dr. Moffatt expresses regret that in his translation so many old and sacred associations must be broken, and says: "But intelligibility is more than association, and to atone in part for the loss of association, I have endeavored to make the New Testament, especially Saint Paul's Epistles, as intelligible to a modern English reader as any version that is not a paraphrase can be."

He certainly has succeeded admirably in making Paul's Epistles readable and intelligible. You can read the toughest parts of Romans as understandingly as if it were a story. It is surely a worthy achievement to enable us to read our Paul "with our feet on the fender."

Any spots on the sun? Yes, a few. Nearly every maker of a new version seems bewitched to render some well-understood word or phrase in a new way. Thus Dr. James Strong, in his Harmony, constantly paraphrases "The kingdom of heaven" as "The reign of the divine Messiah"; the version adopted by the Baptist denomination some years ago substitutes for the words "baptize" and "baptism," "immerse" and "immersion"; the Twentieth Century New Testament weakens "eternal life" to "enduring life"; in Dr. Weymouth's noble version, The Modern Speech New Testament, the same phrase is rendered, "the life of the ages"; even the American Revised substitutes the word "Jehovah" for the familiar term "the Lord." In like manner, for some reason that we cannot fathom, Dr. Moffatt changes "the kingdom of heaven" into "the realm of heaven."

It may appear ungracious to criticize Dr. Moffatt's fine English, but there is one phrase, recurring over and over in his book, which to an American ear seems incorrectly used. It is the phrase *in case* which is used as equivalent to *lest*. Thus Luke 21. 34 is rendered, "Take heed to yourselves *in case* your hearts get overpowered by dissipation and drunkenness," as if in some other *case* it would not be necessary to take heed. This may seem a small matter; but the repetition of the phrase more than a score of times in the book is a blemish.

We will leave the reader of Dr. Moffatt's book to pass judgment on the startling rendering of Gal. 5. 12, only remarking that it is not out of keeping with the apostle's stern indignation against the Judaizers who were troubling his converts. He was "angry" and "sinned not."

But, as we have said, these are "spots on the sun." The book as a whole is a noble contribution to a better understanding of the sacred volume.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

AN ESSENTIAL STUDY FOR THE MINISTER— PAUL'S COUNSEL TO TIMOTHY

THE Epistles of Paul to Timothy may well be regarded as a handbook for pastoral administration. The questions with which they deal have to do with the things constantly arising in the work of the pastor. His deep interest in Timothy is surpassed only by his profound interest in Christ and his work. In 2 Tim. 2. 15 he gives a counsel which all ministers of the gospel might well heed. We need not discuss the critical problems which a minute study of this pastoral epistle would demand. His purpose in these letters is to give practical advices to his own son in the gospel.

Timothy was pastor of the church at Ephesus and seems to have asked for, or at least needed the counsel of his father in the gospel, the apostle Paul. Timothy was exceedingly dear to him, and Paul frequently expressed his deep interest in his welfare and work, and the apostle is

writing from his prison in Rome the last letter which he was permitted to give to the world. It is a personal letter, full of valuable counsel, not only to Timothy, but of lasting value to all ministers in all ages. The preacher of to-day who will commit to memory these Epistles to Timothy and use them in the administration of his church will find himself well equipped for his task.

In this particular passage the apostle states principles rather than discusses minute points of administration. The passage in the King James Version reads, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The Revised Version renders it, "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." His first counsel, then, is to study to show thyself approved unto God. The passage means to be zealous, to be in earnest for the approval of God. This is the most important thing for the Christian minister. The minister who has received the divine call certainly desires to have in his whole ministry the divine approval. The approval of no other will meet the case. It is pleasant for the minister to have the approval of the church over which he presides, of the community in which he works, of the world who know his labors, but that is not sufficient. Paul does not discourage nor disapprove that the minister's conduct shall win the favor of men; in one of his letters he exhorts to "walk in wisdom towards them that are without," by which he means the world outside of his particular congregation. But this is not essential. If he have the approval of all men it is not enough. The approval of God is vital. Without this a minister can neither be happy nor successful. It is as if one had a commission from a king who had absolute right to command, and should not win his approval. His business is to obey the orders of his chief. Paul says in another place, "It is required of a steward that a man be found faithful." Fidelity to his Lord is the only way by which the minister can win his approval. That is essential. Whoever may disapprove, there is One whose approval he must have though all the world be arrayed against him.

Paul proceeds to give the ideal which the minister is to keep before him in his work, "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He is a workman commissioned to do God's work in the world. Paul elsewhere says, "We are ambassadors of God." As ambassador he bears the commission of his Lord. In this capacity he must not be ashamed of his work or ashamed of his performance of it. This word "ashamed" is used by Paul in other places. In his letter to the Romans, a city and a people who would be likely to disparage the gospel of Christ, he boldly says, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." In 2 Tim. 1:8: "Be not ashamed therefore of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner." And again in the twelfth verse: "For the which cause I suffer also these things: yet I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed." And here again he exhorts Timothy to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

There was much in the Christian religion which seemed to the culture of that time to be a matter for shame. Its Founder and Leader, its divine Lord, was crucified on Calvary. This was a cause of astonishment, and led to unbelief and ridicule. Its first expounders were illiterate men in part; they were called from the lowly walks of life. Paul himself was a tent maker as well as Aquila and Prisca. When the Christians first met for worship in the catacombs and in the secluded places of Rome they were believed by the pagans to be a degraded and polluted class, and the vilest crimes were attributed to them. It was something for Paul as he closes his earthly career to say, "For this cause I am not ashamed." Why was he not ashamed? Because he had received the divine call and had lived the life that the Lord commanded him to live, and had done the work faithfully which had been committed to his charge.

So in this passage he exhorts Timothy not to be ashamed. He wants him to do his work, at all times, in such a manner that he can look the whole world squarely in the face, so that when he ceases his work he can say, with the great apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The minister need not be ashamed if he is conscious of the unselfishness of his acts; that his motives are pure. He need not be ashamed if he has not attracted large congregations to his ministry; the success of a man's labors cannot always be determined by the size of his congregation. He may be leavening the community far beyond the limits of his voice and his personal presence; he may be sowing seeds which shall ripen into abundant harvests; nor need he be ashamed even if the visible membership has not swelled with rapidity; nor if he has not commanded large salaries. But he needs to be ashamed if he has wrought unfaithfully. He needs to be ashamed if he has sought popular applause more than the favor of God. He needs to be ashamed if the hidden parts of his work are neglected. In some of the great cathedrals it has been noted that the architect and the workman have wrought equally well in the parts that are unseen as well as the places that are seen. In other words, he need not be ashamed if every part of his ministry, his preaching, his pastoral visitations, his own personal life, and his relation to all others with whom he comes in contact have the stamp of absolute truth and the approval of his God.

The minister should study to divide rightly the word of truth, or, as the Revised Version puts it, "handling aright the word of truth." The word of truth in the apostle's conception is the gospel as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, the Old and New Testaments. It is his custom to enforce his precepts and his doctrines from the Old Testament, and he finds the completion of the divine revelation in the New Testament. The sacred oracles of God are to him the truth. He should present the truth accurately; he must be careful not to misinterpret it; he will not add to it nor subtract from it. An inaccurate interpretation can be avoided only by a careful study of the Sacred Word. When the minister has done his best, and used all the resources which are open to scholars, he may find difficulty in deciding on the exact interpretation, but he should strive to

reach some conclusion which justifies itself to his intellect and heart and then proclaim it as he understands it. He will find, however, in the Sacred Word a clearness of statement on all the great fundamental teachings of the Scriptures which will enable him to speak with the authority of the Word itself. The world will not be saved by negations—it is the positive expression of honest convictions growing out of prayerful study and meditation which will bring the certitudes on which he must rest for an effective ministry. He must present the truth clearly; this has been anticipated in the previous remark, but needs fuller consideration. A truth which is clear to the speaker and the form which he understands will not always be clear to the average hearer. Many of his hearers are plain, illiterate people, without the training of the schools, and to such he should speak in the language with which they are familiar. This does not mean that he will degrade his language, for the forms of writing which are the most perfect are often the simplest; simple language and plain statement are the marks of an excellent style. Lord Macaulay, that brilliant and fascinating writer, is reported to have said that if every copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* were lost he could restore it from memory, so fascinated had this great writer been by its homely English, which was really founded on the English of the Scriptures. It was Spurgeon, the great English preacher, who held the multitudes that rushed to his church by his simple, vigorous English, which appealed alike to the scholar and to the unschooled. The business of the minister is to make his message clear, so that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Speak so that children can understand. He should present the gospel fully. There is nothing unimportant in the gospel. There are parts of the gospel which do not form topics of sermonic interest, but in every part it bears a relation to the great system of thought and life; it abounds in history, in doctrine, in ethical principles; in biography; it is so vital in its relation to human life that it may be called "the biography of humanity."

He who preaches the gospel fully will never lack a subject on which to address his congregation; if a subject comes to his mind for which he cannot find any text in the Scriptures he may well pause and ask himself whether it ought to be preached at all. It is the divineness of the book combined with its humanness that makes its teachings so acceptable to the world. A minister cannot hope to hold the people with interest unless in some way he relates his message to the word of truth: in its doctrines, its morals, its social life; in other words, the source of our sermonic teachings must be in the word of truth, which Paul, in our text, exhorts Timothy to divide rightly.

The minister must present the truth courageously. The time-serving minister who withholds the truth for fear of man or for popular applause and worldly position is no preacher of the gospel; he belongs on a lower plane. His courage should not show itself in violent attack or bitter invective, but in a calm and earnest presentation of the commands of his Master, without fear and without favor. It is such men who are the true representatives of the ministry of our Lord; such a man is the apostle

Paul, and such a ministry he urges upon Timothy. Paul was an example of his own teachings; Christ was his Master. His command was, "Follow me as I follow Christ." He gloried only in Jesus Christ. Such have been the ministers who have been winning men through all the Christian centuries; Paul and Peter and James and John and the great founders of the church under Christ, and the multitude of those who have been associated with them in persecution and in triumph, are the representatives of the ministry; such as Paul commands Timothy in the text to be. Augustine and Luther and Knox and Wesley and the numberless host of God's chosen ministers are exemplars of the teaching of the text which we have been considering. The supreme importance of the study which Paul urges upon his beloved Timothy will be apparent to all who have been called to this holy office.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND MODERNISM

THE Church of England is passing through one of the most serious crises in her history, the outcome of which no one, at the present writing, can safely predict. Rumbings of the gathering storm have been heard for several years. As the English people in Church and State are proverbially diplomatic, and possess a rare spirit for compromising, those most interested have hoped that the breezy war of pamphlets, review articles, and "open letters" would spend itself and die a natural death.

It must be remembered that the Church of England is a state church, subject not only to ecclesiastical, but also to civil law. Thus the adjustment of theological disputes and church practices is by no means a simple thing. Its membership comprises all ranks and classes from the most ignorant costermonger and peasant to the most learned Oxford professor and the monarch on the throne. Its ministry, likewise, is a complex mass made up of the greatest diversity. No fewer than eighty-five hundred benefices or livings are independent of bishop or any spiritual agency, since the right of presentation is in the hands of private persons—often men of no religious convictions. Such conditions render uniformity of doctrine and practice next to impossible. It is, therefore, not strange that we find in the Church of England "a most startling diversity of doctrine and ritual practice, varying from what closely resembles that of the Church of Rome to the broadest Liberalism and the extremest evangelical Protestantism." But where there is so much liberty there is sure to be more or less license as well as controversy. The general policy of those in authority is to permit the clergy the largest possible toleration in thought and speech, consistent with the natural propriety of things in churches made up of such varied elements of the population. A prudent priest finds no great difficulty in filling a pulpit and performing his ministry without offense. For, as one has said, a clergyman in the Church of England is permitted to think just as he pleases, provided he does not

inflict his idiosyncrasies and heretical views upon an innocent congregation.

And yet there have appeared at times sporadic cases, which have caused the bishops no little concern, for, notwithstanding the "glorious comprehensiveness" and almost unlimited latitude in matters of creeds and religious beliefs, the great majority of Anglican communicants, including the common priests and higher clergy, belong to those commonly called orthodox, and though the bishops may regard ultra views with apparent equanimity, the majority of them have from time to time reminded those intrusted to their oversight of pledges and vows taken at their ordination.

Within the past decade there have appeared several books from the pens of ordained ministers in the English Church which have caused great uneasiness on account of the new ideas advanced. The authors of these books may be called, for the lack of a better term, "Modernists." As we showed in our last number, the term is quite elastic. The opinions expressed in these volumes seem to undermine the very foundations of the Christian religion. And, therefore, very naturally, remonstrances in great numbers and petitions with tens of thousands of names—one of them with forty-five hundred signers, headed by the Dean of Canterbury and other very prominent clergy, and another from a group of well-known statesmen in the British Parliament—came from various dioceses to their respective bishops. The natural result of such remonstrances was to cause some kind of concerted action by the bishops, who did no longer care to appear indifferent. Thus the matter came before the Upper House of the Canterbury Convocation last May.

Of the pamphlets and books which have contributed to the unrest among the great mass of the clergy, none has seemed more obnoxious than a volume from the pen of a Mr. J. M. Thompson, entitled *The Miracles of the New Testament*. The author, though prominent in the English Church, is a Modernist of the advanced type. He does not mince words, but asserts boldly that the so-called "nature miracles," that is, turning water into wine, feeding of the five thousand, and the like, cannot be regarded as genuine history. So, too, the doctrines of the virgin birth and the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ must be relegated to the symbolical, since they are in no sense historical. It may be added that the publication of such views cost Mr. Thompson his position as lecturer on theology in Magdalene College, Oxford.

Very naturally the inhibition of Mr. Thompson aroused his friends—especially those cherishing the same opinions—to action and to a formal demand (by petition) that greater freedom should be granted clergymen and professed theologians in the Church of England in questions of faith and interpretation. One of the immediate results of the silencing of the Oxford lecturer was the publication of a volume of essays, entitled "*Foundations*," by seven men, more or less known in theological circles. The aim of these essayists is praiseworthy, namely, to insist upon the fact that there is need of a restatement of doctrines. They argue with great force and satisfaction to themselves and their followers that the

teachings and creeds of the Church of England should be rewritten, restated in the language of the twentieth century. They contend with apparent reason that creeds written sixteen centuries ago are not suitable for our age with its advance in science and learning. One of the essayists, Mr. Streeter, went too far in his contentions to suit his bishop, for he was forced to resign his office of examining chaplain to the bishop of Saint Albans. Though Thompson and Streeter have both been deprived of their offices, and though the stamp of disapproval has been put upon their teachings, the fire kindled by them has not been quenched. Indeed, their immediate friends have become the more vociferous. For in England as in America it is always much easier for a "heretic," be he preacher or professor, to get into public print than for his more conservative brother, though the latter may be infinitely his superior in position, efficiency, and intellect.

These books and essays might have passed into oblivion in a few months, were it not that a comparatively unknown prelate, of an all but unknown diocese, contributed—quite accidentally—his mite to the discussion, and thus brought things into an acute stage. This was Dr. Weston, bishop of Zanzibar. He protested in a letter to the bishop of Saint Albans against a missionary conference held at Kikuya, East Africa, in June, 1913, and especially against a proposed federation of missionaries, made up of various denominations in that part of the mission field, and complained also that the Modernists were exerting unwholesome influence in church affairs.

No doubt this letter of the bishop of Zanzibar to the bishop of Saint Albans aggravated the situation in England very much, but it was an article by Bishop Gore, of the Oxford diocese, in the March number of *The Constructive Quarterly*, and still more his "open letter" to the clergy under his care, published Easter, 1914, that precipitated the discussion and brought matters to a point. Things had now gone too far. Too much had been done not to do more. Some settlement of the disputed questions must be effected, for as Dr. Maurice Jones says in the July number of the *Expositor*: "The present year promises to be a very marked epoch in the history of the Church of England in the twentieth century, and we are threatened with a development in the affairs of that church which will call for the exercise of the most sympathetic patience, the most far-sighted prudence, and the widest tolerance on the part of the ruling authorities and of the clergymen concerned."

The chief contention of the bishop of Oxford is that the Church of England is broad enough in its doctrines to accommodate any shade of belief which is not positively destructive in its character, and that it has given the utmost scope for liberty of opinion. He affirms with equal ardor that the recent tendency of the critical movement spells danger to the church, since such "an inordinate claim for license of opinion among the clergy threatens most fundamentally the basis of faith." He further contends that an immediate declaration of some kind is an urgent necessity, for "churches and states have been known to fall in human history through an excessive yielding to their characteristic weaknesses." Dis-

integration is bound to follow any society which is not bound together by some central point of contact around which all members may gather. The creeds, the Prayer Book, the ordinals, the thirty-nine articles, and the Holy Scriptures, on which the above are supposed to be based, should furnish a solid foundation on which all clergymen in the English Church ought to take their position. In view of the clear doctrinal statements in these, it does seem strange that any priest or bishop of the Church of England should claim the right to teach doctrines utterly at variance with the central truths of Christianity, that is, that the apostles were victims of delusions induced by contemporary ideas, and that even the Master himself need not be regarded as an infallible teacher. Dr. Sanday, if we are not mistaken, stumbles at this point. If Jesus Christ is not an infallible teacher, it matters but little what one may believe regarding the virgin birth and his bodily resurrection.

The Modernists, holding very loose views of the inerrancy of the Scriptures, easily dispose of the binding nature of the creeds. But supposing one has lost faith in the Bible and creeds—what then? Bishop Gore very pertinently asks a question, which even some Methodists in high positions may very profitably ponder: "Is it consistent with the sincerity which ought to attach to public office, and especially to public office in the Christian Church, that a man should pledge himself to the constant recitation of these creeds, as an officer of the society, which so strenuously holds them, if he personally does not believe that these miraculous events occurred, if he believes that our Lord was born as other men, or that his dead body did in fact see corruption?" What farce for a minister to stand before his congregation and sanctimoniously say, "I believe" this or that, when he knows that he does not believe the same! No one should take the vows of ordination, if he, at the time, knows that he does not believe what he publicly confesses before God and men as his own personal creed. And further, in case any has taken such vows and made such profession, and has subsequently changed his views, does not sincerity, to say nothing of common honesty, require him to withdraw from a church to the creed of which he can no longer subscribe, as has been done by many sincere and honest men all through the ages? This is not a mere question of orthodoxy, or of personal liberty, but of morality and common honesty.

But, it may be asked, how can the bishops tolerate men in the pulpits of their dioceses, who publicly deny the central truths of Christianity without in some degree being responsible for them? The claim of this school of "critical clergymen," says Bishop Gore, "is a distinct challenge to the church—this claim of liberty to recite creeds without believing the miracles requires in some sense the assent or connivance of the bishops and the public opinion of the church. . . . This challenge has been made so emphatic, that I am bound to admit that if the church does not now formally and officially break silence and repudiate the suggested interpretation (which I affirm is denial, and not interpretation) of the creeds, it must be regarded as tactfully sanctioning the claim and allowing the challenge."

It must not be thought, because we have quoted at such length from Bishop Gore, that he stands alone in his opposition to the Modernists. Not so, for Modernism was the chief subject of deliberation and discussion before the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury last May. This assembly, consisting of twenty-seven bishops, with the Primate as chairman, discussed the subject with great thoroughness. It was generally agreed that the clergy had greater obligations upon themselves than laymen. The former after certain very specific profession of faith and pledges at their ordination are authorized by the bishops "to stand up as the church's chosen spokesmen and teachers." The layman on the other hand enters the church at confirmation and is subjected to no promises in matters of faith after that event.

The Bishop of Gloucester reminded the clergy that they are not only a band of lecturers and investigators, but also accredited of the church committed to a definite faith.

The Convocation with its twenty-seven members passed without a dissenting vote (two did not vote) the following resolution: "We express our deliberate judgment that a denial of any of the historical facts stated in the creeds goes beyond the limit of legitimate interpretation and gravely imperils the sincerity of profession, which is plainly incumbent on the ministers of the Word and sacrament."

The Primate's speech in summing up the arguments was a masterpiece of lucid logic and convincing common sense. He emphasized the fact that the people at large have deep convictions and are not indifferent to the teachings of the church. He thought, however, that the anxiety of some was greatly exaggerated, for the number of doubters and those holding extreme views is really insignificant compared with the vast army, the innumerable host of believers, stanch and true. "The bishops," said he, "have no desire to put a ban upon criticism and research, to hamper freedom of thought or curtail freedom of speech." On the other hand, they encourage investigation into all realms of truth. "Follow the truth," said the archbishop, "and let it be your guide whithersoever it may lead you." True that many declaim against creeds ancient or modern, yet it must be remembered that two hundred and forty bishops at the Lambeth Conference affirmed their conviction that the historical facts stated in the creeds are an essential part of the faith of the church. What else could they have done? for "without the historic creeds the ideas generated by the creeds would evaporate into insubstantial vagueness, and Christianity would be in danger of degenerating into a nerveless altruism."

We especially commend this last paragraph of the great speech: "For myself—I speak for no others—I will confess that I find it necessary to be rather sternly on my guard in a matter of this kind against a subtle temptation, a temptation to nurse a sort of complacent self-satisfaction with what one perhaps flatters oneself is to be rightly called liberal-mindedness. The thought may even come, Thank God I am not so bigoted as many ecclesiastics are; I am at least liberal-minded. That thought may easily, I find, become something very like a temptation of the devil, but it does come."

Doubtless it might have been pleasanter for the English bishops to remain silent, to be "liberal-minded," if you please, but there are times when honesty and sincerity are worth as much as liberal-mindedness.

No one who believes that the Bible is the Word of God, in some way infinitely different from all other books; that Jesus Christ is not only a great teacher, yea, the greatest of all teachers and men, but also God incarnate, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, will find fault with the attitude of the bishops at the Convocation of Canterbury last May.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

EVERYTHING from the pen of Professor Paul Wernle in Basel is sure to attract a goodly number of appreciative readers. One of his latest publications, entitled *Evangelisches Christentum in der Gegenwart* (Evangelical Christianity in the Present) shows this interesting scholar at his best. The little book consists of three lectures: "Christianity and Evolution"; "What does the Reformation Signify for us To-day?" "The Requirements of the Sermon on the Mount and their Applicability in the Present." The first theme is treated in a more popular manner than is usual. The anti-Christian monists have boldly been declaring before the great educated public the incompatibility of Christianity with the findings of science. Wernle does well to address his answer to this large public. His position, as is well known, is thoroughly modern—with respect to the theory of revelation perhaps too "modern"—yet he has rendered a good service in showing that Christianity has nothing to fear from the doctrine of evolution rightly understood and applied. Of course Wernle makes clear that Christian thought has no vital interest in the question of evolution in the realm of nature, but only in the question of whether and how the idea of evolution is to be applied to the realm of morals and religion, and especially to the question of revelation. He accords as large a place to it as is well possible without yielding what is fundamental in Christianity.

The lecture on the significance of the Reformation for the present is one of a goodly number of discussions called forth by Troeltsch's important discussion, *Protestantisches Christentum und Kirche in der Neuzeit*, in Hinneberg's *Kultur der Gegenwart*. Troeltsch had insisted that the distinction between modern Protestantism and the Protestantism of the Reformation is as real, if not so great, as that between the Reformation and the Middle Ages. Wernle's discussion deserves a place beside the essays or addresses on the same subject by Jülicher, Kattenbusch, and Loofs. These men all dissent more or less from Troeltsch's position. Wernle, however, least of all.

The last lecture sets forth the problem in a very clear manner. Here again the solution is noteworthy and is essentially evangelical. For Wernle it is the spirit of these precepts of Jesus that is of permanent significance and authority. In general the solution reminds one of Herrmann's position in his *Die sittlichen Weisungen Jesu*. It is rather less "positive" than Kirn's *Die sittlichen Forderungen Jesu* (in *Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen*, sixth series) and Lütgert's admirable lecture on the "Ethics of Jesus" in his *Natur und Geist Gottes*.

In connection with the first of these lectures of Wernle mention may be made of an important book by Professor Karl Beth, of Vienna, entitled *Die Entwicklung des Christentum zur Universalreligion*. Beth distinguishes between the idea of development as "epigenesis" and the idea of a mechanical evolution. Christianity shows a real development, which, however, involves no transmutation of its nature, and cannot be identified with the development of things natural. In proceeding then to trace the expansion of Christian life and thought and their adaptation to all stages of human culture Beth argues forcefully that such universalization is possible only on the basis of an historical revelation and the fact of redemption. The thought of producing a universal religion by a mingling of Buddhist with Christian elements is set aside with scant respect.

According to such men as Kattenbusch and Reischle, the most significant thing in the theology of Albrecht Ritschl was his powerful insistence upon the historical revelation in the person of Jesus Christ as over against all mysticism, that is, all religiosity apart from that historical revelation. The anti-mystical tendency was for a generation in the ascendant. The most noteworthy exponent is Herrmann, in his *The Communion of the Christian with God*. Lately, however, the movement of religious thought seems—at least in some quarters—to have swung back toward mysticism. That Ritschl's own position was rather extreme has been the contention of many. Such a man as Kähler, for example, while utterly opposed to all subjectivism, has sought to show that there is a place for a "sound mysticism," namely, in the fellowship of the Spirit on the basis of the historical revelation. But this position is not at all what the Ritschlians mean by mysticism. The positive reaction in favor of mysticism may be evidenced in the English-speaking world by the writings of such men as W. R. Inge, William James, Ralph Waldo Trine, and the Anglo-German Baron von Hügel. In Germany the movement is as plainly felt, but it is not yet so pronounced in literary activities. But one cannot fail to notice that as such men as Troeltsch and Bousset, not to mention an extremist like Jatho, grow skeptical as to the absoluteness of Christianity, and especially as to the finality of the revelation in the historical Christ, they must naturally give place to subjectivism, unless they are prepared to abandon the thought of a vital religion altogether. One is involuntarily reminded of a word of Harnack's: "Generally speaking, mysticism is rationalism warmed up, and rationalism is mysticism cooled off." The revival of interest in mysticism in Germany is manifested in part by the publication of admirable editions of the works of classic mystics. The enterprising publisher of the series is Diederichs in

Jena. Already a goodly number of such books have been issued, among them the works of Ekkehard, Tauler, Silesius, Madame Guyon, etc., including even the *Enneades* of the heathen Neo-Platonist Plotinus. These all are supplied with good historical introductions and are sold at very reasonable prices. The *Sermons*, by John Tauler, translated and edited by Walther Lehmann (2 vols., 1913, Mk. 10) is worthy of special mention.

Without doubt the intuitionism of Bergson, as well as the kindred pragmatism of William James, affords a congenial philosophic soil for religious mysticism. For Bergson there is no other philosophical activity than the intuitive. While the exact sciences have experiences as their starting-point, philosophy takes the reverse way. "Philosophizing consists in reversing the usual direction of thinking." Applied to the question of Christian knowledge, the inference would be that not experience but intuition is the way to the goal. Evidently this is not the way of the Christian knowledge of God. This knowledge comes only through a positive revelation which is experimentally appropriated. It is therefore no wonder that a theologian like Herrmann vigorously opposes every tendency to apply such metaphysics to the problem of Christian knowledge. The absolute religion is grounded in the person of Jesus Christ, but it manifests its absoluteness in large part historically by its wonderful adaptation to all the various and changing conditions and needs of men and races. But all this is apprehended not by intuition but by an historically grounded experience.

An able representative of a sober mysticism is Söderblom, for some time professor of the general history of religions in Leipzig, but now returned to his own country, Sweden, as Archbishop of Upsala and Vice-Chancellor of the university at that place. Finally we would call attention to two valuable recent discussions of mysticism. The first is by Fresenius: *Mystik und geschichtliche Religion* (Mysticism and Historical Religion, Göttingen, 1912. Pp. 101. Mk. 2.50). The other is a pamphlet by Herzog, reprinted from the *Christliche Welt*, entitled: *Die Wahrheitselemente in der Mystik* (The Elements of Truth in Mysticism). Fresenius represents essentially Herrmann's standpoint, and brings a clear and forceful criticism to bear on the views of Von Hügel, Söderblom, and others. But even Fresenius recognizes that mysticism in its beginnings is a "genuine striving or longing after an own experience, that is not satisfied with others' experiences, but wants to behold God oneself." But he holds that the way chosen is a false one. Herzog, on the other hand, while freely acknowledging the many and great excesses of mysticism, seeks to establish the contention that "the fundamental impulse (or bent) of genuine mysticism is not a foreign body for a healthy and living religion, but its coefficient, which can be represented in it in stronger or weaker potency, and in so far is able and is designed to be a building-stone for the temple of the true religion, wherein God is worshiped in spirit and in truth." But here evidently we have not a self-sufficient mysticism, but one that is balanced and controlled by a positive revelation. Herzog's discussion was occasioned by a controversy in Nuremberg, between Pöhlmann, who renewed Ritschl's radical opposition to mysticism, and the gifted and

popular liberal pastors, Rittelmeyer and Geyer, who would accord to mysticism a very sure place in Christianity. Evidently the whole subject of religious subjectivism is ripe for a general reexamination.

The interest in the "Bible question" continues to manifest itself. And in these days of reconstruction this question needs to be discussed ever afresh until the parties of Protestantism arrive at a general understanding regarding the foundations of the faith. One of the best contributions to the solution of the problem of the bearing of biblical criticism upon faith has been given by Emil Weber, of Bonn. *Bibelglaube und historisch-kritische Bibelerklärung* (Gütersloh, 1914, second edition). With independence and real insight Weber represents the tendency—associated in our minds with the name of Kähler, who was Weber's special teacher—to accord the largest liberty to historical criticism and yet find and maintain the ground for a free and joyous confidence in the biblical testimony. Weber holds that the fundamental fault of the radical biblical criticism lies in its want of recognition of the supernatural factor. It is not the specific results of historical criticism as such that can render it radical, but only the negative dogmatic interest which involuntarily subverts criticism to its own aims. The "serious distress of the evangelical church" is not to be relieved by an attempt to go back to a naïve, uncritical view of the Bible, but only by pressing forward to the clearer determination of the positive content of the biblical revelation along with the recognition of the human limitations incidental to the record and its transmission.

When Eduard Meyer, professor of ancient history at Berlin, was in America as exchange professor, he became in some way interested in Mormonism. The fruit of his studies he has given to the public in a book of 300 pages entitled *Ursprung und Geschichte der Mormonen* (Origin and History of the Mormons. Halle, 1912). In a certain measure Meyer's book is a defense of Joseph Smith and the early Mormons. This great scholar's familiarity with Mohammedanism and Judaism has enabled him to find important elements of these religions in Mormonism. Special interest attaches to the psychological analogies. The psychological actuality of the visions of Mohammed is generally accepted. But the same evidences, according to Meyer, lead to the assumption that in the consciousness of Joseph Smith his fancies may have seemed to proceed from divine revelations. Not that Meyer denies in the case of Smith a certain degree of wily cunning, far more than in the case of Mohammed. Nevertheless the parallel with Mohammed is striking and very instructive. What is said of the element of visions in Old Testament prophecy is of considerable value, although one might wish to find a fuller recognition of positive revelation therein. But the excursus on the beginnings of Christianity is not convincing. It is strange that Meyer should maintain that the visions of Paul show just the same atmosphere as those of Joseph Smith. Meyer's view will seem to most critics too favorable to the Mormons, yet others before Meyer have accepted the view that Smith was in a measure the dupe of his own hallucinations.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The New Testament in the Twentieth Century. A Survey of Recent Christological and Historical Criticism of the New Testament. By the Rev. MAURICE JONES, B.D. Royal 8vo, pp. xxiv + 467. New York: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Price, cloth, \$3, net.

THE excellent bibliographies which are prefixed to the several chapters of this volume show very clearly that a great deal has been written within recent years on subjects pertaining to the New Testament. It is very evident that the average preacher should know something of the rich results produced by the best scholarship, but it is no less evident that he is bewildered before this amazing wealth of learning. How encouraging, then, to have a reliable scholar report to him what has been done, so that he can have an adequate conception of the contributions made by scholarly research. This is exactly what is given in these pages. It is a clear survey of the entire field and a discriminating summary of valuable decisions. Mr. Jones carefully selects the most important investigations of criticism, presents the arguments for and against particular positions, and then draws his own conclusions, while leaving the reader liberty to judge for himself. An example of his judicious spirit will give an idea of the helpfulness of this volume. After discussing all available evidence relating to the Pastoral Epistles he thus concludes: "The Pastorals undoubtedly represent an advance upon the earlier Pauline Epistles, an advance with respect to language, church organization, Christian teaching, and the type of heresy combated. On the other hand the gap between these Epistles and the earlier Pauline literature is not so well defined as that which separates them from the literature of the second century. Again, the striking emphasis on organization, teaching, authority, and loyalty, and the very significant fact that it is Saint Paul's authority, and not his personality, that is prominent throughout the letters, make it difficult to bring them within the apostle's lifetime. On the whole, after a close study of the case against the Pauline authorship, and after carefully weighing the evidence on both sides, I am inclined to return the Scotch verdict of 'Not proven,' and am content to leave the authorship of the Pastoral Epistles as a problem that still remains unsolved." Two long chapters are given to the fascinating problem of the authorship and historical value of the fourth Gospel. He is on the side of the apostle John as its author, and states that it is impossible to conceive that the writer of a book of such spiritual sublimity could have produced it and entirely disappeared from history, as he must have done if the contention of the adverse critic is accepted. Its historical value is shown to be in many respects even greater than that of the Synoptic Gospels. "It is also worthy of notice," says Mr. Jones, "that this Gospel took captive the imagination of the greatest of modern English poets. We still look to Browning's *Death in the Desert* for the best spiritual exposition of the teaching of Saint John." The chapter on the Synoptic Problem deals

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with the mutual relations of the three Gospels to each other. The purpose of this author has been to deal with subjects which are in the crucible of controversy and to chronicle the progress made toward definiteness. Hence in discussing the Epistles of Paul he considers the writings of doubtful authorship like second Thessalonians, Ephesians, and the Pastorals, and declares that there are no adequate grounds for hesitation with regard to the first two. We have already quoted what he has said about the third. He closes this section with the following words of reassurance: "The position of the Pauline Epistles in the critical world of to-day is one which affords the deepest gratification. It implies that the very earliest of the documents of Christianity are authentic and genuine, and that all that we read and learn in them concerning our Lord, his person, teaching, life, death, and resurrection comes to us certified and warranted by one who himself lived and wrote before the generation to which our Saviour belonged had passed away. Twentieth-century criticism has, then, restored to the Christian church an inheritance that is priceless in value." It was certainly worth wading through numberless pages of print to arrive at such an encouraging resting place. Book II, which we have been considering thus far, has a great deal to say on "the books of the New Testament in the light of recent research." It, however, does not profess to be an introduction in the accepted sense, although it is indispensable to all students, who will be saved considerable labor by using the reliable data here brought together. Dr. James Denney in his really great book on Jesus and the Gospel says: "The New Testament taken as a whole represents the most astonishing outburst of intellectual and spiritual energy in the history of our race." It was evoked by faith in the living Christ, at once Redeemer and Lord. This is the subject which Mr. Jones takes up in Book I of his volume, which is entitled "The Christ of the New Testament and the Christ of To-day." Right well does he handle his theme. It is not originality so much as discernment and insight that we look for from a constructive thinker. Our author has this qualification, and so he distinguishes between learned theories which have no foundation and actual facts which carry their own evidence with them. The Christ of the Epistles is the Jesus of the Gospels and there is a constant unity throughout the New Testament in confessing this victorious faith. Six chapters are given to "Christ in the Twentieth Century." The trend of critical inquiry is no longer toward questions of authorship, authenticity, and dates as they affect the New Testament. These matters have been practically settled. The pressing concern of the present day is with ideas, and more especially with the problem of personality. The "storm center" of modern criticism, then, is the person of Christ as portrayed in the New Testament. "In this respect the twentieth century bids fair to rival the fourth century of our era, hitherto the classic period of Christological controversy." The subjects of these six chapters are "Liberal Protestant Christology," "Jesus or Christ," "Jesus or Paul," "The Christ-Myth," and "The Christ of Eschatology." The lucid discussions therein contained show a thorough grasp of all the issues involved. The weakness of certain theological

pedants who insist on retaining the name of Christian while rejecting the essential elements of the faith is not shown by this writer. His up-to-date contribution, which is made in the interest of positive Christianity, will therefore be welcomed by those who need a word of exhortation to be strong.

The Christian Faith. A System of Dogmatics. By THEODORE HAERING, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Translated from the Second Revised and Enlarged German Edition, 1912, by JOHN DICKIE, M.A., Professor of Systematic Theology in Knox College, Dunedin, and GEORGE FERRIES, D.D. Large 8vo, pp. xi + 952. Two volumes. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$6, net.

THE president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference put in a strong plea the other day for revival of theology in the pulpit, and he clearly proved his case that the strongest preaching has always been doctrinal. Principal Forsyth in his characteristic way declared in a recent volume that undogmatic Christianity is superficial Christianity, which is decidedly incapable of building up Christian character. But theology must be set forth in terms of present-day thought, in the language of our own day, and with an understanding of the nature and needs of the modern consciousness. The truth of the eternal gospel is the same in every age, but it must be interpreted to each generation in view of its peculiar necessities. The great systems of theological thought associated with the names of Dörner and Martensen have fed the mind and heart of generations of preachers, but we have been in need of a more modern presentation which will take note of the important contributions made to religious thought during the last twenty-five years. This service is splendidly performed by Professor Haering in his two stately volumes. The modern note is sounded throughout his comprehensive discussions of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. What is of even greater significance is that the voice of experience is repeatedly heard, for the heart makes the theologian. And because of this fact Haering is of the utmost value to the preacher. He will aid considerably in the revival of doctrinal preaching and will give the pulpit a position of commanding influence in these days of religious bewilderment and discontentment. The introductory section deals with the mission of dogmatics, which is to exhibit faith in God as Christianity regards it in its character as real faith, which is real trust in a real living God. This is possible only where there is a genuine appreciation of the eternal gospel. The roots of convincing apologetics are to be found, as Luther so well emphasized, "In a right estimate of the supreme value which the gospel offers us, and of the supreme reality which it possesses in Christ, which together constitute an indissoluble unity." The first large division of Haering's thesis is a clear-sighted discussion of "The Christian Faith and Its Antagonists," in which the author shows a discerning knowledge of the problems of our day and how they must be approached. He declares that the nature of religion cannot be gathered from investigations of the word "religion." Definitions are often indefinite. It is not etymology, but experience which must furnish the final test. The content of religion is

thus treated of under its four characteristics of the idea of God, a sense of vital need, the obligation of worship and trust, and the assurance of revelation which is confirmed in experience. Religion is a fellowship between man and God, and Christianity offers this fellowship *par excellence*. A personal faith is always alive, and it only can hold its own against opposition. This is clearly impossible for an imitative faith, because it receives its support from tradition and not from the living God. Haering makes a fine distinction between "judgments of faith," which depend on conviction and are inspired by experience, and "value judgments," which Ritschl made so much of, but which depend on logic and are exposed to the criticism and challenge of syllogistic acumen. "We Protestants are firmly persuaded that in the inner sanctuary of his religious assurance, no one must be dependent upon the learned; every one must be capable of personal assurance upon the final and decisive grounds. But at the same time on account of its spiritual character and universal claim, our religion cannot refuse to come to an understanding on a scientific basis with all the powers of our mental life." The second section deals with "The Christian Faith" as a coherent system. It takes a comprehensive survey of the threefold faith in God the Father, in Jesus Christ the Son of God, and in the Holy Spirit of God and Christ. These are familiar topics, but the eternal gospel needs to be interpreted again and again to each succeeding generation; and Haering is the leading Christian expositor of today. The Christian conception of God as Holy Love is at once inexhaustible and simple. It conserves the truth as to his personality and it explains his gift of redemption in Christ. The Christian faith is faith in a sin-forgiving love. The essence of sin, therefore, is the refusal to trust God and surrender oneself to him; it is so serious because it cuts the communion between God and man, which is so profoundly personal and ethical in Christianity. We are given a clear analysis of the attributes of God where love is the central virtue. We can thus understand the meaning of faith in Providence, which provides for miracles in the working out of the gracious purposes of God. The danger of scholasticism was that it elaborated its ideas without the healthy check that is furnished by experience. It was given to the reformers, however, to conceive of salvation, not as a participation in the sacraments, nor merely as an identification with the church, but rather as a vital fellowship of the sinner with the personal God of Holy Love revealed through Christ. The significance which the Saviour has for the believer is well put in the expressive phrase, "God in him for us, and we in him for God." The prophetic and the priestly work of Jesus in kingly form is thus concisely distinguished. Pages 578-711, which deal with "Faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God," contain one of the most luminous discussions in the field of Christology. The central place is given to Jesus on the basis of a vivid and thrilling experience of his redemptive grace. Indeed, throughout the discussion, which is consistently maintained on a high level, the sublime character of Christ is given adoring recognition. The last section is on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, which Haering well says is one of the neglected truths. The best discussion

on this subject is found in a volume of essays by Principal W. T. Davison, entitled *The Indwelling Spirit*, which was noticed in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for May, 1912. Professor Haering deals with this subject so refreshingly because here again he makes the appeal to Christian experience. Valuable light is thrown on the doctrine of the church. It is not an object of faith, but rather "an association of believers as the product and the instrument of the Holy Spirit." The significance of the sacraments is also considered, while the closing section is on the Christian hope. This is without doubt the finest exposition of evangelical truth based on biblical theology. The author has the perspective and proportion of the New Testament. He realizes that, unless Christianity is systematized, it will share the fate of ancient paganism. It is the business of the preacher to proclaim faith in its intellectual, ethical, and spiritual bearings on the life of our own day. He will be setting up a strong fortification for the faith if he devotes himself to the study of this monumental treatise.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Philip, the King, and Other Poems. By JOHN MASEFIELD. 12mo, pp. 141. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

ONLY five poems: one dramatic, "Philip, the King"; two narrative, "The Wanderer" and "The River"; one meditative, "August, 1914"; and one a mood, "Watching By a Sick-Bed." "Philip, the King," a one-act drama, has a striking, perhaps an intentional, timeliness just now in the war-situation in Europe. The theme is Philip the Second of Spain, his towering ambition for world-dominion, his mighty Armada sent against England, the Armada's fate, the overwhelming defeat of his fierce intentions, and the downfall of his pride. The drama opens in 1588 with King Philip on his knees engaging the omnipotent God to be his ally. See how devout he is. Hear him pray: "Lord, I am Philip whom thou hast made king of half the world. Thou knowest, Lord, how great a fleet I have fitted out to destroy the English. Lord, I beseech thee, keep that great Armada, now in battle, I trust, upon the English coast. Protect my ships, O Lord, from tempest and shipwreck and in the day of battle. Of thy mercy, Lord, let some word come to me from my fleet, that I may know thy will concerning it. Amen. Amen." Up gets he from his knees. In comes his daughter, who says: "How my heart sickens for the want of news. What if we lose?" "Why should we lose?" asks Philip. "Because of too much pride, planning for glory, not as Scripture bade. In my dreams last night, I heard a horn blowing forlorn. It seemed to come from far away, from men of Spain at bay, blowing for help. And now I fear that we have angered Him who humbles the pride of kings." Says Philip: "What we have done cannot be hateful to God. My heart flushed and glowed as my fleet sailed away, my fleet that darkens the spray." "But," answers the Princess, "in my ears ring these ill-omened words about the pride of kings: '*Pride is the evil that destroys a land.*'" Then Philip speaks of the un-

conquerable greatness of his fleet, and the Princess describes its putting out from harbor:

"Yes, I saw it sail.

All a long summer day those ships defiled.
I never saw so many nor so grand;
They wandered down the tide and cleared the land,
And ranked themselves like pikemen, clump to clump.
Then in the silence came the Admiral's trump,
And from those hundreds of expectant ships,
From bells and cannonade and sailors' lips,
And from the drums and trumpets of the foot
Burst such a roaring thunder of salute
As filled my heart with wonder like a cup.
They cheered Saint James's banner going up—
Golden Saint James, whose figure blew out fair,
High on the flagship's mast in the blue air,
Rippling the gold. Then all the city bells,
Fired like the singing spheres some spirit impels,
Rang in the rocking belfries, the guns roared,
Each human soul there shook like tautened cord.
And to that Christian march the singing priests
Bore up the blessed banners. Even the beasts
Ramped at the challenge of that shouting crowd.
Then, as the wind came fair, the Armada bowed.
Those hundreds of great vessels, ranked in line,
Buried their bows and heaped the bubbled brine
In gleams before them. So they marched; the van,
Led by De Leyva, like slipped greyhounds, ran
To spy the English. On the right and left
By Valdes and his friend the seas were cleft;
Moncada's gallies weltered like a weir,
Flanking Recalde, bringing up the rear,
While in the midst Saint James's banner marched,
Blowing toward England till the flagpole arched.
Onward they swept the sea, the flagship's side
Smoked from her cannon's hail; she took her stride,
Leaned and stretched forward.

I was conscious then
That I beheld the greatest fleet that men
Ever sent seaward. And now, who knows
What has befallen them or where they are?"

Once more Philip the Second prays the Lord to guard his ships and bring them safely home, and then solemnly exclaims before the Lord: "How splendidly my nations hold their way, marching with banners through the fields of Time. I am Earth's greatest man." But on this self-gratulation breaks the tidings of defeat, first announced by spirit-voices from the air, crying: "Brought to a byword is the Spaniard's brag and ruined is his grand inheritance. Aha, you beaten King, you blinded fool! Scream, for your empire tumbles from your rule. Philip, your navy is beneath the waves. Drake and the English and the fierce storms of Heaven have made

way with them." Then Philip the Second wants to quit fighting, wants his war to end. He has enough and prays:

"O God, beloved God, in pity send
That blessed rose among the thorns—an end:
Give a bruised spirit peace."

Now all this belongs to "far-off unhappy things and battles far away." It happened in the bad old sixteenth century. What has it to do with this sweet, peaceful, happy twentieth century, far from those old scenes? John Masefield is most at home in the fields and on the sea and he is at his best in narrative poetry, at least his special, unique, and proprietary gift seems to us to lie there. One narrative poem in this volume is of the Wanderer, a mystery-ship, half spectral, wholly real at last, whose weird story of strange disappearance, ill fortunes, given up for lost, is told in twenty pages, which bring her at last to lie at anchor in the peaceful bay with Christmas hymns floating around her, a kind of parable perhaps of human life, long storm-tossed, ending in a quiet harbor. Here is the end, told with Masefield's peculiar elation and charm. After a night of storm, with a great gale roaring through the sky, the wind veered and blew the clouds away and sank to rest:

"And then men looked upon a glittering earth,
Intensely sparkling like a world new-born:
Only to look was spiritual birth.
All of the valley was aloud with brooks;
I walked the morning, breasting up the fells,
Taking again lost childhood from the rooks,
Whose cawing came above the Christmas bells.
I had not walked that glittering world before,
But up the hill a prompting came to me,
'This line of upland runs along the shore:
Beyond the hedgerow I shall see the sea.'
And on the instant from beyond away
That long familiar sound, a ship's bell, broke
The hush below me in the unseen bay.
Old memories came: that inner prompting spoke.
And bright above the hedge a seagull's wings
Flashed and were steady upon empty air.
'A Power unseen,' I cried, 'prepares these things;
Those are her bells, the Wanderer is there.'
So, hurrying to the hedge and looking down,
I saw a mighty bay's wind-crinkled blue
Ruffling the image of a tranquil town,
With lapsing waters glittering as they grew.
And near me in the road the shipping swung,
So stately and so still in such great peace
That like to drooping crests their colors hung,
Only their shadows trembled without cease.
I did but glance upon those anchored ships.
Even as my thought had told, I saw her plain;
Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,
Swift as at pause, the Wanderer come again—

Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
 Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
 Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
 Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.
 And as I looked, one of her men began
 To sing some simple tune of Christmas day;
 Among her crew the song spread, man to man,
 Until the singing rang across the bay;
 And soon in other anchored ships the men
 Joined in the singing with clear throats, until
 The farm-boy heard it up the windy glen,
 Above the noise of sheep-bells on the hill."

Among the poems inspired by the present awful war in Europe there is perhaps none which, judged as pure poetry, surpasses Masfield's nineteen verses entitled "August, 1914." Twenty-eight pages of this volume are occupied by a narrative poem called "The River"—telling of a ship which had come half across the world, trampling a thousand million billows under foot, now approaching port, taut and fine and proud, with all her colors trailing out like hair, only to be caught and sucked down by a whirlpool in the river's mouth and gored to death by the spars of a previous wreck sunk in the sand at the bottom: all her crew drowned in the fo'castle like rats in a trap because the door is blocked by accident and cannot be burst open. Then in the evening a tiger creeps down to the river-brink to drink, sees the ripples of the River smacking their lips over the just-swallowed prey; and seeing that the River has a devouring lust more fierce and full than his, roars and bounds back to his coverts. The last of the five poems Masfield gives us in this volume is the mood of one who is "Watching By a Sick-Bed," and who listens through the night to the wind, and the rain, and the sea, and the rocks resisting the waves.

Essays on Books. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Lamson Professor of English Literature at Yale University. 12mo, pp. 319. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

THIRTEEN essays, by a brilliant and fascinating university professor and popular lecturer, on Carlyle's Love-Letters, Mark Twain, Schopenhauer and Omar, Dickens, Realism and Reality in Fiction, Schiller's Personality and Influence, and other similar topics. The essay on The Poet Herrick appeared first in our METHODIST REVIEW. The longest of the essays is on Richardson and fills 113 pages. Concerning Richardson's greatest work, *Clarissa Harlowe*, we may quote Thackeray, who met Macaulay in India. Thackeray says: "The ordinary amusements with which, in the more settled parts of India, our countrymen beguile the rainy season, were wanting in a settlement that had only lately been reclaimed from the desert. . . . There were no books in the place except those that Macaulay had brought with him; among which, most luckily, was *Clarissa Harlowe*. I spoke to him about *Clarissa*. 'Not read *Clarissa*!' he cried out. 'If you have once read *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season in the Hills; and there were the governor-general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-

in-chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The governor's wife seized the book; the secretary waited for it; the chief-justice could not read it for tears. He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the Athenæum library. I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book: of that book, and of what countless piles of others! An old Scotch doctor, a Jacobin and a free thinker, who could hardly be got to attend church by the positive orders of the governor-general, cried over the last volume until he was too ill to appear at dinner. The chief secretary—afterward as Sir William Macnaughten, the hero and victim of the darkest episode in our Indian history—declared that reading this copy of *Clarissa* under the inspiration of its owner's enthusiasm was nothing less than an epoch in his life. After the lapse of years, when Ootacamund had long enjoyed the advantage of a book-club and a circulating library, the tradition of Macaulay and his novel still lingered on with a tenacity most unusual in the ever-shifting society of an Indian station. To those who have ears to hear, the narrative of *Clarissa* is as thrilling in its intensity and as powerful in its accumulation of tragic suffering, as it was when first uttered. An American critic declared the other day that he attempted to reread *Clarissa*, and simply could not; for he continually burst out crying. Mr. Birrell quote Napoleon as 'a true Richardsonian,' and says, '*Clarissa* Harlowe has a place not merely among English novels, but among English women.' And as a final shot to the Philistines, he remarks, 'There is nothing to be proud of, I can assure you, in not being able to read *Clarissa* Harlowe, or to appreciate the genius which created Lovelace.' '*Clarissa*,' said one of the best modern French critics, M. Joseph Texte, 'is a truly living creation. . . . Hers is the first complete biography of a woman in modern fiction.' *Clarissa* produces upon its readers various effects. Some are thrilled, and others bored. Horace Walpole remarked, 'Richardson wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, *Clarissa*, and Sir Charles Grandison, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a book-seller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher.' On the other hand, the brilliant and beautiful Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, every whit as sophisticated, *blasée*, and worldly minded as Walpole, said: 'This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner.'" From one of Mark Twain's books Professor Phelps gives us a dialogue between a profane old sea-captain, Hurricane Jones, and a well-known New England clergyman, who figures in the story as "Peters." The captain did not know that Peters was a minister, so he undertook to explain the Bible miracles to his passenger. In particular the captain gave an exegesis of the discomfiture of the prophets of Baal by Elijah. We venture to print it here because it can serve as a deserved parody on some of the naturalistic explanations of miracles given by certain ridiculous biblical critics and re-constructors of Scripture. The fact that the captain called Elijah "Isaac" is merely an unimportant detail, and does not in any way vitiate the value of his interesting commentary: "Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along

the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tucked out, and they owned up and quit. What does Isaac do, now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished, for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got white-washed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels.' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads—'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray; he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government, and all the usual program, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then all of a sudden when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of water? Petroleum, sir. PETROLEUM! That's what it was!" "Petroleum, captain?" "Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how't was done." Of Nietzsche, Professor Phelps says: "His influence is already on the wane; for he is not only no god, he knows less of the meaning of life than does a little child." On pessimism we have this: "The peculiar mark of Schopenhauer is that he is a pessimist in cold blood. His system is indeed just the reverse of that of Carlyle, who denounced the age and the men of the age, but who believed in a beneficent order of the universe and in the divine potentiality of human nature: it is altogether different from the pessimism of the Book of Ecclesiastes, emphasizing the vanity and suffering of life, but finding one key to the mystery in fearing God and keeping his commandments. Schopenhauer's pessimism is coldly philosophical, one might almost say mathematical. Except in places where he flings mud at the professors of philosophy, his book nowhere sounds like the tone of a soured or disappointed man; the writer is in mental equipoise, in perfect possession of his wits. It took him four years—from the age of twenty-six to the age of thirty—to complete his work for the press, and he wrote only during the first three hours of the morning, when the cream of his rich mind rose to the top. We can easily imagine him seated before a warm fire, with his dressing-gown and slippers on, placidly writing off his theory that the world is a mirror of hell; that life and suffering are identical; that consciousness is the cardinal error of nature; that human existence is a tragedy, with the dignity of tragedy taken away. Both Schopenhauer and Omar are fatalists, believing in the despotism of destiny; both believe that the soul of man is ultimately lost in death's dateless night. Yet their ethical solutions of the eternal problem are

contrary. Schopenhauer says, 'You must escape from yourself by asceticism,' Omar says, 'You must escape from yourself by plunging into pleasure.'" Perhaps the extract which will be most appetizing to possible purchasers of this book is the following on our Quaker Poet, given without quotation marks: Whittier would seem to illustrate Tolstoy's definition of art; if I understand the Russian apostle, he maintains that Poetry, Fiction, and Drama should be written wholly under the impulse of the religious consciousness. For this reason he despised Shakespeare, and regarded his own tracts as greater than *Anna Karenina*. Whittier's poetic creed would surely have pleased him. To the sensation-seeker, Whittier's poems seem to lack many of the qualities that have brought permanent fame to other writers. The eternal and predominant theme of poetry—Love-Passion—is conspicuous by its almost complete absence; we search in vain for the salt of humor; there is very little internal struggle; for, while Whittier's religious faith was weak in dogma, it was strong in assurance; the swift march of his narrative is often delayed by didactic *impedimenta*; and his imagination seldom soars to a thrilling height. Yet he unquestionably belongs to the glorious company of true poets. In the first place, he had something which is the real foundation of Art, as it is of Character—absolute Sincerity. Both the man and the poet were simply incapable of deliberate falsehood. His best poems are transparent like a mountain lake. The pure in heart shall see God; and they see many lowly things as well, for their eyes are clairvoyant, unclouded by selfish desire. No taint of self-pity mars—as it does in Byron—Whittier's poems of Nature. He could not interpret Nature like Wordsworth, but he could *accurately portray in verse the things that he saw*, a rare gift. His pictures of the New England winter landscape are too familiar to quote; but he is something more than a snow-poet. The very Genius of Summer is in these lines:

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold,
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the moon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—grey heliotrope,
And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus leads
To the pervading symphony of peace.

Such passages class Whittier among our foremost American poets of nature; and they prove that in fidelity to detail he was as sincere artistically as he was morally in his attacks upon slavery. Again, if Hawthorne was, as has been happily said, the Ghost of New England, Whittier was its Soul. The rocky hillside of the North Shore had complete dominion over his heart. And (whether we like it or not) New England, though narrow geographically, has always held the intellectual and moral hegemony of America. There was a vast difference between the Yankee farmer and a European peasant. The former owned the land that he tilled, as his fathers had before him. The Yankee farmers were often poor; but they were never servile; they were kings, recognizing no superior but God. Whittier knew the Massachusetts farmer's life as well as any man who ever lived; and no one has ever expressed it better than he. His poetic realism is both external and internal. He gives us naively all the details of the farm, together with the spirit of the New England home. Busy men in city offices, who had been born and bred in the country, read Snow-Bound in a golden glow of reminiscence. The picture is simply final in its perfection, without and within. Not only is it perfect in outline, but perfect in its expression of the castlelike security and proud independence of the Home. The right word to describe the inner meaning of this poem is unfortunately not in the English language, and it is rather curious that we must seek it in the French. The French, as has been wearisomely pointed out, have no word for home; but we have no word that exactly expresses the significance of *foyer*. It is, however, the real basis of Whittier's greatest poem. Finally, in the wide field of Religious Poetry, Whittier achieved true greatness. Some one has said that the Puritans represented the Old Testament, and the Quakers the New. Surely, no religious sect in the world has ever had a finer history in virtues of omission and commission than the Society of Friends. Whittier is primarily a Christian poet, a child of faith. He fulfills one of the highest functions of the poet—he not only inspires us in the midst of the daily work and drudgery, but he comforts and sustains weary and sore hearts. He followed the gleam. Like that old Churchman, George Herbert, Whittier's intense piety did not restrict one iota the bounds of his immense charity. The same spirit that kept him from hating the slaveholders made him a genuine admirer of men whose religious principles he could not follow. His poem, "The Eternal Goodness," embraces a larger number of true Christians than the Apostles' Creed. On the more positive side, it is pleasant to note his manly, sturdy defense of his sect in the verses called "The Meeting." I have always believed that this particular poem was inspired by Browning's "Christmas Eve." The definite attitude toward religious worship taken by both poets is precisely similar. They both cheerfully recognize the ignorance and uncouthness of the pious band; but there each chose to abide, for there each thought he found the largest measure of sincerity. It is a splendid tribute to the essential goodness of popular taste that Whittier has triumphed and will triumph over all the modern sensational poets who delight in clever paradoxes, affected forms of speech, and in mentioning the unmentionable. The "Complete Poetical Works" of Whittier are aglow with

the divine fire of a great Personality—a personality whose influence makes for everything that is best in civilization, and which had to so high a degree the childlike simplicity of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Little Women Letters from the House of Alcott. Selected by JESSIE BONWELL and MARIAN DE FOREST. 12mo, pp. 195. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, cloth, illustrated, \$1.25, net.

FIRST, he is a boy on a sterile New England farm, hardened to its rugged life of labor and self-denial and make-shifts. As he guides the plow he holds a book and reads. At noon he lets the team graze long while he curls up in the shade of a big elm and studies. When farm work permits he attends the country school near his father's house for brief periods. His favorite books are the Bible and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Among hills and fields and woods and rocks and streams the lad finds God, who is to him a living, present reality. The boy and God are friends. (This friendship runs all through his life in after years, through his teaching and his writing and his parenthood.) The boy has a thoughtful and reflective mind and a pure heart, as later years will show. Next, he is a young peddler-student "Way down South," tramping the Southern countryside, selling buttons, pins, and needles, tape and elastic, silk and cotton thread, and other articles suited to the wants of country house-wives; an itinerant merchant carrying his store on his back, fighting off or pacifying savage dogs, passing from plantation to plantation, receiving sometimes a rebuff and sometimes a welcome, now and then obliged to beg from the planter a night's lodging. From his peddling trips he brings back some cash and more experience to the home-farm. Part of that money is added to the scanty family funds; but part goes to buy books, such as *Vicar of Wakefield* and Johnson's *Rasselas*. Next, he is teacher of a New England country school, in which his methods are so original and successful, his personality so winsome and controlling, that the fame of his success in teaching spreads abroad. The high-minded young farmer-peddler seems to have found his proper place and is happy in his work. Then God sent a Boston girl the young school-teacher's way, and, after three years of letter-writing courtship, Bronson Alcott and Abigail May were married in King's Chapel, Boston. Their home was made, after a time, in Concord. The book before us lets us into the life of that wonderful home, with its four "Little Women"; a home where high ideals dwelt with poverty in superb independence and in a simplicity almost as bare as the gray stones of the field or the white sides of a marble-quarry; a home which had something in its severe plainness, beside which most richly adorned homes would seem cheap, tawdry, garish, and vulgar; a home whose clean poverty made luxury look coarse, fat, common, and sensual; a home which no more needed the upholsterer's or decorator's art than an elm tree needs for its grace and dignity to be festooned with ribbons or tricked out with trinkets or tagged with gewgaws; a home in which Emerson saw the height of elegance so that he wrote: "The height of elegance is to have few wants and to serve them yourself"; a home every look into which is cleansing, ennobling, unspeakably refining; a home full of the loves and purities, ideals and aspirations, virtues and graces that save the world; a home

which reduced the importance of the physical to a minimum, and raised the intellectual and spiritual to a maximum. Now, in these late after-years, when that family is no more on earth, intimate treasures of that home are spread before us here; letters from parents to children and from children to parents, admitting us to the very holy-of-holies. Extraordinary moral purity and high intellectuality marked the Alcott home: these triumphed over poverty. Over the fireplace on the chimney piece was painted this epigram written by Ellery Channing:

"The Hills are reared, the Valleys scooped in vain,
If Learning's Altars vanish from the plain."

The Alcott house was so old that it was thrown into the bargain as fit only for firewood when the place was purchased. But Alcott braced it and fixed it so as to be inhabitable by a family inured to hardness and even to actual want, a family which ate no meat, but, as four-year-old Louisa said cheerily, "Did pitty well on a vegetable diet." The Alcott family knew how to keep austere poverty clean, how to make it the friend, and not the enemy, of dignity, how to fill it with keen and vivid interest. Parents and children were marvels of intellectual activity. Anna and her father held moral discussions when she was four. Louisa kept a journal, printing it in letters before she could write. Little Anna wrote her mother: "Was not Heraclitus, that father read about to-day, a dear good man? I wanted to kiss Heraclitus and hug him up." Was ever such enthusiasm seen in a child, aged eight, over a long-deceased classical gentleman? In the same letter the truthful little girl told her mother: "I dearly love to write to you when I feel like it. I have not been as good this week as I wish I had, but I had a beautiful time this morning walking with Louisa." Ten-year-old Louisa recorded this in her journal: "I wrote in my imagination book, and enjoyed it very much. Life is pleasanter than it used to be, and I don't care about dying any more. Had a splendid run, and got a box of pine cones to burn. Sat and heard the pines sing a long time. Had good dreams, and woke now and then to think, and watch the moon. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy." This birthday message to Anna is a sample of Bronson Alcott's letters to his children: "This is your eleventh birthday, and, my daughter, what shall I say to you? Shall I say something to please or to instruct you—to flatter or benefit you? I know you dislike being pleased unless the pleasure make you better, and you dislike all flattery. And you know too, that your father never gave you a word of flattery in his life. So there remains for you the true and purest pleasure of being instructed and benefited by words of love and the deepest regard for your improvement in all that shall make you more happy in yourself and beautiful to others. And so I shall speak plainly to you of yourself, and of my desire for your improvement in several important things. *First, Your Manners.* Try to be more gentle. You like gentle people and every one is more agreeable as he cultivates this habit. None can be agreeable who are destitute of it and how shall you become more gentle? Only by governing your passions, and cherishing your love to everyone who is near you. Love is gentle: Hate is violent.

Love is well-mannered; selfishness is rude, vulgar. Love gives sweet tone to the voice, and makes the countenance lovely. Love then, and grow fair and agreeable. *Second, Be Patient.* This is one of the most difficult things to everyone, old or young. But it is also one of the greatest things. And this comes of Love too. Love is Patient: it bears; it suffers long; it is kind; it is beautiful; it makes us like angels. Patience is, indeed, angelic; it is the Gate that opens into the House of Happiness. Open it, my daughter, and enter in and take all your sisters in with you. *Third, Be Resolute.* Shake off all Sluggishness, and follow your Confidence as fast as your feelings, your thoughts, your eye, your hand, your foot, will carry you. Hate all excuses: almost always, these are lies. Be quick in your obedience: delay is a laggard, who never gets up with himself, and loses the company of confidence always. Resolution is the ladder to Happiness. Resolve and be a wise and happy girl. *Fourth, Be Diligent.* Put your heart into all you do: and fix your thoughts on your doings. Halfness is almost as bad as nothing: be whole then in all you do and say. But I am saying a great deal and will stop now with the hope of meeting you on the 16th March, 1843 (the good God sparing us till then) a gentler, a meeker, more determined and obliging girl." Such a gift to an eleven-year-old girl on her birthday! One would expect not kindly counsel, but a toy, a picture book, something pretty for her body, not much for her mind. The spirituality and the wisdom of the poet-philosopher shine in this letter. Here is how Bronson Alcott's wife stood by him. On account of his ill-success in providing for his family, her relatives on more than one occasion besought the faithful wife to leave him. A letter from her brother, urging this step, drew forth from her this defense of her husband: "If I do not mistake the spirit as well as letter of your remark you would have us believe that a righteous retribution has overtaken us (or my husband, and we are one), and that the world is justly punishing him for not having conciliated it, by conforming to its wills and ways. You say that my husband was told ten years ago, that the world could not understand him. It perhaps fell dead on his ears and ever will. There is no human voice can convince him that the path he has chosen to tread, thorny, bleak, solitary, as it is, is not the right one for him. Just so did that man of Nazareth whom all the world profess to admire and adore, but few imitate; and these few are the laughing-stock of the Christian community. They are branded as visionaries and fools. But this little band when alone and disencumbered of idle observation, enjoy the recital of their privations; they have been reviled, but they revile not again; they know sorrow and are acquainted with grief; and yet there is joy in that group of sinless men, such as angels might desire to partake of. I am not writing poetry, but I have tried to place before your mind, in as brief, but clear a manner as I am able, our real condition, and Mr. Alcott's merit as a man, who, though punished and neglected by a wicked world, has much to console and encourage him in the confidence and cooperation of some of the wisest and best men living. Ten such, were they permitted in their several vocations to act as teachers, preachers, and printers, would save our wicked city from the ruin that awaits it. But they are turned, like

the Nazarene, into solitary places to lament the blindness and folly of mankind, who are following the vain and fleeting shadow for the real and abiding substance. But to return to Mr. Alcott, is he to sell his soul, or what is the same thing, his principles, for the bread that perisheth? No one will employ him in his way; he cannot work in theirs, if he thereby involve his conscience. He is so resolved in this matter that I believe he will starve and freeze before he will sacrifice principle to comfort. In this, I and my children are necessarily implicated: we make and mean to make all the sacrifices we can to sustain him, but we have less to sustain us in the spirit, and therefore, are more liable to be overcome of the flesh. He has for a long time gone without everything which he could not produce by his own labor, from his own place, that no one could in truth reproach him with wantonly eating of the fruits of another's labor. He was sent for by friends in Hingham to talk with them; which he did two evenings; his expenses were paid and twenty-three dollars put into his hands as a slight compensation for the benefit they felt he had conferred upon them by his conversations. I should like to copy the note accompanying it, but you never care to see how his fellow fanatics rave on these holy themes, life, duty, destiny of man. Thus he occasionally finds a market for his thoughts and experiences, which, though inadequate to our support, is richly prized as the honest gains of an innocent and righteous labor. You spoke of his 'poetical wardrobe,' whether in satire or in a worthier spirit, I cannot tell. However spiritual he may have become, there is still enough of the carnal to feel the chills of winter, and the chillier blasts of satire. His tatters are the rags of righteousness and keep him warmer than they would anyone whose spirit was less cheered and warmed by the fires of eternal love and truth." "Our Alcott," said Emerson, "has only just missed being a seraph." Alcott's daughter, Louisa, once described her father's appearance when he arrived on the train: "His clothing was poor and threadbare, but neat. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God." Thoreau once said: "One of the last of the philosophers. In early life he peddled wares. In after years he peddled his brains. His words and attitude always suppose a better state of things than other men are acquainted with, and he will be the least disappointed of men when the ages revolve. Though disregarded now, when his day comes laws unsuspected by most will take effect and rulers will heed his advice." When Alcott's writings were ridiculed by "practical men," Emerson urged him thus: "Write! Whether they bear or forbear. The written word abides until, slowly and unexpectedly and in widely sundered places, it has created its own church." To W. H. Furness, Emerson wrote: "I shall always love you for loving Alcott. He is a great man, the god with the herdsman of Admetus. His conversation is sublime, yet when I see how he is underestimated I fancy none but I has heard him talk." In the late years Emerson said: "Alcott is certainly the youngest man of his years that we have seen. When I look at his gray hairs his conversation sounds pathetic; but I look again and they seem like the gray dawn of a bright morning." Which recalls Longfellow's lines on Evangeline when the first signs of age became visible:

"Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,—
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

A wonderful home indeed was that of the farmer-philosopher-saint, at Concord; parents and children alike out of and superior to the ordinary. Bronson Alcott was no idler. "Dear Plato" his daughter Louisa called him on his fifty-second birthday. But thinking was not his only occupation. He counted no toll hard and no labor lowly. He was not ashamed to work for hire all day in his neighbor's field, while nightly presiding over high conversations with a company of his peers, such as Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Elizabeth Cheney, Elizabeth Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and James Russell Lowell. The world, pierced with a sense of its own inferiority, must stand in awe before such a home, a home which shows how contemptible are the mere *things* which men possess in comparison with the shining treasures of the Spirit. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament. By the Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A., M.P. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xii + 216. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

The Romance of Preaching. Yale Lectures on Preaching. By CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE, With an Introduction by CHARLES R. BROWN, D.D., and a Biographical Sketch by HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THESE two volumes by a skillful workman of the kingdom of God are supplementary and should be read together. From a flourishing suburban church in Kensington Mr. Horne went to Whitefield's Tabernacle, which was situated in a cosmopolitan area in London, and gave himself with passionate devotion to this gigantic undertaking in the interest of militant Christianity. The first volume in this notice contains reflections from his many-sided experiences of work; it is also an appeal to duty made to the entire church. Horne aimed to make Whitefield's a free church, with freedom to adapt the services and methods of work to the people who were to be won, so that the church might stand for all that is most human and most social, under whose roof all comers would receive hospitality. His ambition was to make his church a place in the atmosphere of which men would realize the advantages of religion. "I have long been of opinion," he says, "that the most powerful factor in breaking down unbelief is not even the word of a prophet—were such a man to be found in our prosaic times—but the atmosphere of faith created by men who are spiritually alive and morally at one." This volume is a thrilling record of experiment and achievement, without a dull page. The notes of a militant and evangelic Christianity are heard throughout this breezy book. Questions relating to industrial unrest, social upheaval, religious indifference, drunkenness, international peace, immigration, politics, the unchurched, are here faced and in many respects solved

by this knight-errant of modern Christianity. The chapter on "The Pax Humana" has elements of prophetic power in the light of present events in Europe. Another chapter, entitled, "Men, My Brothers," records the successful work among men in the name of the Brotherhood of Christ. Horne was severely criticized because he took such an active part in politics, but, like Hugh Price Hughes, who received similar censure, and whom he resembled in many ways, Horne was at his best as an evangelist. His friend, Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, said that Horne was usually kept at the Tabernacle until ten o'clock on Sunday evenings, dealing with inquirers. The chapter entitled "King Alcohol" is a chronicle of struggle and victory. The chapter on "The House of Commons" will be read with interest, as it deals with Horne's political career as a member of Parliament. Here is a striking quotation: "Political passions, like all other passions, may be either noble or ignoble. The politician, to whatever party he may belong, who is honestly and genuinely inspired with zeal for a great cause need never apologize for his enthusiasm. Some churches, I know, would be ashamed to see their ministers in the thick of the fight for social betterment and political progress; but it would be well for those churches if they never had anything worse to blush for. The darkest vices of churches are bred not in the arena, but in the convent. It is not enterprise that hurts any of us, but stagnation and apathy. No church has ever yet perished of too great a zeal for the poor, or too sacrificial a love of freedom. Churches will survive the mistakes they make in trying to help their fellows; what they will not survive is the attitude of detachment when the destinies of people are in the balance." This book must be reckoned with by all who are interested in the social applications of Christianity, because it throbs with life and is passionately concerned with the actual needs and transformations of people. Those who knew Horne best say that he was preeminently a preacher. His Yale lectures on "The Romance of Preaching" have the tonic qualities of an exceptionally recuperative character. He sets forth the glory of preaching with eloquence and exaltation. It is sad to recall the fact that, three days after the delivery of these lectures, Horne died in Canada on his way to preach at the University of Toronto. We are here reminded of the greatness of the preacher's vocation and the wonderful privilege of being a servant of the Spirit, to minister to the deep needs of humanity. To this end the minister must himself be kindled in soul so that he may impart soul-vitality to his hearers. The vivid historical sketches which are found in the subsequent lectures of this volume recall one of Horne's earlier books, entitled, "A Popular History of the Free Churches," which he described as the story of an unconquerable spirit dedicated to the service of an indestructible ideal. He compares John Wesley to Moses, the first prophet: "His nearest successor in modern times was John Wesley, whose whole preaching was colored by his classical learning, who abounded in illustrations drawn from the ancients, and yet the originality of whose spiritual experience was the secret of his unique influence over his generation." The lectures on "The Passion of Evangelism," illustrated by the careers of Wesley and White-

field, will be read with great interest. "The ministry that is not an evangelistic ministry is not in the full sense a Christian ministry, for we cannot obey our Lord's command and leave his divine appeal unuttered to those who are heedless and unresponsive." We seem to hear a Methodist in these sentences: "In the true church it is always springtime. From January to December is one season of regeneration. Revival is often thought of as spasmodic and occasional; but that is our fault. It is normal. The Resurrection time is not at Easter alone. There is not a moment of any day, in any year, when we may not rise with Christ into newness of life and walk in his ways with transfigured spirits. All this goes to make up the charm, the fascination, the rapture, the romance of the ministry." The lectures on "The Royalty of the Pulpit," "The Rulers of Peoples," and "The Founders of Freedom" are illustrated by luminous studies of Athanasius, Chrysostom, Savonarola, Calvin, Knox, and John Robinson. On the subject of expository preaching he says some fine things: "It has always seemed to me that there is much force in the modern appeal for more expository preaching. I only submit that it must be *preaching*. The classroom is one place, the pulpit is another. The closest possible application is needful in the study if we are to be sound interpreters of the gospel; and the new Renaissance which some of us will live to see, when the interest of the people will be rekindled in the best and greatest of all books, may very likely come along the line of systematic and scientific exposition. But we have got to *preach* our exposition. I mean that the same passion for souls, the same constraining love of humanity, must burn and glow in our expository discourses." The most brilliant illustration of recent expository preaching is without doubt The Expositions of Alexander Maclaren, whose volumes on the entire Bible are a veritable mine of invaluable material for the preacher. The value of these two volumes is greatly enhanced by their biographical and autobiographical features. What the preacher most needs is to know how other men have done things and the secret of their exploits for Christ. Read these two books and you will receive inspiration that will increase your efficiency and service for the kingdom of God.

Twice-Born Men in America. By HARRIET EARNHART MONROE. 12mo, pp. 118. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price, cloth, illustrated, 75 cents.

SELDOM have we found so much spiritual dynamic in the space of one hundred and eighteen pages. Nothing recently issued by the Lutherans pleases us quite so much. The subtitle of the book is "The Psychology of Conversion as Seen by a Christian Psychologist in Rescue Mission Work." The author's psychology and theology are thoroughly scientific, sound, and convincing. Her chapters are clinical studies of sinful human nature in its deepest and most decisive experiences. They furnish indubitable demonstration of what evangelical divinity schools teach, and will make good collateral reading for all theologues. If a professor should lecture upon it, he would be driving straight to the heart of the Christian business. From a chair of psychology to Rescue Mission work among drunkards, outcasts, and criminals is not transition often made. The preface says:

"When I taught psychology I was greatly impressed by the fact that the books gave no adequate analysis of the psychology of the greatest mental and moral change which can come to the human mind, namely, conversion and regeneration. A Rescue Mission gives a great opportunity to study mental and moral changes, and my observations and conclusions, made from years of study, are herein embodied. This book is sent forth with the earnest hope and prayer that it will lead many souls to Christ; also that it will show earnest laymen just how to bring about that psychological change which we call conversion. A Sunday school teacher who brings only ninety per cent of her students through the process of conversion and regeneration is ninety per cent a success and ten per cent failure. The same is true of a pastor with a class of catechumens. 'Ye must be born again,' is just as true to-day as it ever was, and if we believed it as Paul believed it, what live wires we would be. This book is to remind us that Jesus saves to the uttermost in our day, just as he did when he visibly walked this earth." For twelve years the author was among the workers of the Sunday Breakfast Association in Philadelphia, Pa. The Sunday Breakfast is one of the largest Rescue Missions of this country. Mrs. Monroe tells how God called her: "When I moved from Washington to Philadelphia, I found myself very lonely. I had been president of a Collegiate Institute at Atchison, Kan., from 1870 to 1885, when, because of failure of health, I came East, and took up literary work. At Washington, where I lived from 1885 to 1888, I soon came in contact with literary people, and belonged to both literary and scientific clubs, some of whose members are to this day strong personal friends. But in the twelve years in Philadelphia I never became much acquainted with university people, authors' clubs, Browning or Shakespeare clubs, although I knew they were all there. God had to break me loose from too great devotion to that side of life in order to use me for more spiritual work. One evening, in the summer of 1888, I came along Arch Street where, in a basement room at Broad and Arch, some women were holding a prayer service. I entered and joined with them. Three poor, ragged, soiled men were converted. I saw the women were even more inexperienced with the phenomena of sudden conversions than I was. So I stepped forward and pledged the converts to a Christian life. Then I appealed to the good men present to see that the converts had a good meal that night, and asked for work for them. Good men at once promised both. When the meeting was dismissed a gentleman came to me and said, 'We need you at the Sunday Breakfast Association to speak next Sunday night. We shall have over one thousand men present, all needing to find God. You are one of the women who can speak without any of the Little Johnny death-bed scenes, and we need you.' I replied, 'If you asked me to talk on Dickens, Shakespeare, or any literary character, I could easily do it, but to win souls to Christ, I am not at all sure I could do it.' He did not argue, he simply said, 'I give you your opportunity.' That startled me, and I said, 'I will try.' So the next Sunday evening at the Breakfast Association I made my first talk before an audience largely of the submerged tenth. The galleries and the platform were filled with well-

dressed people, and, instead of trying to save some soul, I tried to make a fine speech. My rhetoric was perfect, my periods nicely rounded, my illustrations pertinent, and I sat down pretty well satisfied with my fine self. Mr. Bean saw what I had done, so he shook a few grains out of all the chaff I had given them, made the application, and let me down as easily as he could. But while I sat there God's Spirit dealt with me. 'What if a mother of one of these lost men had had your opportunity,' said God's Spirit, 'would she have talked platitudes to the galleries and the platform? Would she? Would she?' I saw my sin. As I fled from the house I nearly cried aloud in my shamefaced grief. When I got to my room I went to my knees and I cried to God my deep shame, 'Dear Father, I have sinned. I know now that is not my work. My business is to instruct the intellect. I will leave the winning of souls to preachers and mothers. Help me to bear the testimony of a well-ordered Christian life, speaking for thee in my own social set, but I am not equal to facing those who have looked long into the eyes of sin and suffering and sorrow, and are uncomforted with a knowledge of thy grace.' So I felt I had disposed of that, and determined to keep to literature for evermore. The next day the card of a woman whom I had met in the highest social circles of Washington was sent to my room. As I came down through the hall I saw in front of the house her carriage with footman and driver and team of Kentucky-bred horses. When I entered she broke out in a sort of wail, 'I hear you spoke at the Breakfast Association last night.' 'Yes, and made a great guy of myself. I do not expect to ever go there again, except as a spectator. I fear I am more literary than religious.' I wish I could describe the next few minutes. Her face blazed. 'You, you!' she said; 'why, you had a father a minister, your mother a praying woman, and you not to go there to speak to lost men, if you have the opportunity! You have had everything which training can give, and you refuse to reach a hand to lost men.' 'Well, what does that concern you?' I said. She sat down. The agony in her face became anguish. She turned white, then red, then back to white, till I feared for her heart. 'What does it concern me! What! What! Well, I must tell you. I have a son who sits down in that awful crowd!' It was my turn now to be moved. 'You?' I said, 'why, you live in a white marble palace, and can it be that your son is a homeless, friendless man?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I live in a white marble palace and I hate it from turret to foundation stone, because my oldest son is not allowed under its roof. He is a drunkard, and will steal everything he can lay his hands on and sell it for drink, so that his father forbids me to see him or to give him money. The last time I saw him he was shoveling coal into a manhole; he looked the part.' Here she tried to give me a large roll of money, as she said, 'Take this, and please go to the Breakfast Association and find my darling boy.' 'Madam, I am not authorized to take money for the Association. Dr. Henderson is the treasurer. Do see him!' 'I will not. Will will know who you are. I told him much of meeting you in Washington. I want you to take this money and find and clothe my sorrowful son; and O, say what I would like to say if I could talk like you! Tell him when he sees a light at the top of

the house that his mother is in the attic praying for him, and will you pray for me that I shall not die under this? Will you pray for my son? Then we two kneeled and poured into the heart of a loving Saviour that story of woe. How she wailed over her own frivolous life, and promised her God a life for him. Nearly all the persons referred to have died, so, though the parties may be recognized in Philadelphia, it cannot now harm anyone. I took the money offered. The next Sunday evening I went to the Association, and my face must have told the story, for when I said to Mr. Bean, 'I have a message,' he let me speak. I selected the words, 'Son, behold thy mother!' I told many incidents of heart-broken mothers because of the sins of their sons, and then I told of Mrs. W., nearly in the above language. Probably two hundred men requested prayer that night, and I saw God could use me for other than literary work. Mr. Bean said, 'That man will not show up till the others have gone,' so I sat down and waited. When nearly everyone had left the room a poor, bleary-eyed youth came to the platform. He said, 'Mrs. Monroe, I am Will W. Do give me some money.' I said, 'Will, do you intend to break your mother's heart? Do you intend to keep on drinking?' 'Now, see here, Mrs. Monroe, I have honestly tried to quit.' Then, pushing up his sleeve, he showed me scars. 'There I have signed the pledge with my own blood, and I cannot quit.' Howard McMaster, one of the Breakfast Association workers, pointed the way to Christ far better than I could. Then he gave him tickets where he could get lodging. I met him the next day at a Turkish bath house. At first they refused to take him, and only by paying a high price could I secure him a bath and proper barbering. I gave him a complete outfit of clothes, and he looked very respectable. Mr. McMasters put a good man on the case to talk with him, to read the New Testament with him, to explain salvation and to help him find God, and to keep at his side whenever possible. My business took me out of town for several weeks; when I came back to the city, I went, of course, the first Sunday evening to the Breakfast Association. After the meeting was over Will W. came slouching up to the platform as vile as when I first saw him. He had sold every article I had given him for drink. This sorrowful experience was repeated about five times, but as good is stronger than evil, the prayers of God's people prevailed, and Mr. McMasters brought him forward to the altar and God met him. His mother's prayers, the Word of God as shown by Howard McMasters and that wonderful divine Spirit made a clean work, and a soul was born to God. We kept him as well guarded as we could. The smells of the street troubled him. For that reason I went to his father's wholesale house on Market Street. I had met Mr. W. with his wife in Washington, and he met me cordially, till I said, 'Mr. W., I have come to talk to you about your oldest son.' He blazed at me, 'Don't you dare to speak to me of my oldest son. He has broken my heart, his mother's heart, and disgraced my name. I will not permit even my wife to speak of him, much less a friend.' 'But he is converted, Mr. W. It will be different now.' 'O! he has a new dodge, has he?' 'Mr. W., you must talk to me fairly about this wrecked young life or refer me to some one who can act in your behalf.'

'Well, see his brother,' and a clerk showed me to the brother's counting-room. He heard my story with sympathy. After stating the case, I said, 'I want you to put him on a truck farm down near Media, and get him away from the smells of Philadelphia.' This was done, though it took several weeks to bring it about. The next Sunday night Will sat on the platform, and testified to the power of God to save. When the meeting had closed, a handsome young woman, wearing a costly tailor-made gown and with the stamp of the patrician in every line of her dainty person, said to me, 'Mrs. Monroe, I am going to marry Will W. this week.' 'O, my dear girl do not risk it till he has proved himself for two years! Do not risk it!' 'You believe he is converted, do you not?' 'Why, yes; but we should see the transforming power of the gospel before you risk your happiness.' 'Will needs me now to help him keep straight. You have not as much faith as you ought to have yourself, or you would believe he will hold out.' What more could I say? They were married. His mother was present at the ceremony, and they went to the farm to live. Will was held by the power of God, and, after much blundering, they made a fair success with a truck farm." After her years in Rescue Mission work in Philadelphia, Mrs. Monroe returned to Washington, and met there an experience which illustrates how affliction sometimes prepares God's servants for greater usefulness, and how the best refuge from intolerable grief is to plunge into Christian work. She says: "In January, 1908, a great calamity came to me in the form of destruction by fire of most of my earthly property and the death in the fire of a loved sister. The event had in it some other elements of great pain not necessary to mention here. If my soul had not been anchored in Jesus, the combination of sorrows would have broken down my mentality and sent me to the asylum. As it was, I stood steadily trusting God, knowing that all things worked together for good to those who love God. I was sure I was a lover of God, and so, while every fiber of my body and soul ached with unspeakable pain, I never doubted God's love, care, and sympathy." In the midst of her grief she received a letter from the president of the Executive Board of the Gospel Mission, saying about this, "Come down to the Gospel Mission, look it over and see if you care to come in with us in the work of saving souls." Within a week she was at work in the Mission. The best service a pastor can render to the bereaved and sorrowing is to engage them in some Christian activity in or beyond the church. Here is the oft-told story of how a sobbing, brokenhearted pastor and a pious beggar-woman brought down a revival: "One reason that hundreds of sermons fail to comfort a saint or convert a sinner is because they fall on prayerless pews. You remember how what is known as the Great New England Revival came about. Dr. Jonathan Edwards was accustomed to go to his church every Saturday afternoon to think and to pray for his people. On one occasion a beggar, known in the town as Old Betty, sat unseen in a back pew. The great preacher put his head down on the Bible and sobbed. As he came out Old Betty said, 'What is it, Dr. Edwards, that so troubles you?' 'Betty, I have not seen a soul converted in this church for a year. Why is it?' 'It is because these pews are prayerless.' 'Will you pray till you get the

answer that God will come in power to this church?" "I will." Betty hid when the janitor came to close the church, and the answer to her soul did not come till the dawning of the morning. The following day Dr. Edwards started as usual to read his sermon, but he soon put it away and began a straight evangelistic talk. Professed Christians stood in their places and asked for prayers, elders and deacons prostrated themselves before God, the whole town became a prayer circle, and the New England Revival had begun." This educated Lutheran woman quotes a distinguished Lutheran writer, Professor H. W. Wynn, D.D., on emotion in religion: "We have discovered that religion as a purely emotional experience may have no religion in it at all, though kindled by the emotional stimuli that religion commands. There is an emotional element in religion, of course, deep, powerful, pervasive; and when you give way to it, enveloping your whole being as in an atmosphere of flame. Those tender feelings which enter so largely into the deeper currents of our domestic and social life—love, pity, joy, hope, the striking of the glad hand, comradeship locking arms under the same great banner to do deeds of heroism in the same great cause—religion calls them all up, and fires them all with a conquering zeal. Most noteworthy is it that the fourth volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia pays this remarkable tribute to Christianity: "Christianity, following the matchless ideals of its Christ, redeemed the despised and outcast, and ennobled suffering. It checked infanticide, and founded asylums for the young. It removed the curse of slavery by making the humblest bondsman proud of being a child of God. It fought against the cruelties of the arena, it invested the home with purity and proclaimed the value of each human soul as a treasure in the eyes of God, and it so leavened the great masses of the empire as to render the cross of Christ the sign of victory for its legions in place of the Roman eagle. The Galilean entered the world as a conqueror. The church became the educator of pagan nations; and one race after another was brought under her tutorship. The Latin races were followed by the Celt, the Teuton, and the Slav. The same burning enthusiasm which sent forth the first apostle, also set the missionary aglow, and brought all Europe and Africa, and finally the American continent, under the scepter of an omnipotent church. Christianity is not an end, but the means to an end, the establishment of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." The church of to-day has the task of living up to its own past as set forth in that remarkable Jewish eulogy. We offer no apology for so large a notice of so small a book. Unless something of the passion which pervades it has gotten into a minister, he is, no matter what his talents and culture, only a dilettant. His soul and his ministry lack intensity and dynamic spiritual energy. A burning and a shining light he will not be.

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